1942
205
1269

I.G. 42. (1)

AYRES AND DIALOGUES

(To be Sung to the THEORBO-LUTE Or BASS-VIOL.)

BY

JOHN GAMBLE.

Horat. Od. 2. 10.

——— *Quondam cithara tacentem*
Suſcitat Muſam, neque ſemper Arcum
Tendit Apollo.

LONDON,
Printed by *W. Godbid* for *Humphry Moſley* at the *Princes-Arms*
In St. *Paul's* Church-yard, 1657.

John Gamble creeps on but heavily; and though eulogised by the gallant and gay, the elegant and unfortunate, Lovelace probably as a follower of the Lawess he is but an humble and faint immetater. This Volume is of no other value than as giving an historical view of the state of the Science between 1650 and 1670; this writer being a servant in the Chapel of Car. II, in which charactor Lawes had served Char I, and Wm. King the other Writer here being Organist of a College, which has the fullest establishment of a Choir in either of our Universities

T. L. 1890.

1996031240 3
rcma 489
c33/1

To his Friend THOMAS STANLEY, *Esq;*

On his ODES Set and Publiſhed

By Mr. *JOHN GAMBLE.*

STANLEY the Darling of *Apollo*, you
That make at once both *Verſe* and *Muſick* too;
So ſweet a *Maſter* of ſo ſweet a *Muſe*,
Whom not to name with honour, were t' abuſe.
How your words flow! How ſweetly do they Chyme,
VVhen your pure *Couplets* do imbrace in Ryme!
How quick, how lovely, and how full of Sence
Your *Fancie* is, and all that ſprings from thence!
VVhich *Gamble* has enliv'ned by his Art,
And breath'd an Active Soul through every part:
And ſo deduc'd your Mind to us, that we
May *feaſt* our Ears and Souls with raritie.
How much to You, how much to Him we owe,
VVe can conceive, but cannot make you know;
Nor have we thanks proportion'd to your worth,
You that did make, and He that ſet them forth,
In ſuch a lively Dreſs too, VVe admire
VVhat we cann't praiſe, what we cann't do, Deſire;
And therefore turn our *praiſes* into *prayers*,
That You'l make more ſuch *Odes*, He more ſuch *Ayres*.

Alexander Broome.

On my Friend Mr. *JOHN GAMBLE*

His excellent Composition of the Songs and Dialogues of

THOMAS STANLEY, Esq;

MAN is Compos'd of *Harmonie*, each *Sense*
Moves by a *Spherical* Intelligence;
Such as have small Skill in *Articulate* Notes,
Yet, as their *Ears* do like, can give their *Votes*;
And by that *Judgement* I am led (my *Friend*)
On thy *Just Merits* some few Lines to spend:
Here, thou hast play'd the *Cunning Chymist*, fixt
Mercurial-Notes to *Words*, so aptly mixt,
So wedded to each *Accent*, *Sense*, and *Feet*;
They like two *Bodies* in one *Center* meet:
The Elements of *Fire* and *Air* here kiss,
Without Confusion, by *Hypothesis*,
Unto the *Muses Lamp* thou addest *Oyle*,
By thy *Elaborate*-Skill, *Ingenious* Toyl:
Plato by *Numbers* Mounted *Heaven*, and *Wee*
Have no less *Ladder* thus Inspir'd by *Thee*;
Wee that have *Souls*! no undigested Stuff,
Like th' *Dunghill*-Cock that Struts after Sr—Buff;
Let such imbrace their *Chaos*, with it sink,
Discord to them's as good as Meat and Drink;
While *Wee* Three *Regions* 'bove Them sit, and Praise
Thy *Concord* in these *Snarling-Dogged-daies*.

Jo. Tatham.

To the worthy of all Honour,

THOMAS STANLEY, Esq;

SIR,

OU have been a merciful Creditor in the trust of these inestimable Poems, *so long with me, a person inconsiderable; But I beseech you think I have been sensible of the great obligation, and alwayes thought it a less trespass to break with all the world, then by the least forgetfulness of my duty, make an unhappy forfeit of my self to your displeasure.*

Sir, I have brought home your Principal, *and though it be a thing beneath your generous expectation, to look at profit, yet I thought it became my justice to tender you a small* interest, *the endevours of my poor Art, to wait upon it: I acknowledge it a bold undertaking, to compose your Words (which are so pure* Harmonie *in themselves) into any other* Musick; *But it was not in my ambition, or hope to mend the least* Accent *or* Emphasis *wch they received from your own* numerous Soul, *but to essay, how neer, a whole life spent in the study of Musical Compositions, could imitate the flowing and natural* Graces, *which you have created by your fancie.*

I have onely to say, If my zeal have not stained what you have excellently made, I will not despair of your pardon; and if any thing herein (the wel-meant tender of my service) may obtain your smile & permission, I shalbe confirmed in my thoughts that I may stil write my self

SIR,

The most humble and faithful

of your Servants,

John Gamble.

To the Noble, Few, Lovers of MUSICK.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

THE *soft Relations* and *Sympathie* that this *Princess of all Arts* hath with the *Harmonie* of your *Souls*, had even imposed upon my Faith I had committed Rape upon these Papers, which long ere this on their owne Wings, had One by One, hover'd o're, and dropt into your gen'rous Breasts for Patronage, and anticipated this my present Service and Devotion. But I forbad all single Flights, and by degrees caged each *Linnet* up, till she had learn'd her Lesson, and I compleated the whole Consort, full and intire; which as it is, together with the whole *Aviarie*, I most humbly Sacrifice to your Mercy and Delight. Fourscore and six, a Jolly pleasant Band! all of one true *Phœbean* Strain, yet each distinctly taught her sev'ral Grace, onely to Court your various Ear and Fancie.

My Lords and Gentlemen; I onely wish you the same Kind, Genuine Joy in the Hearing of these *Seraphick Poems*, as the most *Noble Author* had in the Writing, the World in Reading, and my Self in the Composing of them; and then I 'm confident, *Musick* will have wrought a greater Wonder, then to animate with Sense *Plants* and *Vegetables*; that is, to surprize and take in Refined and Abstracted Spirits, which is a holy Invasion upon Heaven.

But I detain you too long in the Porch with these *Lowd Instruments*, the Soft Quire waits you within; Please you vouchsafe your favourable Thoughts, whilest I in all Humility submit my Self

My Lords and Gentl.

Your most grateful Servant,

John Gamble.

To my Noble Kinsman THOMAS STANLEY, *Esq;* On his *Lyrick* Poems Composed by Mr. *JOHN GAMBLE.*

I.

WHat means this stately *TABLATURE*,
The *Ballance* of thy streins?
Which seems in stead of *sifting pure*
T' *extend* and *Rack* thy veins:
Thy *Odes* first their *owne Harmonie* did break,
For Singing 'troth is but in Tune to speak.

II.

Nor thus thy *Golden Feet* and *Wings*
May it be thought *false Harmonie*
T' Ascend to Heav'n by *Silver Strings*,
This is *Urania's* Heraldrie;
Thy *Royal Poem* now we may extol,
And truely, *Luna* blazon'd upon *Sol.*

III.

As when *Amphion* first did Call
Each list'ning Stone from's Den,
And with the *Lute* did form the *wall*,
But with his *words*, the *Men*;
So in their *twisted Numbers* now you thus
Not onely *Stocks persuade*, but *Ravish* us.

IV.

Thus do your *Ayres Eccho* o're
The *Notes* and *Anthemes* of the *Spheres*,
And their whole *Consort* back restore,
As if *Earth* too would *bless Heavens Ears*:
But yet the *Spoakes* on which they *scal'd* so *High*
Gamble hath wisely laid of *UT*, *RE*, *MI.*

Richard Lovelace.

On the Excellent Poems of *Tho. Stanley*, Esq;
Composed by Mr. *JOHN GAMBLE.*

VVRapt in like Numbers (could th' husht world but hear
Th' above abstracted *Harmonie*) Such Words
Th' Octave *Intelligence* sings to his Sphear,
When all th' *Astonomers* trembling *Lines* turn *Chords.*

Thus the Mean *Quire* of Movers roul in Tone
Their Crystal *Tenor-Orbs* to the Concent,
This Base the *Gammut* Heaven of the Moon
Ecchoes the *G-Sol-Re-UT* Firmament.

Like which the nobler Poesie consignes
Love Heat, and Beauty beams to Touch and Sight;
Now strung with Rapsodie, th' Harmonious Lines
Have taught the Ear burn, and admire what's bright.

As if the King of Song had tun'd his Rayes,
Make Souls turn Kindred Numbers, and reply
Transport and Rapture, as th' untoucht Chord playes,
Who moves the *Diapason Sympathy.*

And all the *Muses* Hover in each Aire,
Aire that they breath; Muses not yet concern'd
In Poesie by that name (though Nine were there)
Not from the Poem, but the Musick learn'd.

For when they were but Girles, could yet not spel
Their *A-re* Alphabet, they could talk Rime,
And Tales of Love, and right scann'd Fancies tel,
Though not with Fingers, but with Feet kept Time.

Till they from untaught Strokes, and us'd to Twang
O're all the Fathers sleeping untun'd Lyre,
Began to wonder what it was he Sang,
So by degrees Consorted into *Quire.*

Clio, Urania, had no name beside
Th' God-father gave at the Fount *Hippocrene*
Muse, the addition of Maturer pride
Inur'd like State noyse *Princess* and the *Queen.*

But since the god assents, both Artists treat
Th' Hils royal Parcener, thus She do's chuse
Both Favourites Consorts to the lawful Sheet,
One as She's *Clio,* th' other as the Muse.

Jo. Redmayne.

To my much honored Cozen Mr. *Stanley*,

Upon his Poems set by Mr. *JOHN GAMBLE*.

I.

ENough, Enough, of Orbs and Spheres,
Reach me a Trumpet or a Drum,
To *sound* sharp *Synnets* in your Ears,
And *Beat* a Deep *Encomium*.

II.

I know not th' *Eight Intelligence*;
Those that do understand it, Pray
Let them step thither, and from thence
Speak what they all do Sing or Say:

III.

Nor what your *Diapasons* are,
Your *Sympathies* and *Symphonies*;
To me they seem as distant farre
As whence they take their Infant rise.

IV.

But I've a grateful Heart can ring
A *peale* of *Ordnance* to your praise,
And *Volleys* of *small Plaudits* bring
To Clowd a Crown about your Baies.

V.

Though Lawrel is thought Thunder-free,
That Storms and Lightning Disallows,
Yet *Cæsar* thorough Fire and Sea
Snatcht her to twist his Conquering Brows.

VI.

And now me thinks like him you stand
I' th' head of all the Poets Hoast,
Whilest with your Words you do Command,
They silent do their Duty Boast.

VII.

Which done, the Army Ecchoes o're
Like *Gamble Ios* One and all,
And in their various Notes implore
Long live our noble Generall.

Dudley Posthumus *Lovelace*.

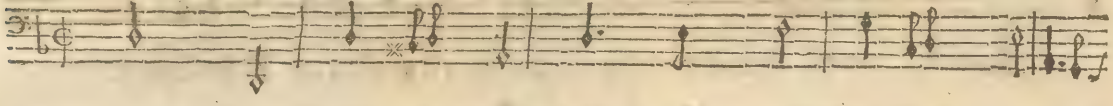
On Mr. *Gamble's* Composing of Mr. *Stanley's* Incomparable ODES.

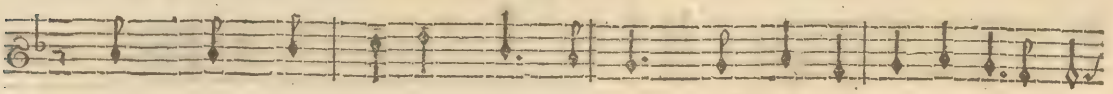
SUre when this *Lyre* was touch'd, fit *Words*
Did *Dance* in *Order* to the *Chords*;
And *Lines* in *Harmonie* thus *strung*
Rise sprightly *Cap'ring* on the Tongue;
We that but read with *hoarser Throates*,
Do yet disturb them into *Notes*;
And who *Repeats*, unwitting *Sings*,
As *Ecchoes* rise from *Jangled Strings*:
So *Theban Walls* by Batt'ries soone
As Shaken, *totter into Tune*;
And Instruments that Scrued stand,
Sound, Struck by an unwilling Hand:
So a but *peradventure Fall*
Awakes the *sleeping Harpsychall*,
VVhich since the Artist ang'red last
Lay lull'd in its own Musick fast.
Here's no disordring the fair Mind,
Unruly matter up to bind,
Until the too much forced *Zones*
Snapt, *Knit* in short *Ellisions*;
No Crowded words in Huddle meet,
That *shuffle* on *un-even Feet*,
And strugling labour in their Pains,
As if the *Verse* were *pac'd* in *Chains*.
The very Syllables as Clear
Pass'd (as their Ayres now) through the Ear;
And *He* that made the *Essence whole*,
Cannot distinguish which is *Soule*,
VVhere *one informs the other*, They
So *mixe* in their *Unbodyed Play*.

Eldred Revet.

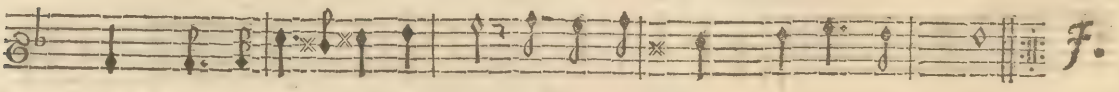
I. *The Return.*

BEauty whoſe ſoft Magnetick chains nor time not abſence can untie,

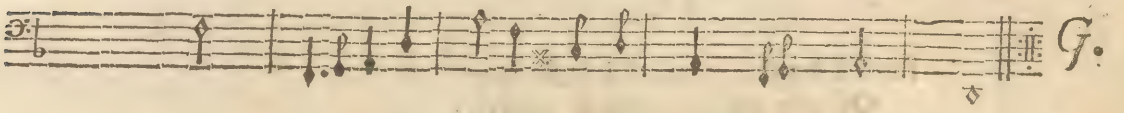




Thy power the narrow bounds diſdains of Nature or Philoſophie;



That canſt by unconfined Laws, a motion, though at diſtance, cauſe.



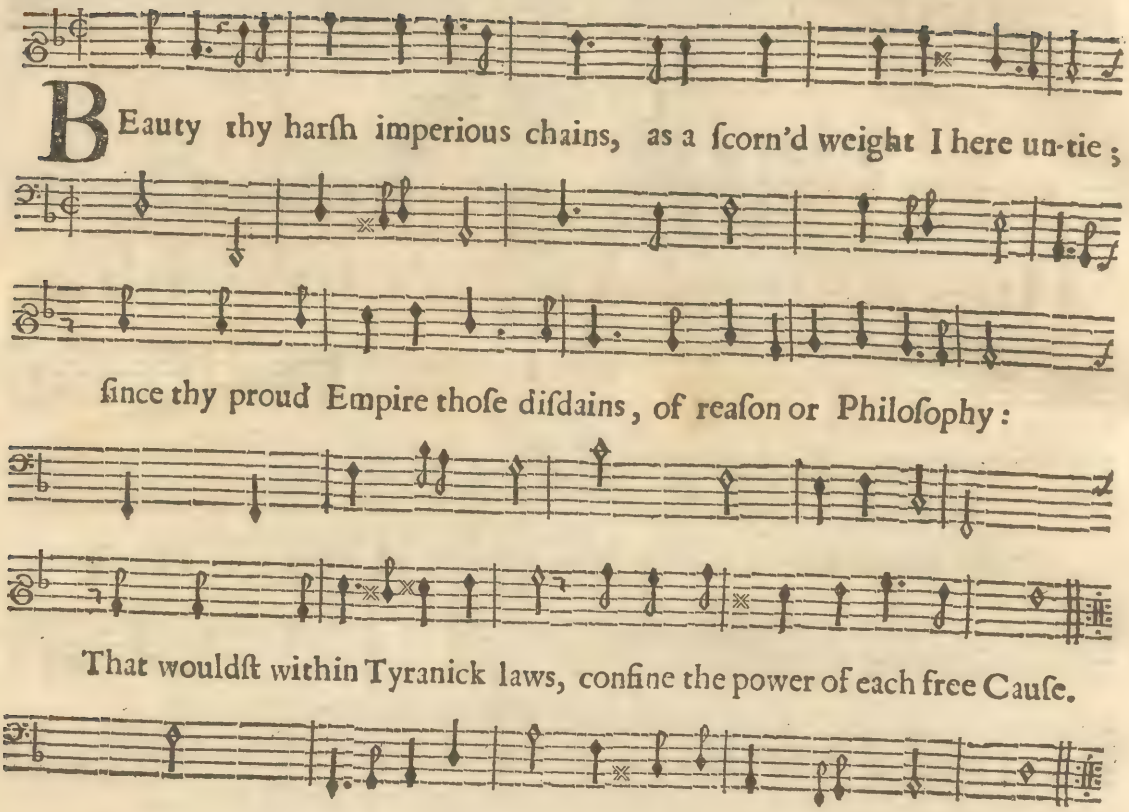
II.

Drawn by the powerful Influence
  Of thy bright eyes, I back return:
And ſince I no where can diſpence
  With flames which do in abſence burn,
I rather chooſe 'twixt them t' expire,
Then languiſh in a hidden fire.

III.

But if thou the inſulting pride
  Of vulgar beauties doſt deſpiſe,
Who by vain triumphs Deiſide
  Their votaries do ſacrifice,
Then let thoſe flames, whoſe magick charm
At diſtance ſcorch'd, aproch'd, but warm.

I. *The Answer.*



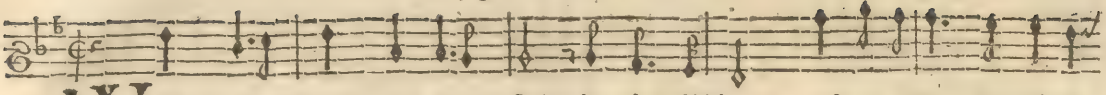
II.

Forc'd by the powerful Influence
Of thy disdain, I back return;
Thus with those flames I do dispence,
Which though they would not, light did burn,
And rather will through cold expire,
Then languish in a frozen fire.

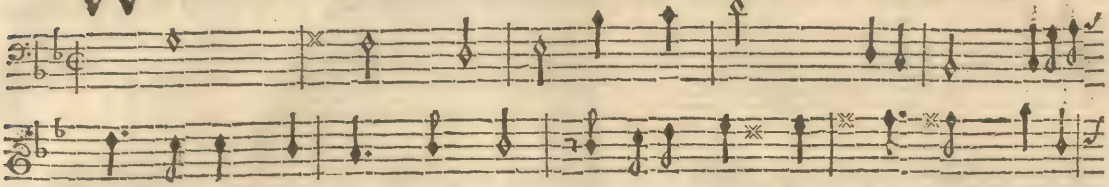
III.

But whilest I the insulting pride
Of thy vain beauty do despise,
Who gladly would be Deiside
By making me thy sacrifice:
May Love thy Heart, which is his Charm,
Approch'd, seem'd cold; at distance, warm.

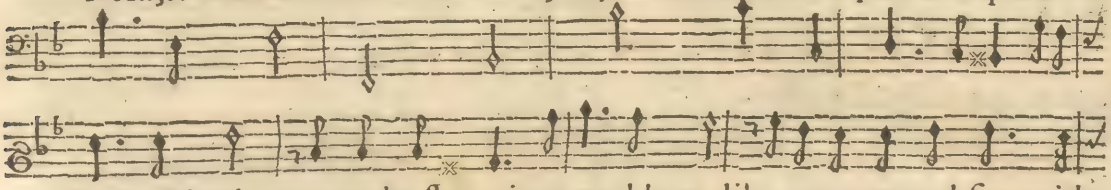
When



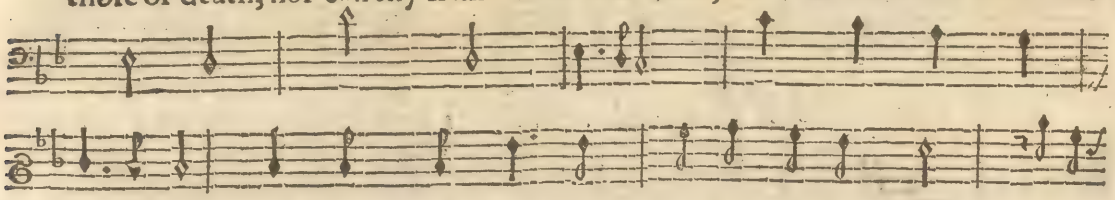
WHen, cruel Fair one, I am ſlain, by thy diſdain; and, as a Trophy of thy



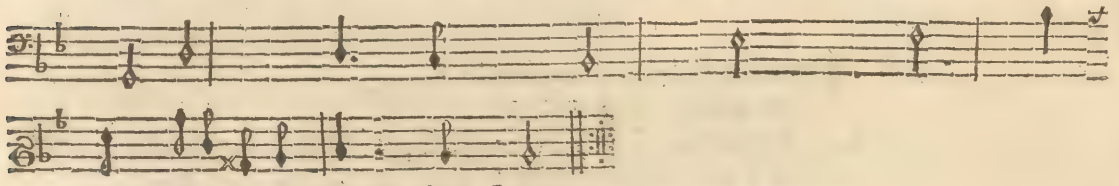
ſcorn, to ſome old tombe am born; thy fetters muſt their power bequeath to



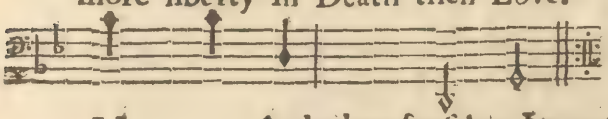
thoſe of death; nor can thy flame immortal burn, like monumental fires with-



in an urn; Thus freed from thy proud Empire, I ſhall prove, there is



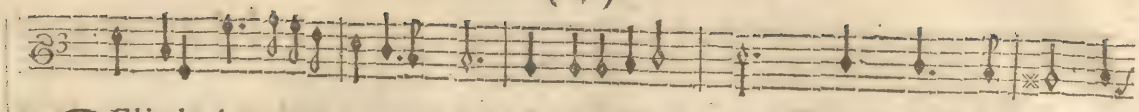
more liberty in Death then Love.



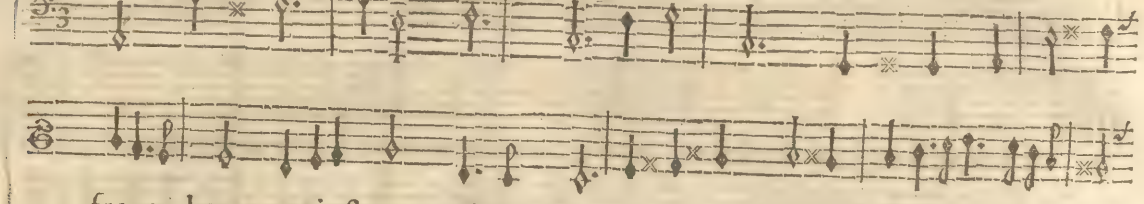
II. And when forſaken Lovers come
To ſee my tombe,
Take heed thou mix not with the croud,
And (as a Victor) proud
To view the ſpoils thy beauty made
Preſs near my ſhade,
Leſt thy too cruel breath or name
Should fan my aſhes back into a flame,
And thou, devour'd by this revengeful fire,
His ſacrifice, who dy'd as thine, expire.

III. But if cold Earth, or Marble muſt
Conceal my duſt,
Whilſt hid in ſome dark ruines, I
Dumb and forgotten lie,
The pride of all thy victorie
Will ſleep with me;
And they who ſhould atteſt thy Glory,
Will, or forget, or not believe this ſtory:
Then to encreaſe thy Triumph, let me reſt,
Since by thine Eye ſlain, buried in thy Breſt.

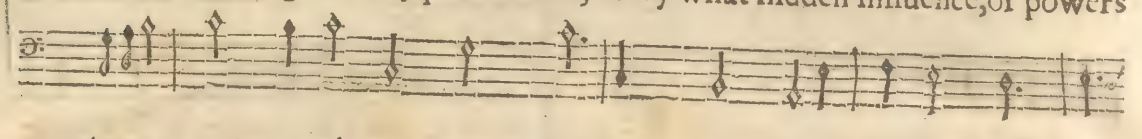
Celinda,



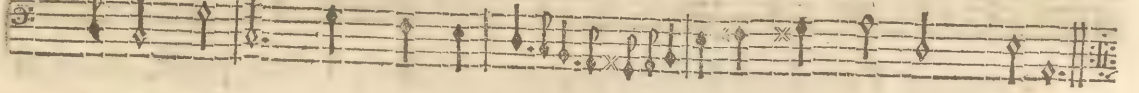
CElinda, by what potent Art, or unresisted charm, dost thou thine ear and



frozen heart against my passion arm; or by what hidden influence, of powers



in one combin'd, dost thou rob love of either sense, made deaf as wel as blind.

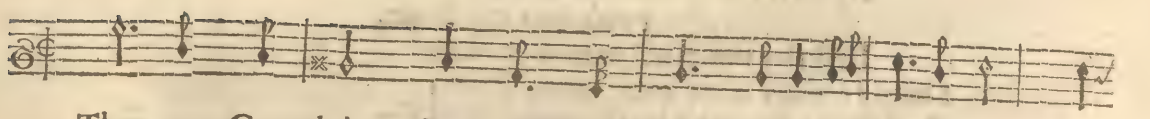


II.

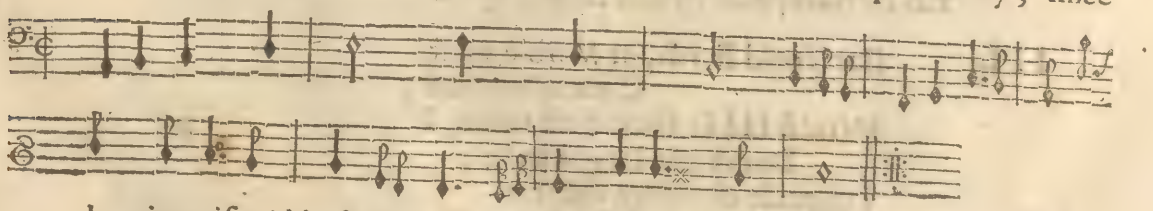
Sure thou as friends united hast
  Two distant Deities
And Scorn within thy Heart hast plac'd
  And Love within thine Eyes.
Or those soft Fetters of thy Hair
  A bondage that disdains
All Liberty, doth guard thy Ear
  Free from all other chains.

III.

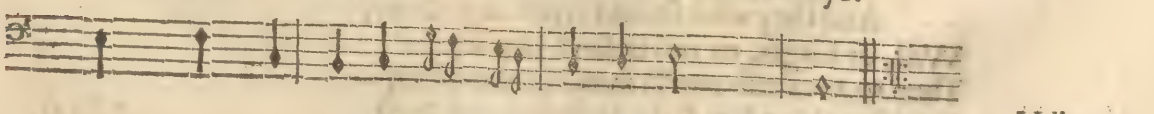
The Close.



Then my Complaint, how canst thou hear; or I this passion fly; since

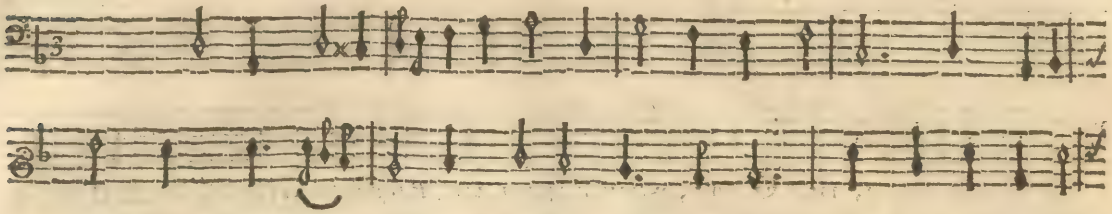


thou imprison'd hast thine ear, and not confin'd thine eye.

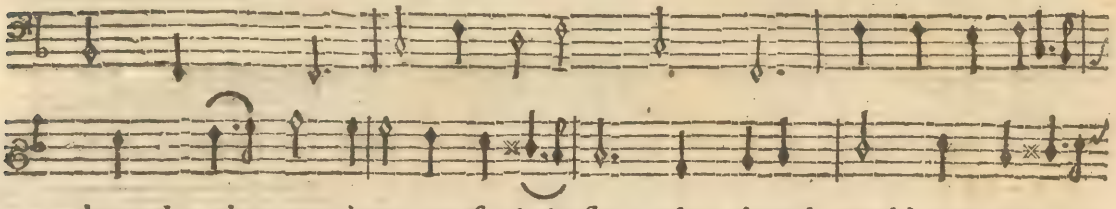


When

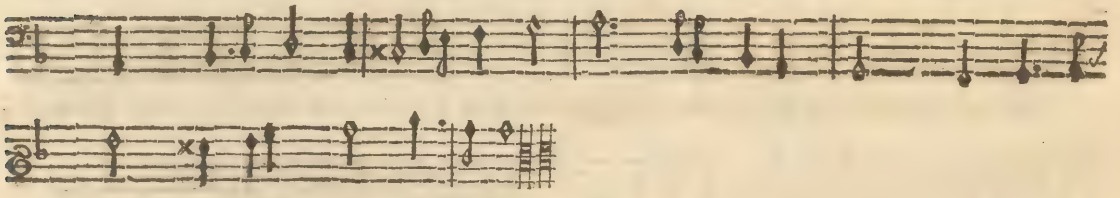
VWHen I lie burning in thine eye, or freezing in thy breſt, what Martyrs



in wiſh'd flames that die, are half ſo pleas'd or bleſt? when thy ſoft accents



through mine ear, into my ſoul do fly; what Angel would not quit his

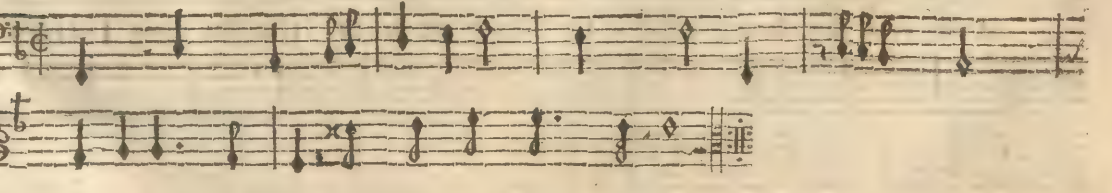


ſphere, to hear ſuch harmony?

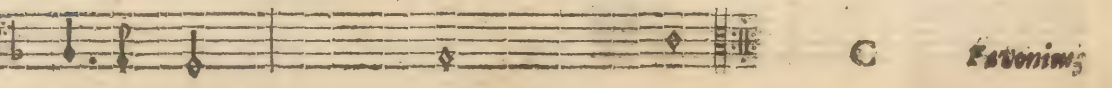
II. Or when the kiſs thou gav'ſt me laſt
My ſoul ſtole in its breath,
What life would ſooner be embrac'd
Then ſo deſir'd a death?
When I commanded am by thee,
Or by thine eyes or hand;
What Monarch would not prouder be
To ſerve, then to command.

The Cloſe.

III. Then think no freedome I deſire, or would my fetters leave, ſince Phenix-

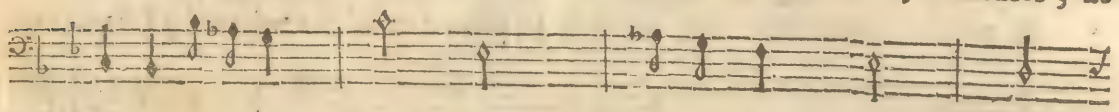


like I from this fire both life and youth receive.

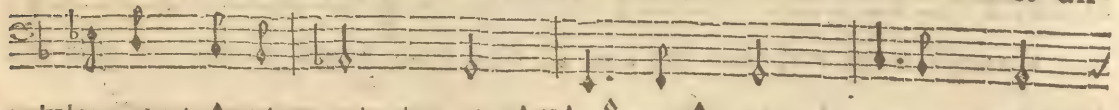


F*Avonius*, the milder breath o'th Spring, when proudly bearing on his

ſofter wing, rich Odors, which from the *Panchean* Groves, he ſteales, as



by the Phenix pyre he moves, profuſely doth his ſweeter theft diſ-



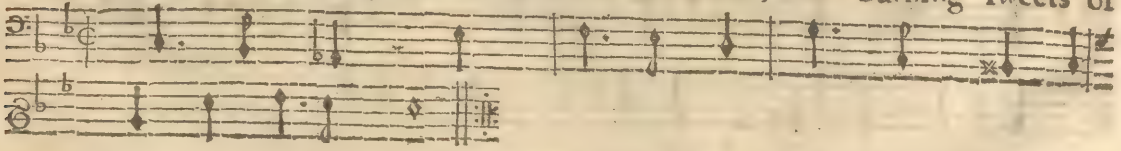
pence to the next Roſes bluſhing innocence; but from the grateful flower a

richer ſent he back receives then he unto it lent.

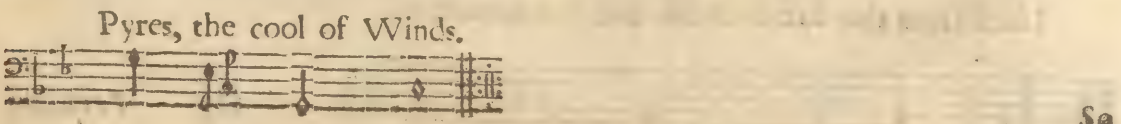
II. Then laden with his odours richeſt ſtore,
He to thy breath haſts, to which theſe are pore;
Which whil'ſt he ſportively to ſteale eſſaies,
He like a wanton Lover 'bout thee plaies.
And ſometimes coo ing thy ſoft cheek doth lie,
And ſometimes burning at thy flaming eye;
Drawne in at laſt by that breath we implore,
He back rerurns, far ſweeter then before.

The Cloſe.

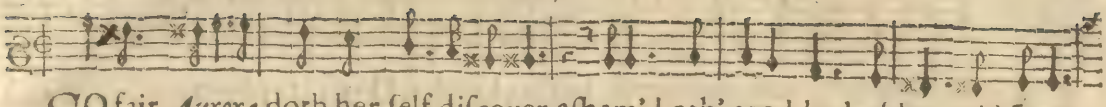
And rich by being rob'd, in Thee he ſinds, the burning ſweets of



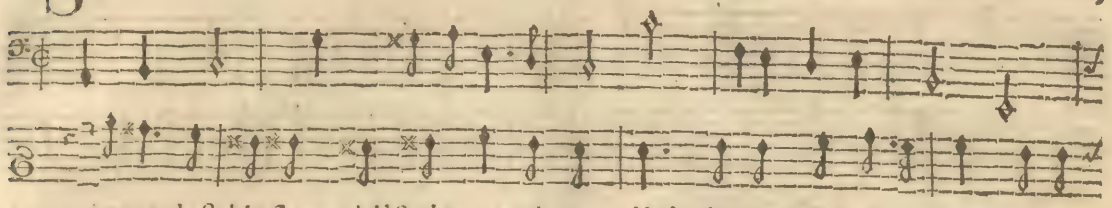
Pyres, the cool of Winds.



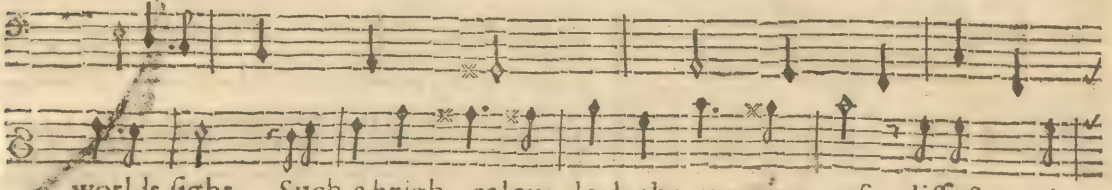
So



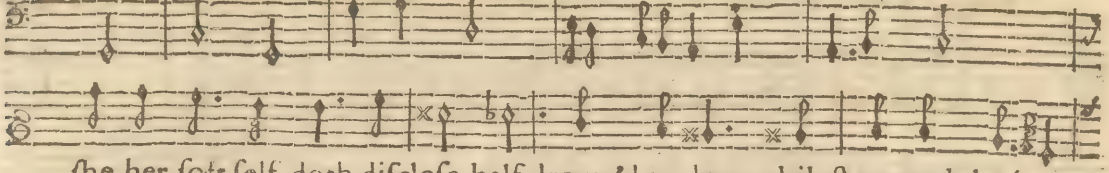
SO fair *Aurora* doth her ſelf-diſcover, aſham'd oth' aged bed of her cold Lover,



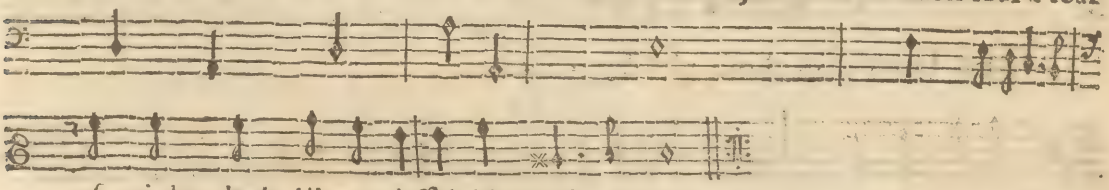
in modeſt bluſhes, whilſt the treacherous light betrays her early ſhame to the



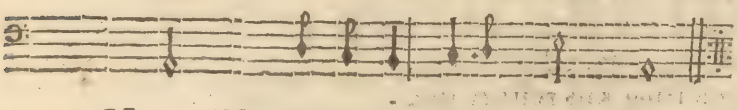
worlds ſight. Such a brigh colour doth the morning roſe diffuſe, when



ſhe her ſoft ſelf doth diſcloſe half drown'd in dew, whileſt on each leaf a tear

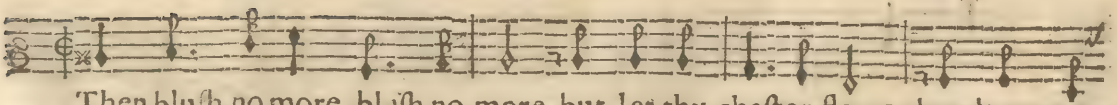


of night doth like a diſſolv'd pearl appear.

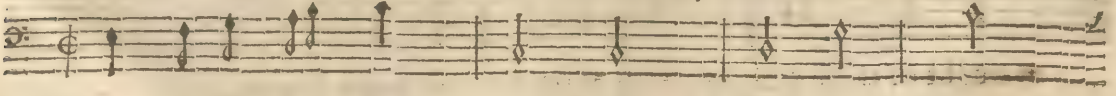


II. Yet 'twere in vaine a colour out to ſeek
To paralell my *Chariſſa's* Cheek,
Leſſe are conferd with greater, and theſe ſeem
To bluſh like her, not ſhe to bluſh like them.
But whence faire Soule this paſſion what pretence
Had guilt to ſtaine thy ſpotleſſe innocence;
Thoſe onely this feele who have guilty been,
Nor any bluſhes know but who know ſin.

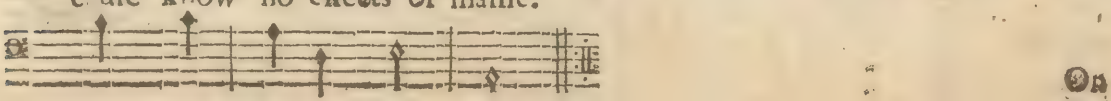
The Cloſe.

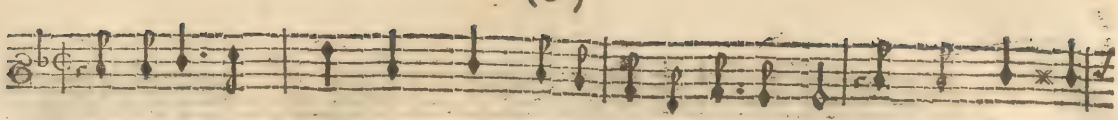


Then bluſh no more, bl iſh no more, but let thy chaſter flame that knows no

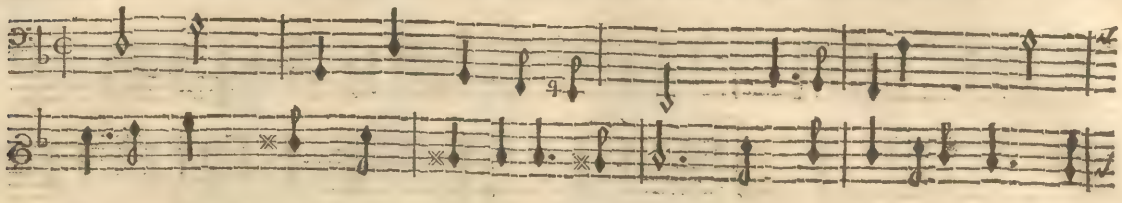


cauſe know no effects of ſhame.

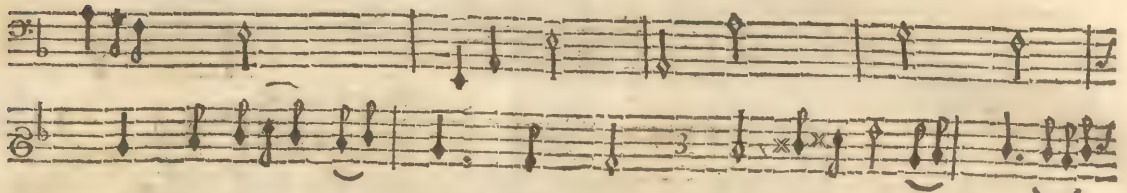




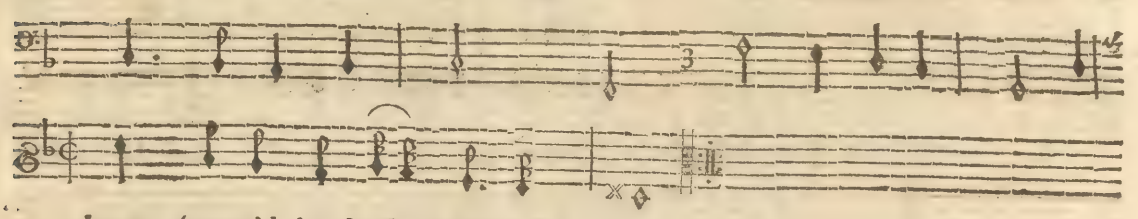
ON this ſwelling bank once proud, of its burden Doris lay; here ſhe ſmil'd and



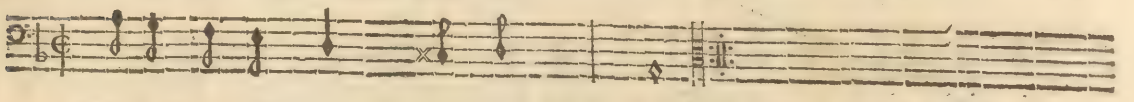
did uncloud thoſe bright Suns eclipſe the day; here we ſate, and with kind



Art ſhee about mee twin'd her Armes, claſp't in hers my hand and

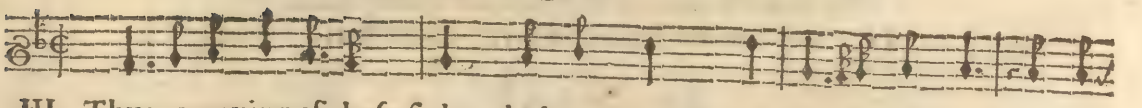


heart fetter'd in thoſe pleaſing charmes.

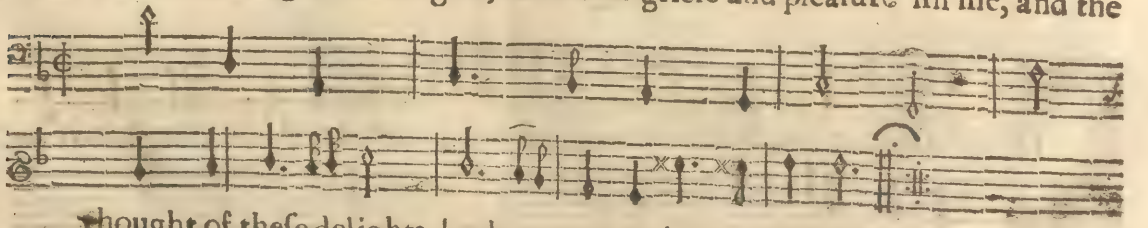


II. Hear my Love and Joys ſhe crown'd,
Whileſt the hours ſtood ſtill before me,
With a killing glance did wound,
And a melting kiſs reſtore me.
On the down of either breſt,
Whileſt with joy my ſoul retir'd,
My reclining head did reſt,
Till her lips new life inſpir'd.

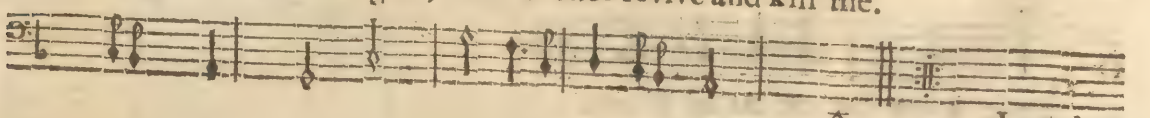
The Cloſe.



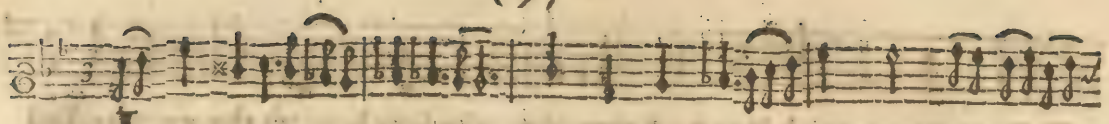
III. Thus renewing of theſe ſights, doth with griefe and pleaſure fill me, and the



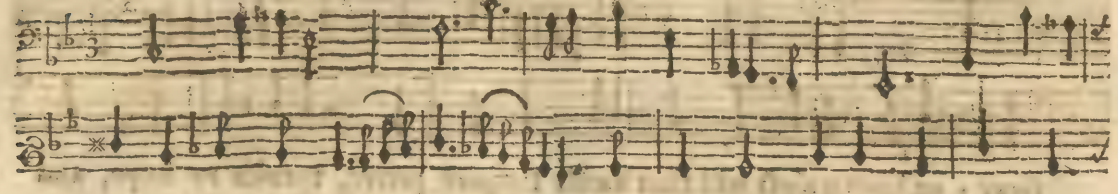
thought of theſe delights, both at once revive and kill me.



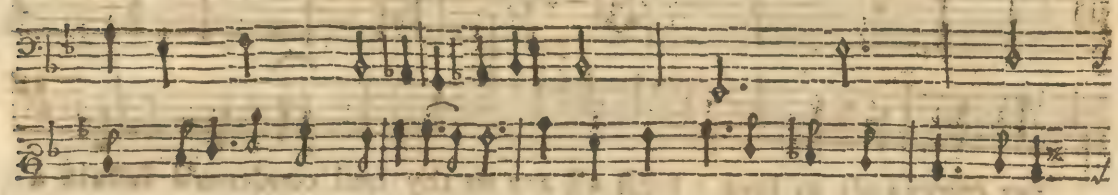
I prethee



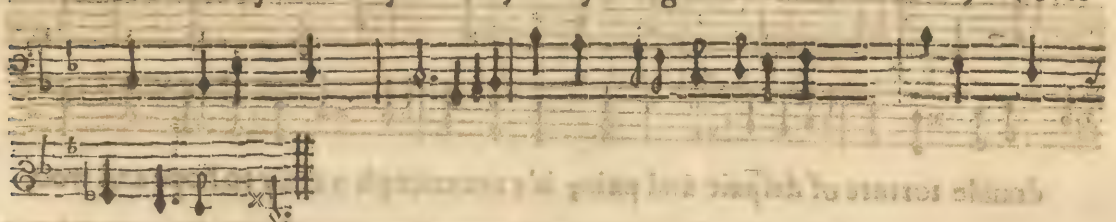
I Prethee let my heart alone, ſince now 'tis rais'd above thee; not all the



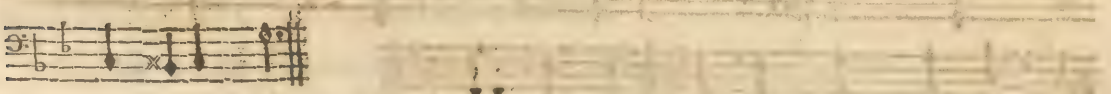
beauty thou doſt own again can make me love thee. He that was ſhipwrackt



once before by ſuch a Syrens call, and yet neg'ects to ſhun the ſhore, deſerves



his ſecond fall.

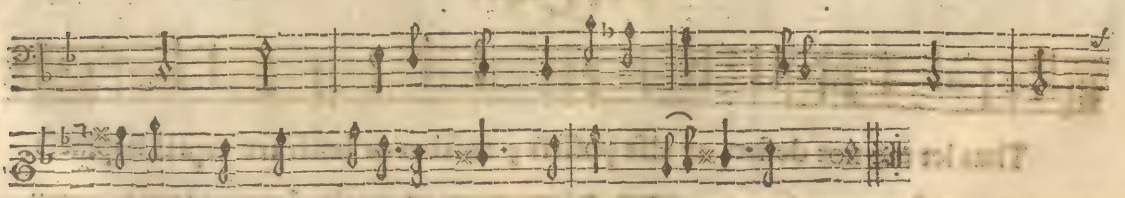


II.

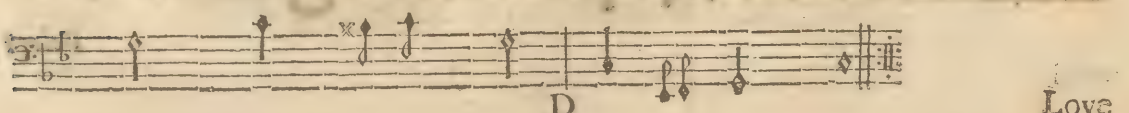
Each flatt'ring kiſs, each tempting ſmile
Thou doſt in vain beſtow,
Some other Lovers might beguile
Who not thy falſhood know.
But I am proof againſt all art,
No vows ſhall ere perſwade me
Twiſe to preſent a wounded heart
To her that hath betray'd me.

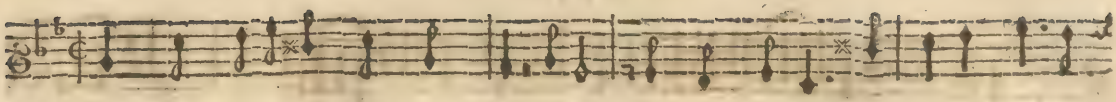
The Cloſe.

Could I again be brought to love thy form, though more di-vine,

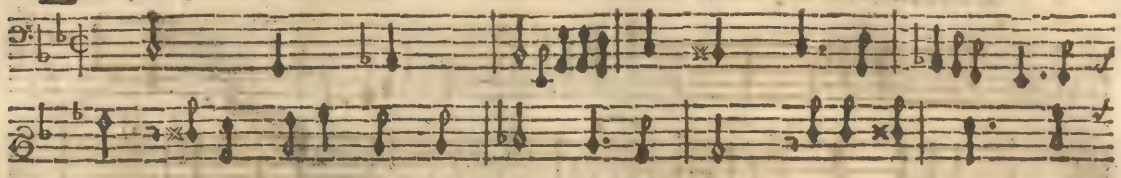


I might thy ſcorn as juſtly move, as now thou ſuffer'ſt mine.

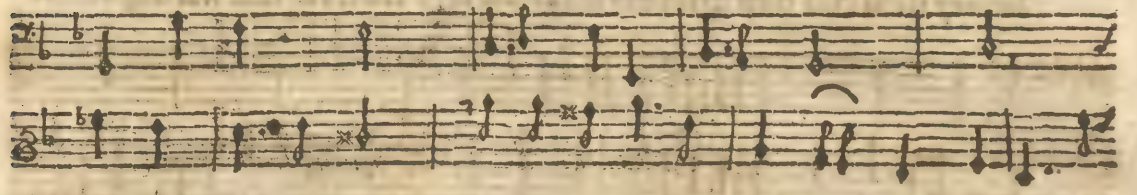




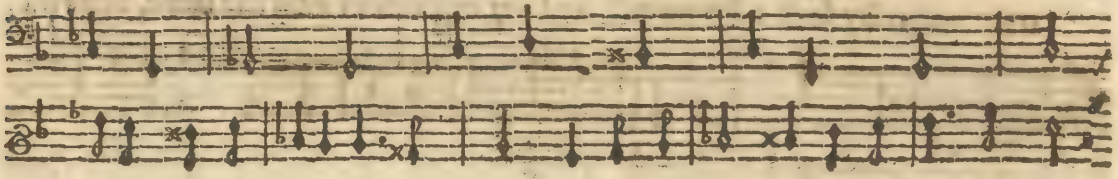
LOve what tyranick laws must they obey, who bow beneath thy uncontrolled



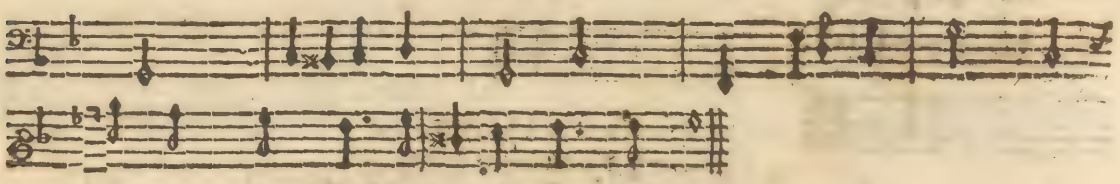
sway; or how unjust will that harsh Empire prove, forbids to hope, and



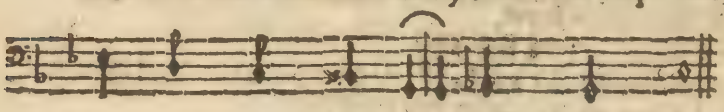
yet commands to love: Must all are to thy hell condemn'd sustain a



double torture of despair and pain; is't not enough vainly to hope and woo,

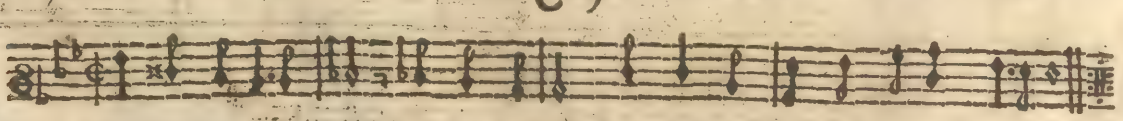


that thou shouldst thus deny that vain hope too.

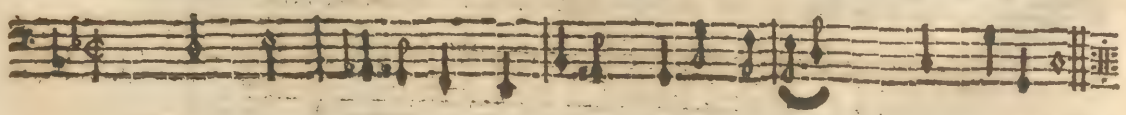


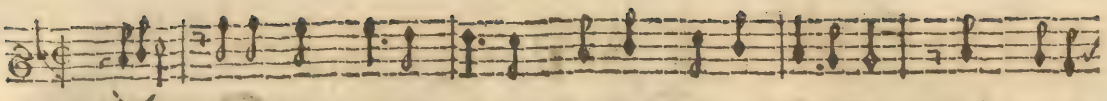
II. It were some hope *Ixion*-like to fold
The empty air, or feed on thoughts that's cold;
But if thou to my passion this deny,
Thou mayst be starv'd to death as well as I.
For how can thy pale sickly flame burn clere,
When death and old despair inhabit here?
Then let thy dim heat warm, or else expire;
Dissolve this frost, or let that quench the fire.

The Close.

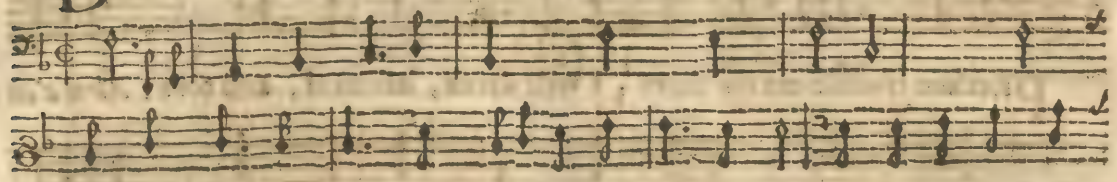


Thus let me not desire, or else possess; neither or both are equal hapiness.

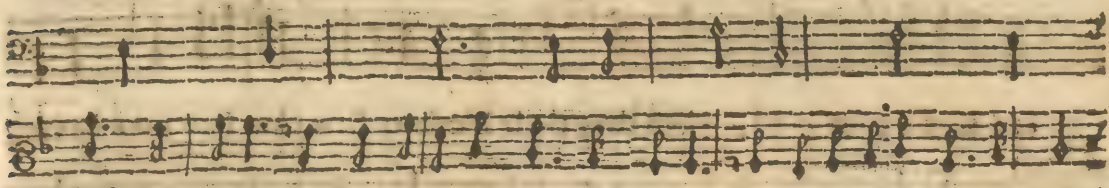




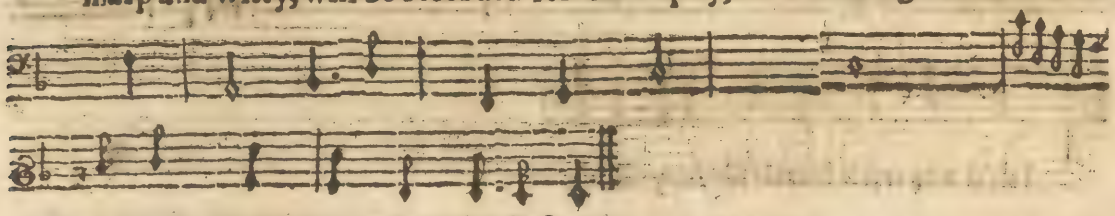
D*Elay!* Alas there cannot be to Love a greater tyrannie: those cruel



beauties that have slain their Votaries by their disdain, or studied torments



sharp and witty, will be recorded for their pity, and after-ages be misled

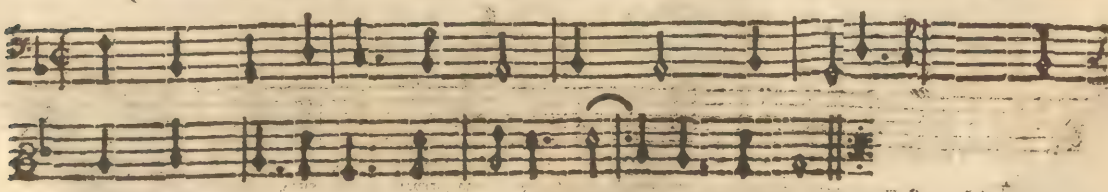


to think them blind, when this is spred.

II. Of deaths the speedyest is Despair,
Delays the slowest torments are;
Thy cruelty at once destoys
But expectation starves my joys:
Time and *Delay*, may bring me past
The power of Love to cure, at last;
And shouldst thou wish to ease my pain,
Thy pity might be lent in vain.

The Close.

Or if thou hast decreed that I must be beneath thy cruelty: Oh kill me

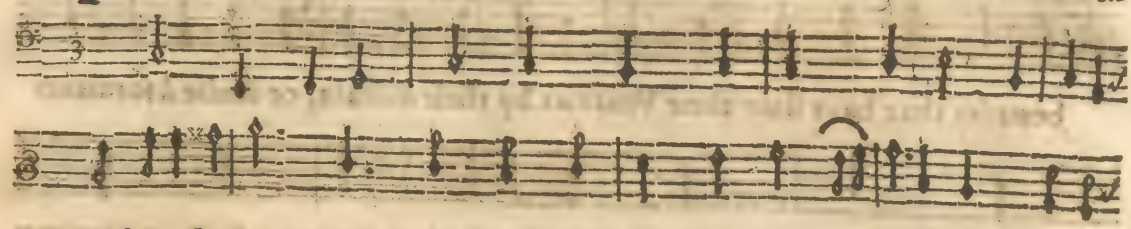


soon, thou wilt express more mercy ev'n in shewing less.

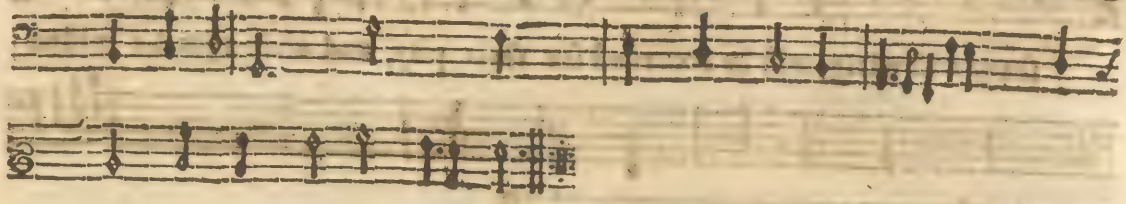
Prethee

I.

PRethee trouble me no more; I will drink, bee mad, and rore: *Alcmæ'on*



and *Orestes* grew mad, when they their Mothers slew: but I no man having



kill'd am with hurtlesse fury fill'd;

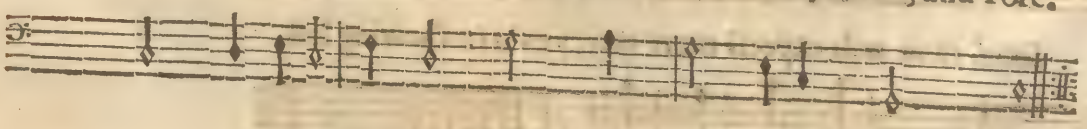
II.

Hercules with madnesse strook;
Bent his Bow, his Quiver shook;
Ajax mad, did fiercely wield
Hectors Sword, and graspt his Shield:
I nor Spear nor Target have,
But this Cup (my weapon) wave:

The Close.

III.

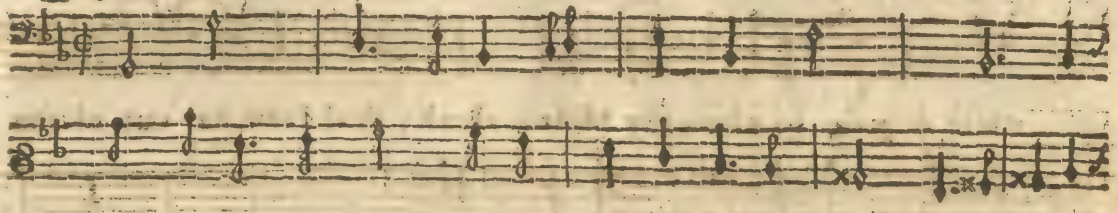
Crown'd with roses, thus for more Wine I call, drink, dance, and rore.



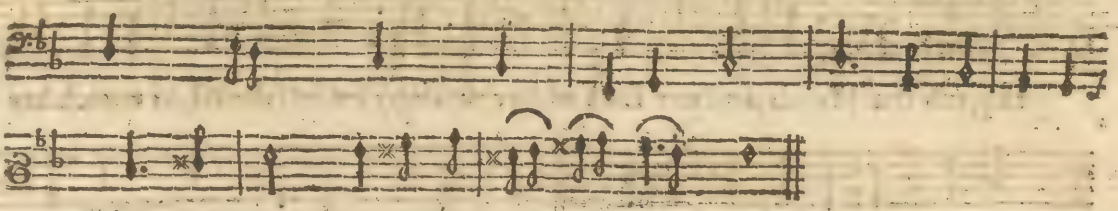
Roses

I.

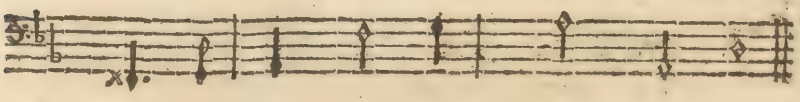
ROses (Loves delight) let's joyn to the red cheek'd God of Wine: Roses



crown us, while we laugh, and the juyce of Autumn quaff: Roses of all



Flowers the King; Roses the fresh pride oth' spring:



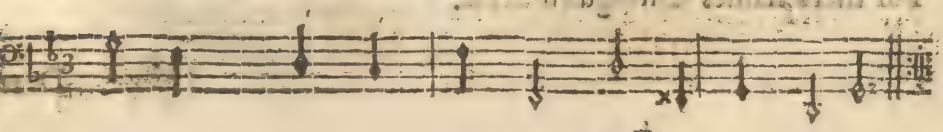
II.

Joy of every Deitie;
Love, when with the graces he
For the Ball himself disposes,
Crowns his golden hair with Roses.
Circling then with these our brow
We'l to *Bacchus* Temple go:

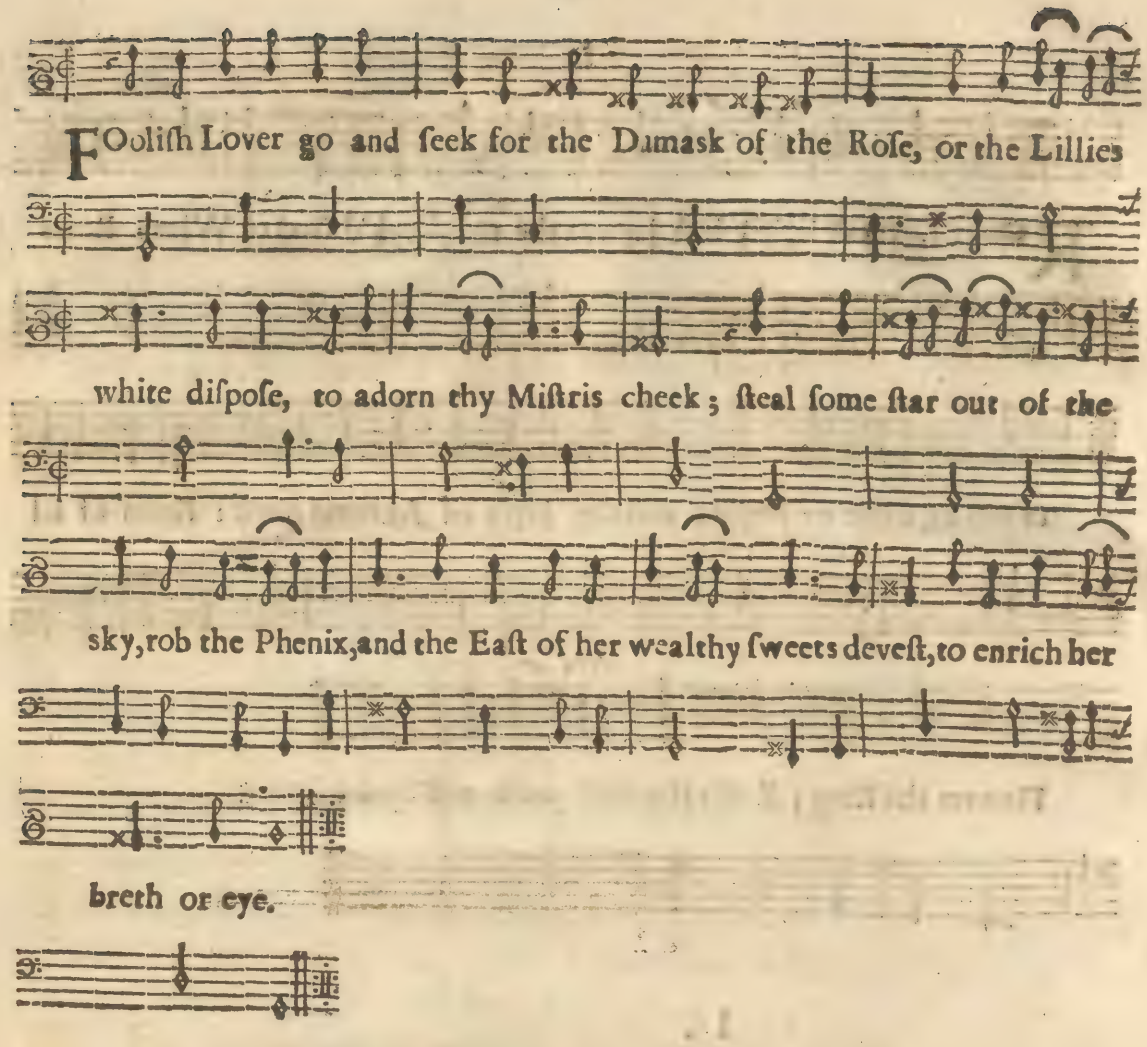
The Close.

III.

There some willing Beauty lead, and a youthful measure tread.



I.



II.

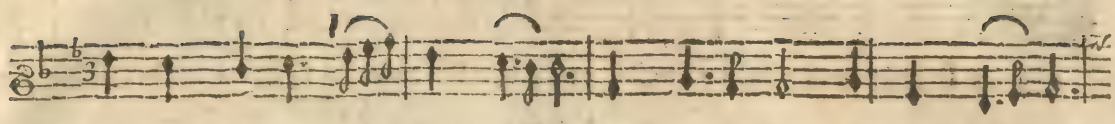
We thy borrow'd pride despise
For this wine to which we are
Votaries, is richer far
Then her cheeks, or breth, or eyes:
And should that coy fair one view
These diviner beauties, she
In these flames would rival thee,
And be taught to love thee too.

III.

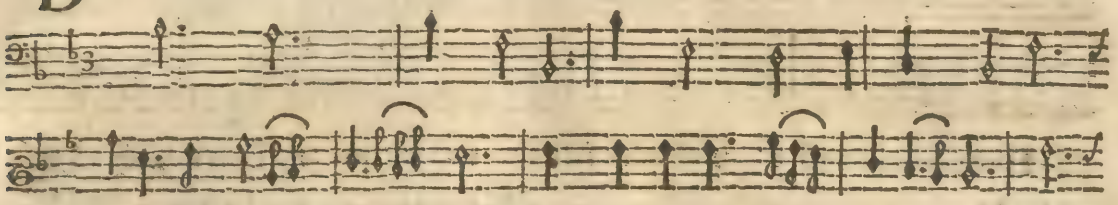
Come then break thy wanton chain,
That when this brisk wine hath spred
On thy paler cheek a red,
Thou like us mayst love disdain:
Love, thy power must yeeld to wine;
And whilest thus our selves we arm,
Boldly we defie thy charm,
For these flames distinguish thine.

Dear,

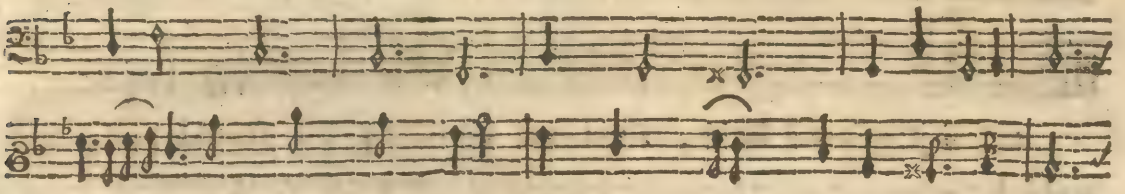
I.



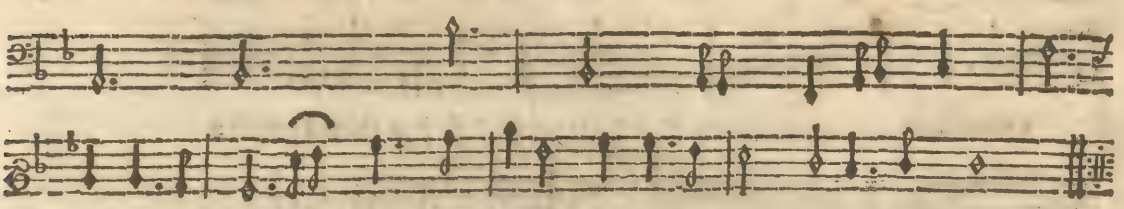
DEar, back my wounded heart restore, and turn away thy powerful eyes;



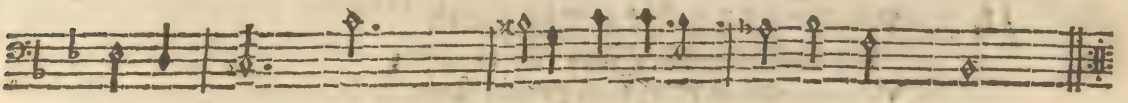
Flatter my willing Soul no more, Love cannot hope what Fate denies; take



take away thy smiles and kisses; thy Love wounds deeper then disdain,



for he that sees the heaven he misses, sustains two hels of loss and pain.



II.

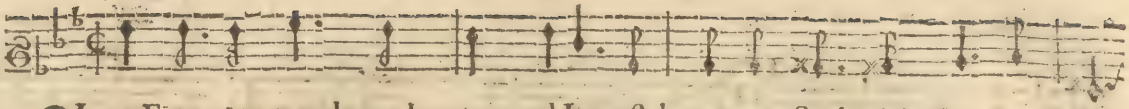
Shouldst thou some others suit prefer,
I might return thy scorn to thee,
And learn Apostasie of her
Who taught me first Idolatrie.
Or in thy unrelenting breast
Should I disdain or coyness move,
He by thy hate might be releas'd,
Who now is prisoner to thy love.

III.

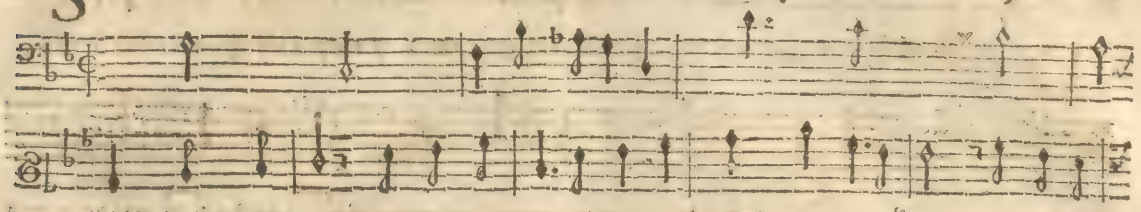
Since then unkind Fate will divorce
Those whom Affection long united,
Be thou as cruel as this force,
And I in death shall be delighted.
Thus whilest so many Suppliants woe
And beg, they may thy pity prove,
I only for thy scorn do sue,
'Tis charity here not to love.

Since

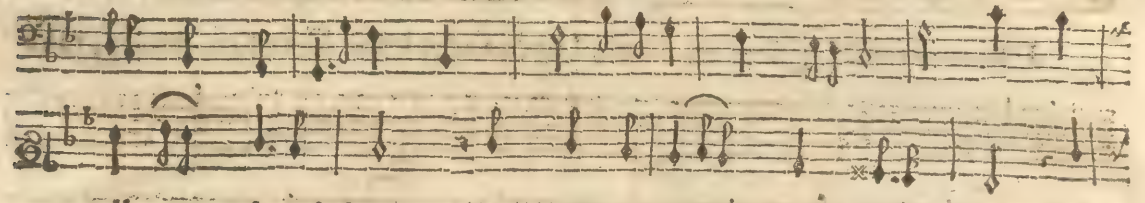
I.



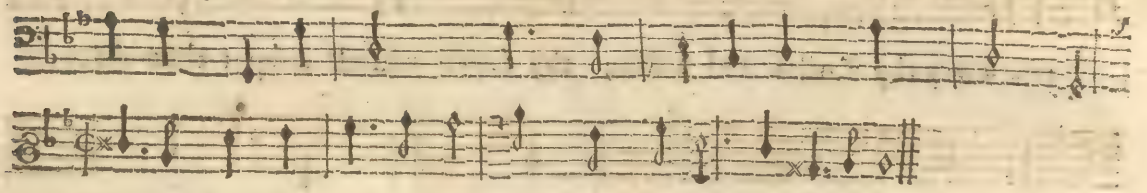
SInce Fate commands me hence, and I must leave my soul with thee, and die



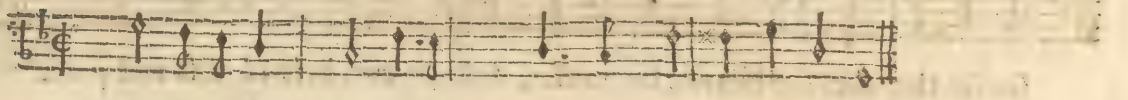
Dear, spare one sigh, or else let fall a tear to crown my Funeral, that I may



tell my grieved heart, Thou art unwilling we should part; and



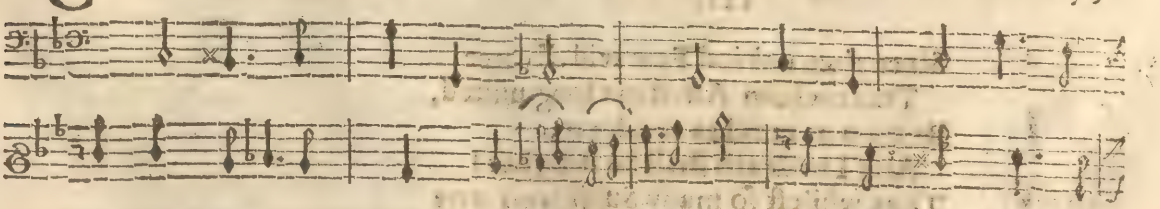
Martyrs that embrace the fire shall with less joy then I expire.



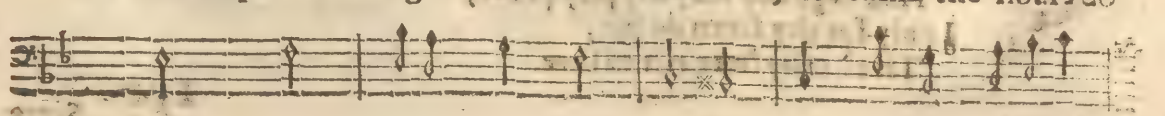
II. With this last kiss I will bequeath
My soul transfus'd into thy breath;
Whose active heat shal gently slide
Into my breast, and there reside:
And may in spight of Fate thus blest
Be in this death of heaven possest:
Then prove but kind, and thou shalt see
Love hath more power then Destinie.

(17 *Song.*)

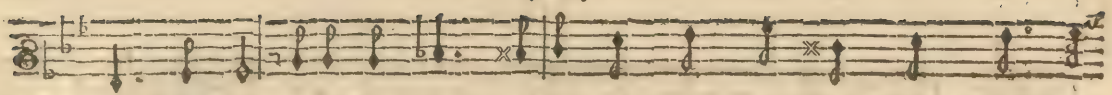
CHide, chide no more; Away, the fleeting daughters of the day;



nor with impatient thoughts out-run the lazie Sun, nor think the hours do

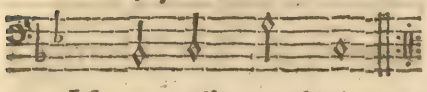


move



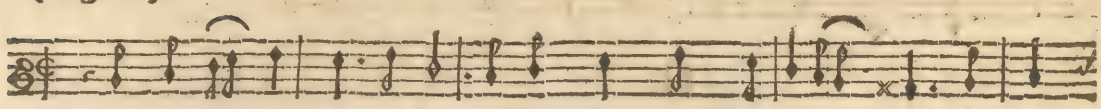
move to ſlow delay is kind, and we too ſoon ſhall find, that which we

ſeek, yet fear to find.

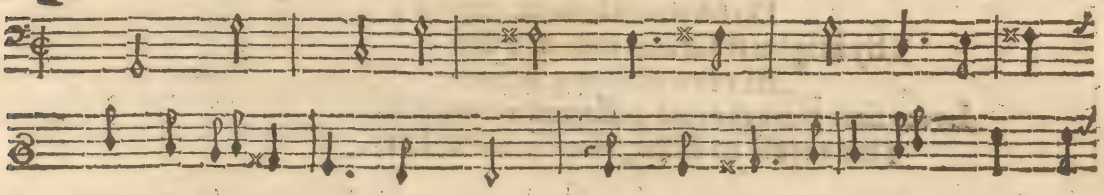


II. The myſtick dark decrees
Unfold not of the Deſtinies,
Nor boldly ſeek to antedate
The Laws of Fate;
Thy anxious ſearch a while forbear,
Suppreſs thy haſt,
And know that time at laſt
Will crown thy hope, or fix thy fear.

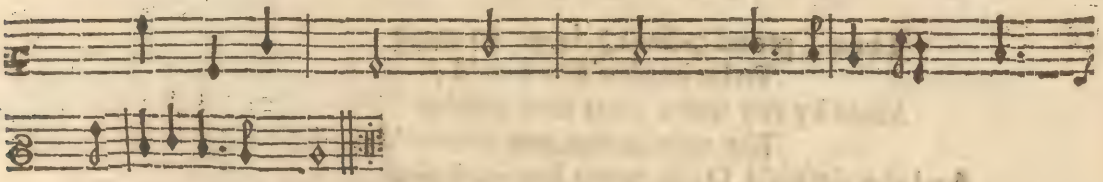
(Song 18.)



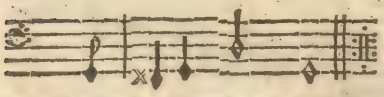
FOol take up thy ſhaft again, if thy ſtore thou profuſely ſpend in vain;



who can furniſh thee with more? Throw not then away thy darts, on



impenetrable hearts.

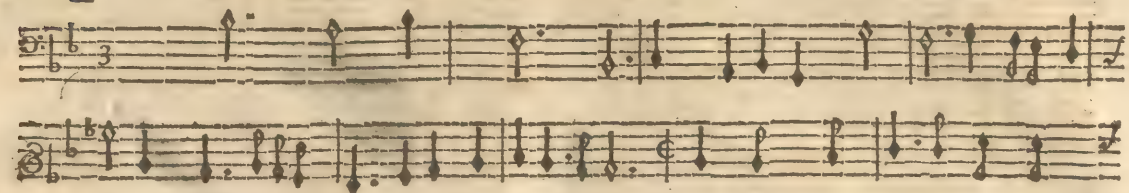


II. Think not thy pale flame can warm
Into tears,
Or diſſolve the ſnowy charm
Which her frozen boſom wears,
That expos'd unmelted lies
To the bright ſuns of her eyes.

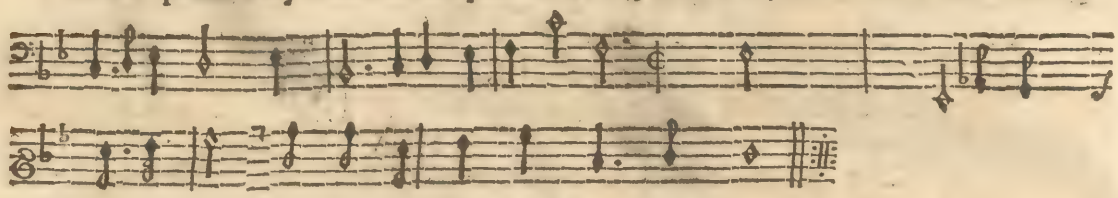
III. But ſince thou thy power haſt loſt,
Nor canſt fire
Kindle in that breaſt, whoſe froſt
Doth theſe flames in mine inſpire,
Nor to thee but Her I'l ſue,
That diſdains both me and you.

I.

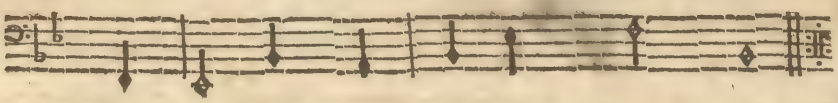
THough when I lov'd thee thou wert fair, thou art no longer ſo; thoſe glories



all the pride they wear unto opinion owe; Beauties, like ſtars in borrow'd



luſtre ſhine, and 'twas my 'ove that gave thee thine.



II.

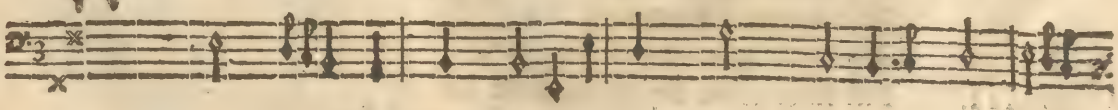
The flames that dwelt within thine eye,
Do now, with mine, expire;
Thy brighteſt Graces fade and die
At once with my deſire;
Loves fires thus mutual influence return,
Thine ceaſe to ſhine, when mine to burn.

III.

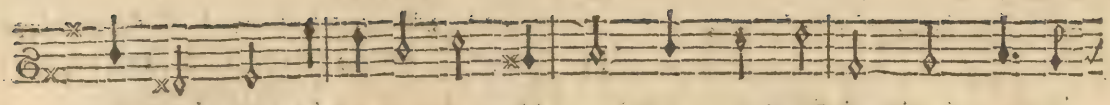
Then (proud *Celinda*) hope no more
To be implor'd or woo'd;
Since by thy ſcorn thou doſt reſtore
The wealth my love beſtow'd;
And thy deſpis'd Diſdain too late ſhall find
That none are fair but who are kind.

Song 20.

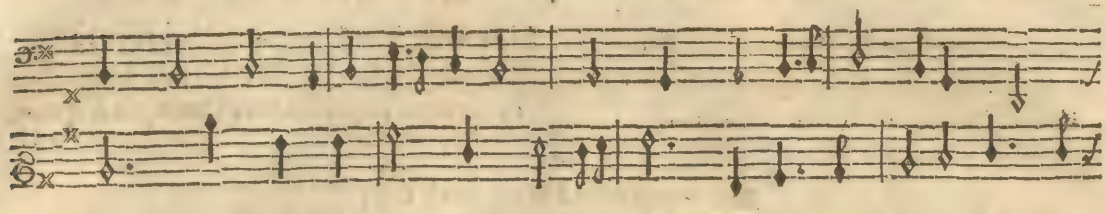
WHen dereſt Beauty thou ſhalt pay thy fith and my vain hope away, to



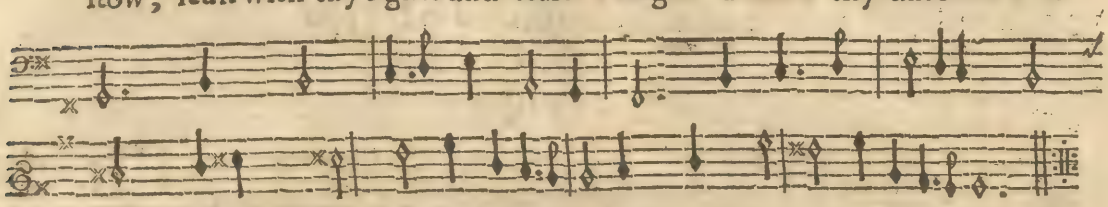
ſome



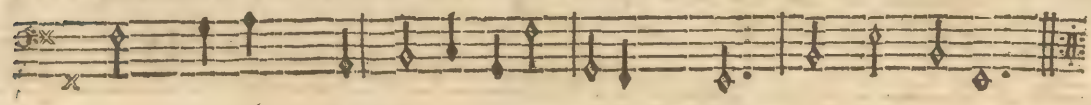
ſome dull Soul that cannot prize or know the worth of that thou doſt be-



ſtow; leaſt with thy ſighes and tears I might diſturb thy unconfin'd de-



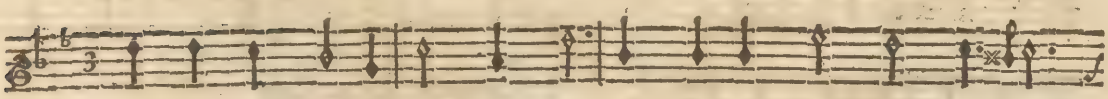
light; to ſome dark ſhade I will retire and there forgot by all, expire.



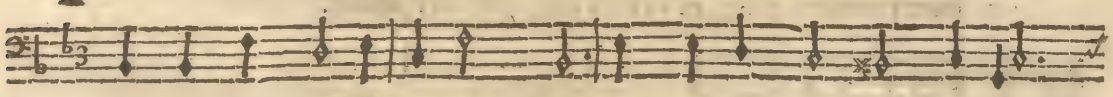
II.

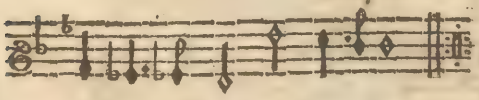
Thus whilſt the diffierence thou ſhalt prove,
Betwixt a feign'd and real Love,
Whilſt he, more happy, but leſs true,
Shall reap thoſe joyes I did purſue,
And with thoſe pleaſures crowned be
By Fate, which Love deſign'd for me
Then thouperhaps thy ſelf wilt find
Cruel too long, or too ſoon kind.

Song 21.

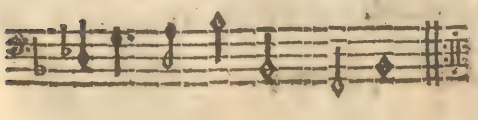


THink not pale Lover he who dies burnt in the flames of *Celias* eyes,





is unto Love a ſacrifice.



II.
Or by the merit of this pain
Thou shalt the crown of Martyrs gain
Those hopes are as thy passion vain.

III.
For when by death from these flames free
To greater thou condemn'd shalt be,
And punisht for Idolatrie.

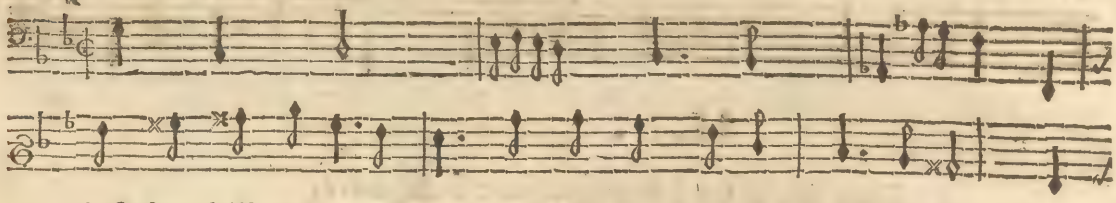
IV.
Since thou Loves Votary before,
Whilst she was kind dost him no more
But in his shrine disdain adore.

V.
Nor will this fire the gods prepare
To punish scorn that Cruel fair
Thou now from flames exempted spare.

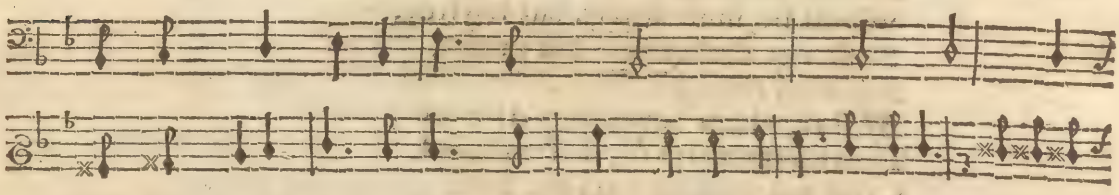
VI.
But as together both shal die,
Both burnt alike in flames shal lie,
She in thy heart, thou in her eye.

(22.)

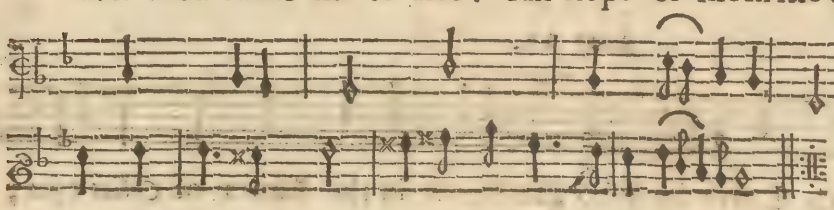
TOrment of absence and delay, that thus afflicts my memorie, Why



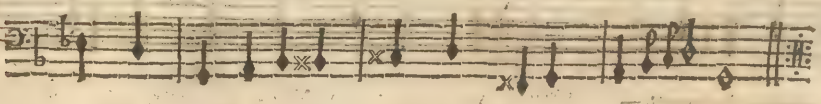
dost thou kill me every day, yet will not give me leave to die: Why



dost thou suffer me to live? All hope of life in life denying; or to my



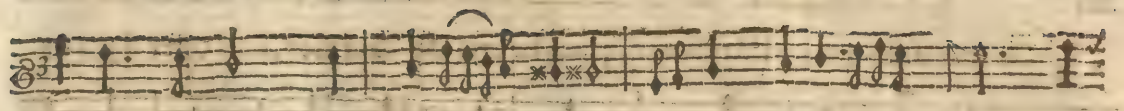
patience tortures give, never to die, yet ever dying.



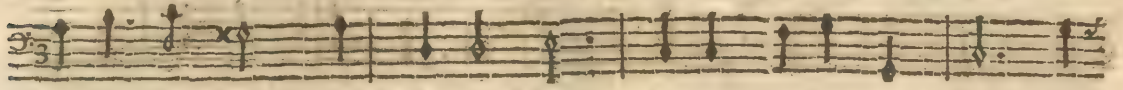
II. To fair *Narcissa*'s brighter eyes,
I was by Loves instruction guided,
A happiness I long did prize,
But now am from their light divided.
Favours and gifts my Suit obtain'd,
But envyous Fate would now destroy them;
Which if to lose I only gain'd,
What greater pain then to enjoy them.

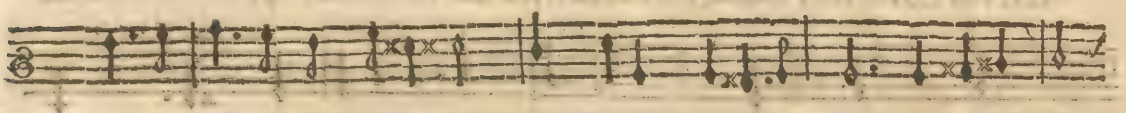
Song 23.

I.

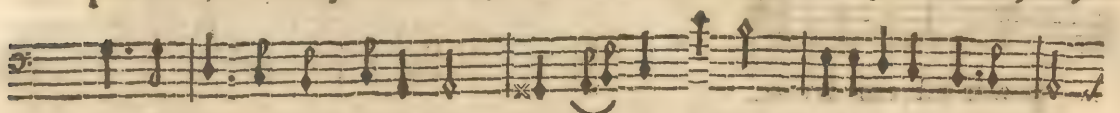


I Will not trust thy tempting graces, or thy deceitfull charms; nor

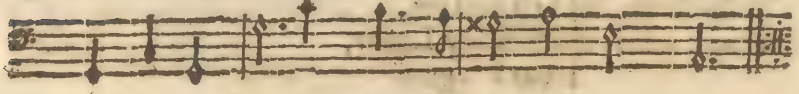




pris'ner be to thy embraces, or fetter'd in thy arms; no *Celia*, no,



not all thy art can wound or captivate my heart.



II.

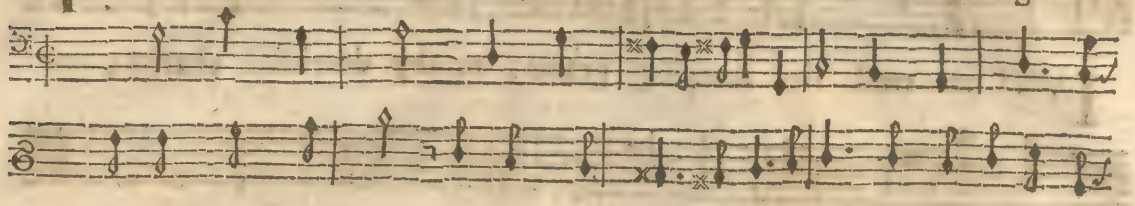
I will not gaze upon thy Eyes,
Or wanton with thy Hair,
Left those should burn me by surprize,
Or these my soul ensnare:
Nor with those smiling dangers play,
Or fool my liberty away.

III.

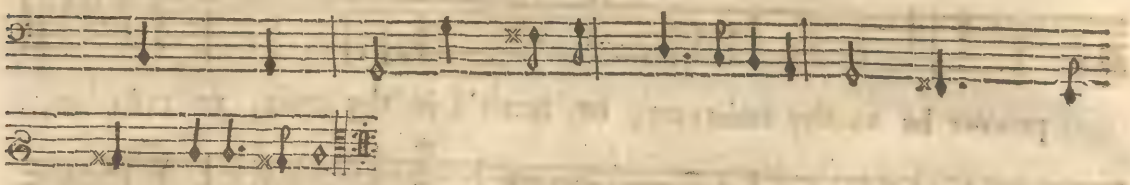
Since then my wary heart is free,
And unconfin'd as thine,
If thou wouldst mine should captive be,
Thou must thine own resigne,
And gratitude may thus move more
Then Love or Beauty could before.

I.

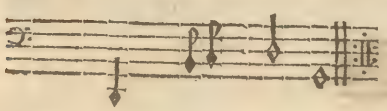
YOu that unto your Miſtreſs eyes your hearts do ſacrifice, and offer ſighs or



tears at Loves rich ſhrine, renounce with me th' Idolatrie, nor this infernal



power eſteem divine.



II.

The Brand, the Quiver, and the Bow,
Which we did firſt beſtow,
And he as tribute wears from every Lover,
I back again
From him have tane,
And the Impoſtor now unvail'd diſcover.

III.

I can the feeble childe diſarm,
Unty his myſtick charm,
Deveſt him of his Wings, and break his Arrow,
We will obey
No more his ſway,
Nor live confin'd to laws or bounds ſo narrow.

IV.

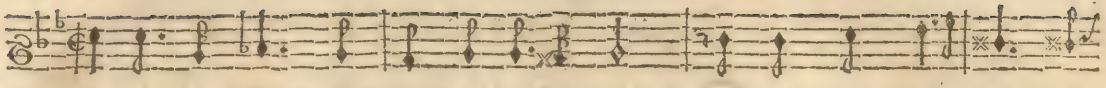
And you bright Beauties that inſpire
The boys pale torch with fire.
We ſafely now your ſubtil power deſpiſe,
And (unſcorch'd) may
Like Atoms play,
And wanton in the ſun-ſhine of your eyes.

V.

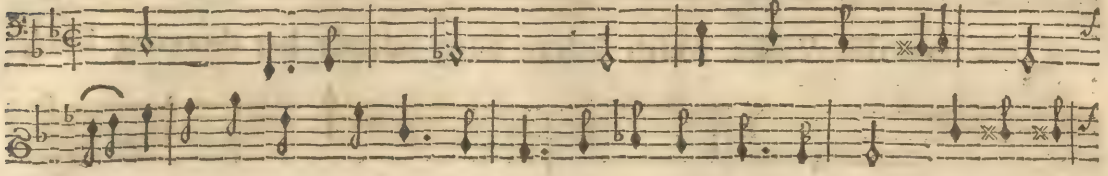
Nor think hereafter by new arts
You can bewitch our hearts,
Or raiſe this Devil by your pleaſing charm;
We will no more
His power implore,
Unleſs like Indians, that he do no harm.

You

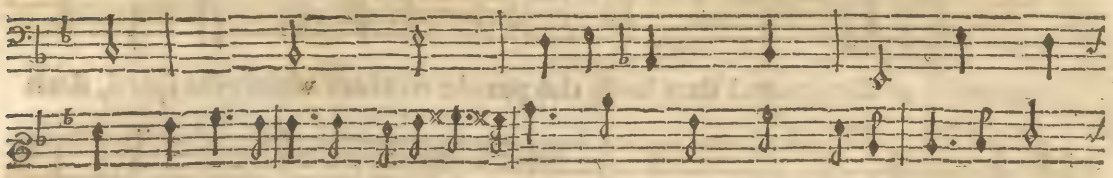
I.



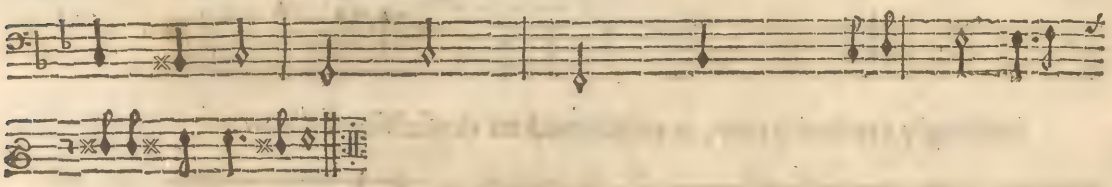
YOu earthly Souls that court a wanton flame, whose pale weak influence can



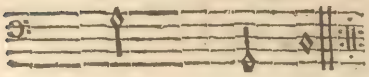
rise no higher then the humble name & narrow laws of Sense, learn by our



friendship to create an imaterial fire, whose brightness Angels may admire,



but cannot emulate,



II.

Sickness may fright the roses from her cheek,
Or make the Lillies fade,
But all the subtil wayes that death doth seek
Cannot my love invade:
Flames that are kindled by the eye,
Through time and age expire;
But ours that boast a reach far higher
Cannot decay, nor die.

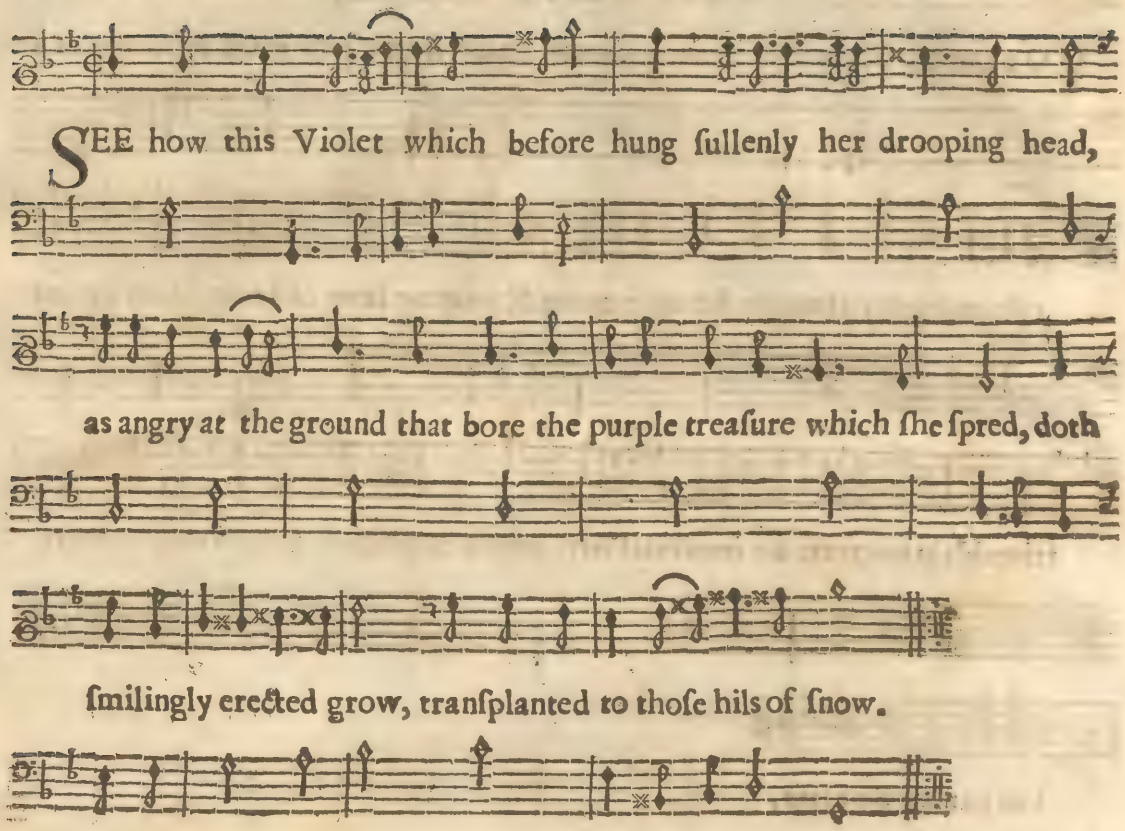
III.

For when we must resigne our vital breath,
Our Loves by Fate benighted,
We by this friendship shall survive in death,
Even in divorce united.
Weak Love through fortune or distrust
In time forgets to burn,
But this pursues us to the Urn,
And marries either's dust.

See

Song 26.

I.



II.

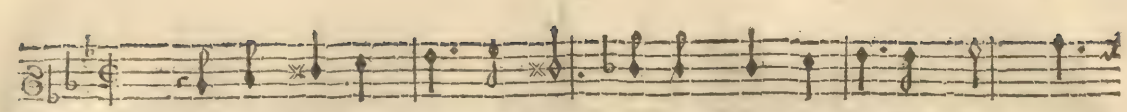
And whileſt the pillows of thy breaſt
Do her reclining head ſu ain,
She ſwels with pride to be ſo bleſt,
And doth all others flowers diſdain;
Yet weeps that dew which kiſt her laſt,
To ſee her odours ſo ſurpaſt.

III.

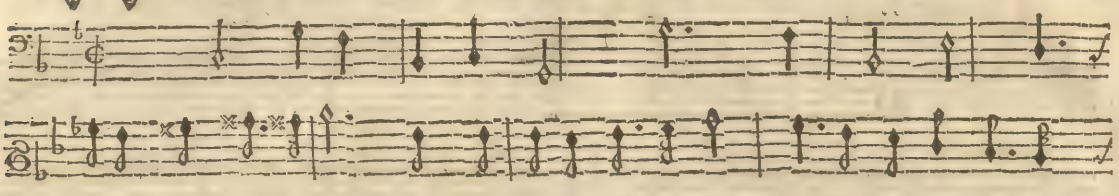
Poor flower, how far deceiv'd thou wert,
To think the r ches of the morn,
Or all the ſweets ſhe can impart,
Could theſe or ſweeten, or adorn;
Since thou from them doſt borr w ſent,
And they to thee lend ornament.

Song 27.

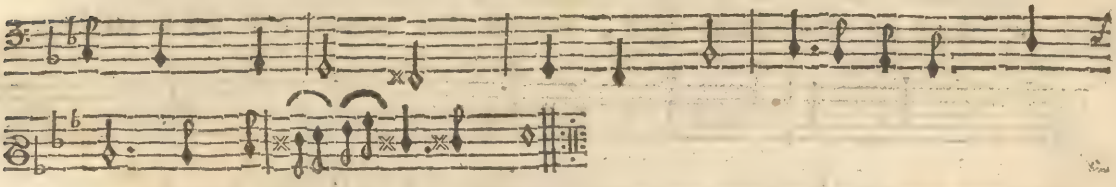
I.



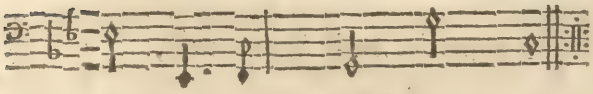
WHy thy paſſion ſhould it move, that I wiſht thy Beauty leſs? Fools



deſire what is above power of nature to expreſs, and to wiſh it had been



more, had been to outwiſh her ſtore.



II.

If the flames within thine eye
Did not too great heat inſpire,
Men might languiſh, yet not dye,
At thy leſs ungentle fire,
And might on thy weaker light
Gaze, and yet not loſe their ſight.

III.

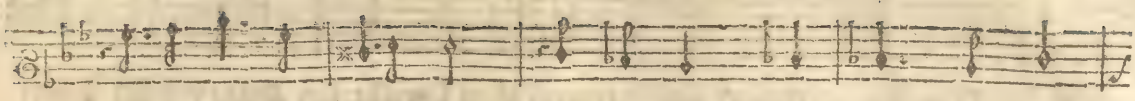
Nor wouldſt thou leſs fair appear,
For detraction adds to thee;
If ſome parts leſs beauteous were;
Others would much fairer be:
Nor can any part we know
Beſt be ſtyl'd, when all are ſo.

IV.

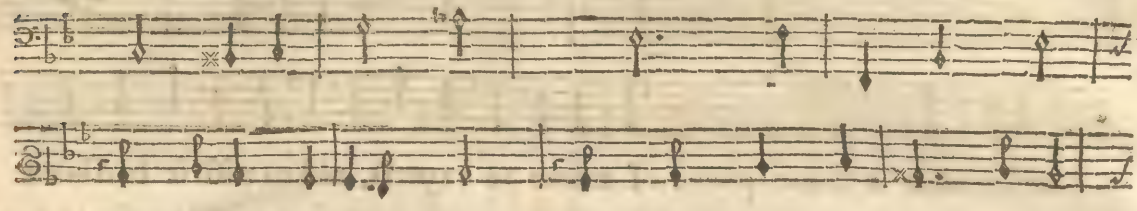
Thus this great exceſs of light
Which now dazels our weak eyes,
Would eclips'd, appear more bright,
And the only way to riſe;
Or to be more fair then thee
Celia, is leſs fair to bee.

Song 28.

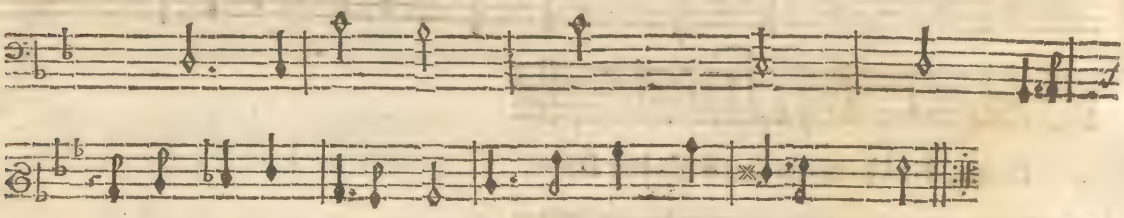
I.



ASk the Empreſs of the night, how that hand which guides her ſphere,



conſtant in unconſtant light, taught the waves her yoke to bear:



And did thus by loving force curb or tame the rude Seas courſe.

II.

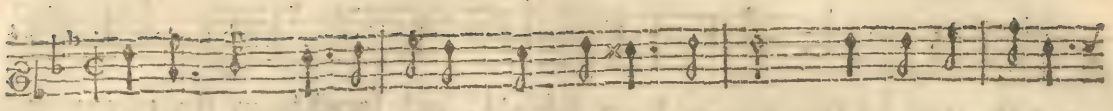
Ask the female Palm how ſhe
  Firſt did wooe her Husbands love;
And the Magnetick, ask how ſhe
  Doth the obſequious Iron move;
Waters, Plants, and Stones know this,
That they love, not what Love is.

III.

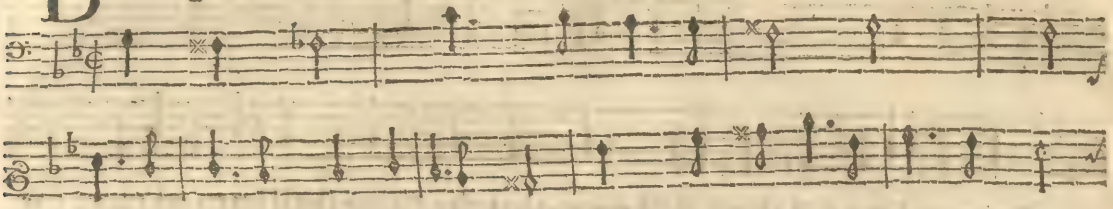
Be not thou leſs kind then thoſe,
  Or from Love exempt alone;
Let us twine like amorous Trees,
  And like Rivers melt in one;
Or if thou more cruel prove,
Learn of Steel and Stone to love.

Song 29.

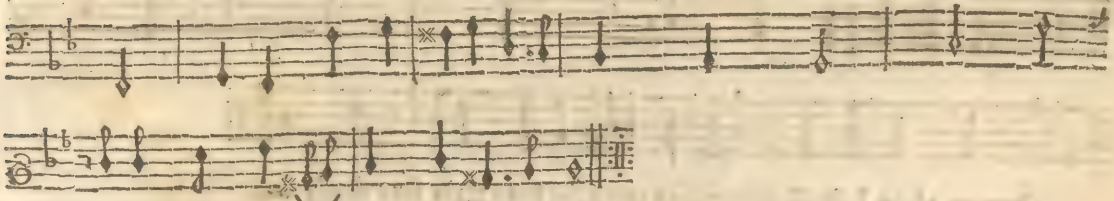
I.



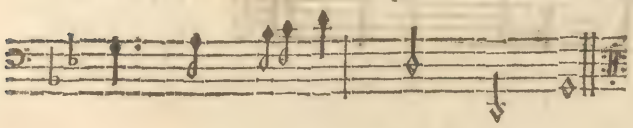
DEar urge no more the killing cause of our divorce; Love is not fetter'd



by such laws, nor bows to any force though thou denieſt I ſhould be thine,



yet ſay not thou deſerv'ſt not to be mine.



II.

Oh rather frown away my breath
With thy diſdain,
Or flatter me with ſmiles to death;
By joy or ſorrow ſlain,
'Tis leſs crime to be kill'd by thee,
Then I thus cauſe of mine own death ſhould be.

III.

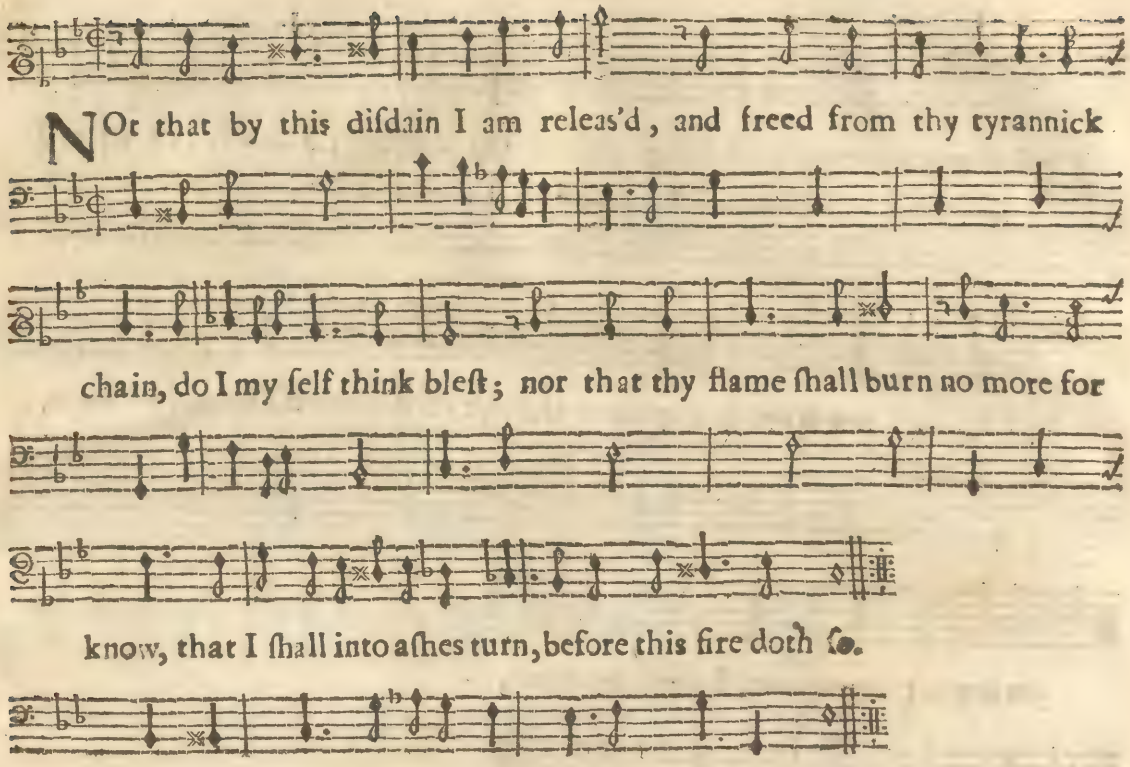
Thy ſelf of beauty to deveſt
And me of love,
Or from the worth of thine own breaſt
Thus to detract, would prove
In us a blindneſs, and in thee
At beſt a ſacrilegious modeſtie.

IV.

But (*Celia*) if thou wilt deſpiſe
What all admire,
Nor rate thy ſelf at the juſt price
Of beauty or deſire.
Yet meet thy flames, and thou ſhalt ſee
That equal love knows no diſparitie.

Song 25.

I.



II.

Nor yet that unconfin'd
Now may rove,
And with new beauties please my mind;
But that thou ne'r didst love:
For since thou hast no part
Felt of this flame,
I only from thy tyrant heart
Repuls'd, not banish'd am.

III.

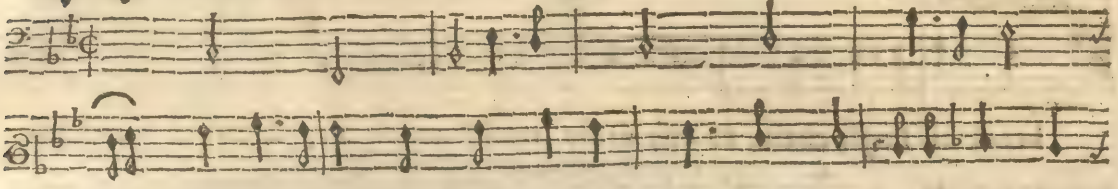
To loose what once was mine
Would grieve me more
Then those inconstant sweets of thine
Had pleas'd my soul before.
Now I have not lost the bliss
I ne'r possest;
And spight of Fate am blest in this,
That I was never blest.

VVhen

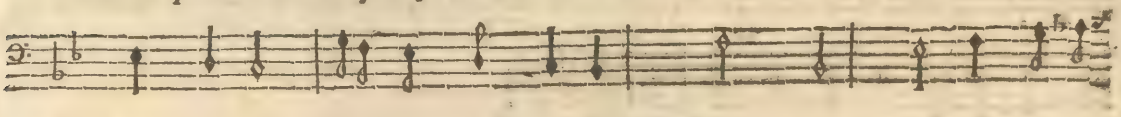
Song 31.

I.

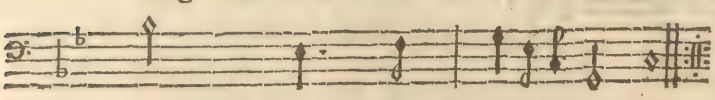
WHen deceitful Lovers lay at thy feet, their ſuppliant hearts and their



ſnares ſpread to betray thy beſt treaſure with their arts, credit not their



flatt'ring vows, Love ſuch perjury allows.



II.

When they with their choyceſt wealth
  Nature boaſts of, have poſſeſt thee;
When with flowers their verſes ſtealth,
  Stars to Jewels doth deveſt thee:
Truſt not to their borrow'd ſtore,
'Tis but lent to make thee poor.

III.

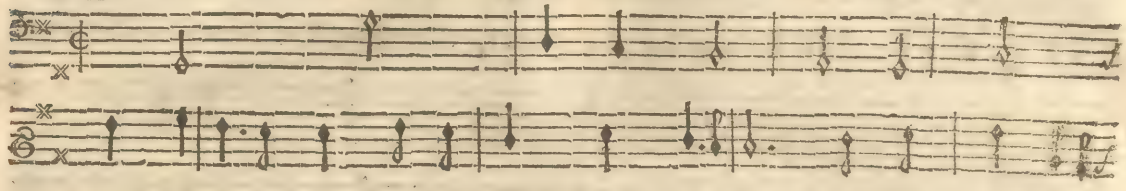
When with Poems they invade thee,
  Sigh thy praiſes, or diſdain;
When they weep, and would perſwade thee
  That their flames beget that rain:
Let thy breaſt no bates let in,
Mercy 's only here a ſin.

IV.

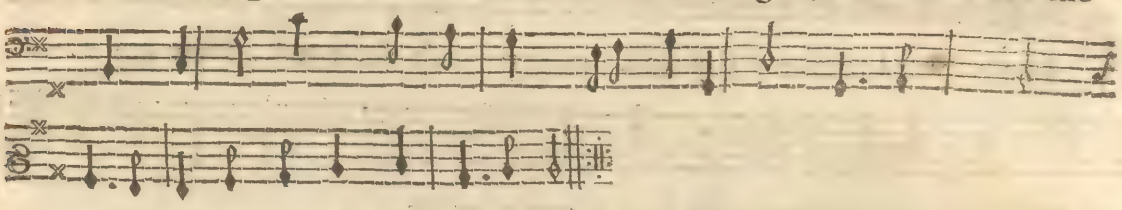
Let no tears or offrings move thee,
  At thoſe cunning charms avoyd,
For that wealth for which they love thee
  They would ſlight, if once enjoy'd:
Guard thy unrelenting mind,
None are cruel, but the kind.

I.

HE whoſe active thoughts diſdain to be captive to one foe, and would



break his ſingle chain, or elſe more would undergoe; Let him learn the



art of me, by new bondage to be free.

II.

What tyrannick Miſtreſs dare
To one beauty love confine?
Who unbounded as the aire
All may court but none decline:
Why ſhould we the Heart deny
As many objects as the Eye?

III.

Wherefoe're I turn or move
A new paſſion doth detaine me;
Thoſe kind beauties that do love,
Or thoſe proud ones that diſdain me;
This frown melts, and that ſmile burns me;
This to tears, that aſhes turns me.

IV.

Soft freſh Virgins not full blown,
With their youthful ſweetneſs take me;
Sober Matrons that have known
Long ſince what theſe prove, awake me:
Here ſtaid coldneſs I admire,
There the lively active fire.

V.

She that doth by skill dispence
Every favour she bestows,
Or the harmless innocence
Which nor Court nor City knows,
Both alike my soul enflame,
That wilde beauty, and this tame.

VI.

She that wisely can adorn
Nature with the wealth of Art,
Or whose rural sweets do scorn
Borrow'd helps to take a heart,
The vain care of that's my pleasure,
Poverty of this my treasure.

VII.

Both the wanton and the coy
Me with equal pleasures move;
She whom I by force enjoy,
Or who forceth me to love;
This because she'l not confess,
That not hide her happiness,

VIII.

She whose loosly flowing hair,
Scatter'd like the beams o'th' Morn,
Playing with the sportive air,
Hides the sweets it doth adorn,
Captive in that net restrains me,
In those golden fetters chains me.

IX.

Nor doth she with power less bright
My divided heart invade,
Whose soft tresses spread like Night,
O're her shoulders a black shade;
For the star-light of her eyes
Brighter shines through those dark Skies.

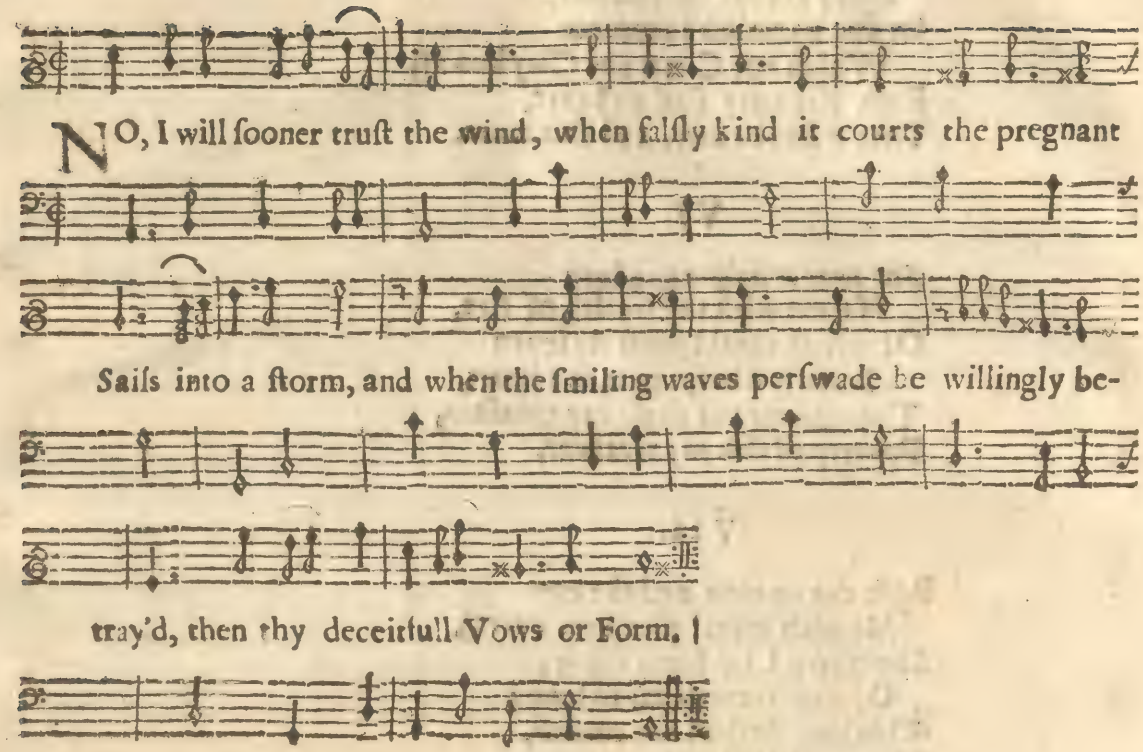
X.

Black, or fair, or tall, or low,
I alike with all can sport;
The bold sprightly *Thais* woo,
Or the frozen vestall court;
Every beauty takes my mind,
Tied to all, to none confin'd.

No

Song 3.

I.



II.

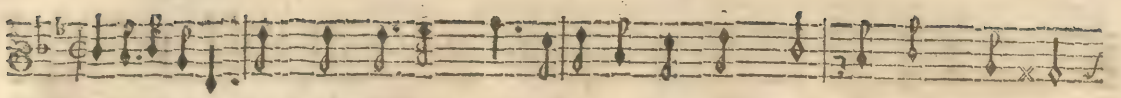
Go and beguile ſome eaſie heart
With thy vain art;
Thy ſmiles and kiſſes on thoſe foo s beſtow,
Who only ſee the Calms that ſleep
On this ſmooth flatt'ring Deep,
But not the hidden dangers know.

III.

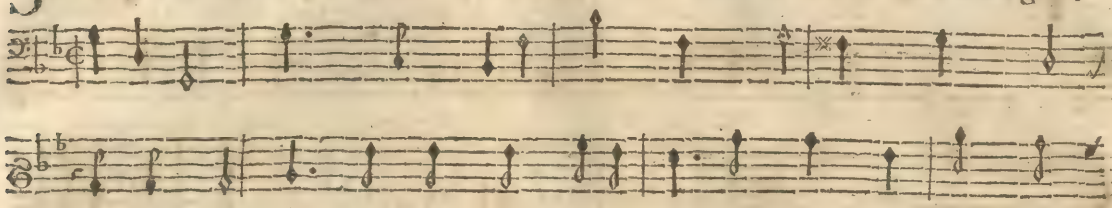
They that like me thy falſhood prove,
Will ſcorn thy Love.
Some may deceiv'd at firſt adore thy Shrine,
But He that as thy ſacrifice
Doth willingly fall twice,
Dies his own Martyr, and not thine.

Such

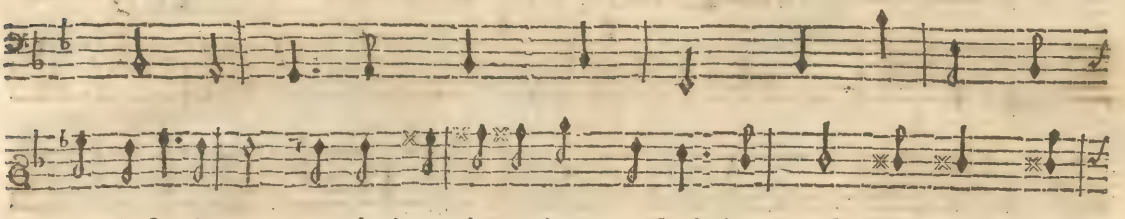
I.



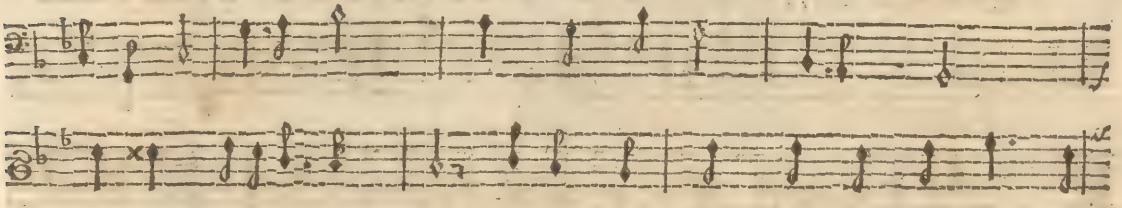
SUch icy kiſſes Anchorites that live ſecluded from the world to dead ſculs give,



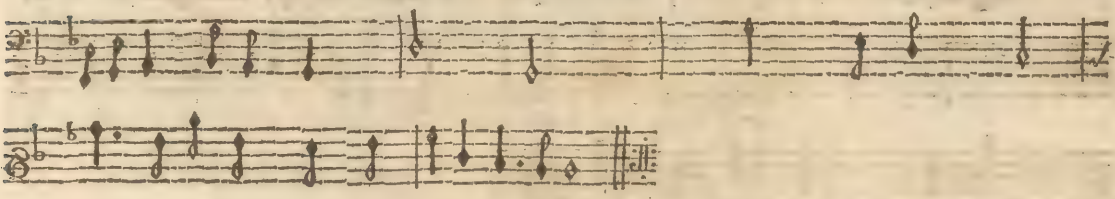
and theſe cold Maids on whom Love never ſpent his flame, nor know what



by deſire is meant to their expiring fathers, ſuch bequeath , ſnatching their



fleeting ſpirits in that breath, the timerous Prieſt doth with ſuch fear and

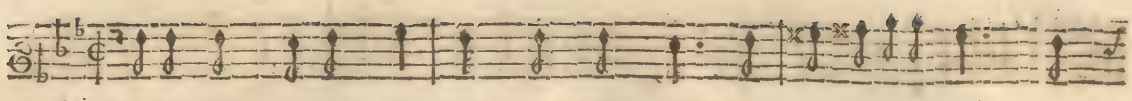


nice devotion touch the holy Sacrifice.

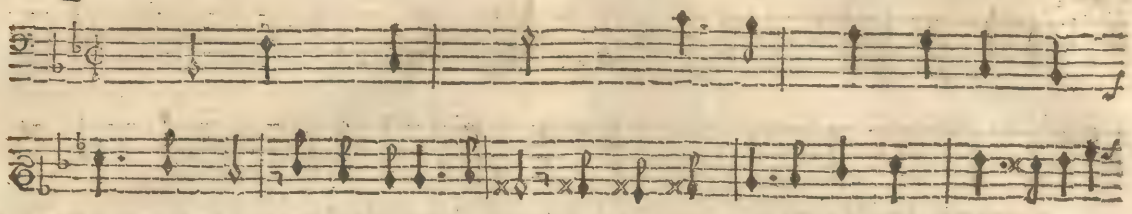
II.

Fie *Charieſſa*, whence ſo chang'd of late,
As to become in love a reprobate?
Quit, quit this dulneſs, Faireſt, and make known
A flame unto me, equal with my own:
Shake off this froſt for ſhame, that dwels upon
Thy lip, or if it will not ſo be gone,
Let's once more joyn our lip, and thou ſhalt ſee
That by the flame of mine 'twill melted be.

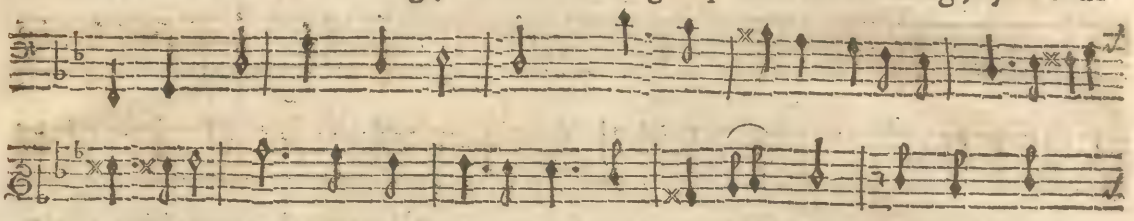
I.



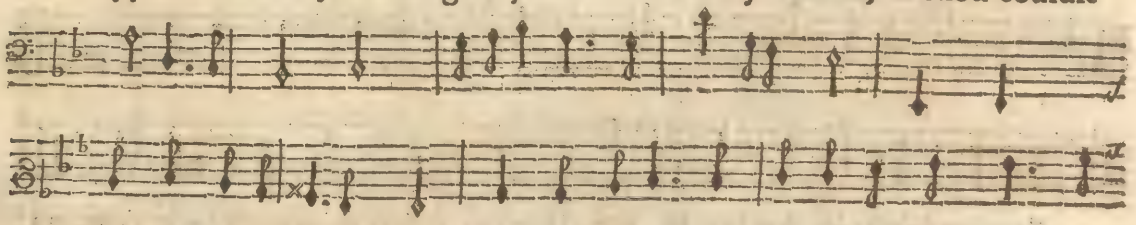
THat I might ever dream thus, that ſome power to my eternal ſleep would



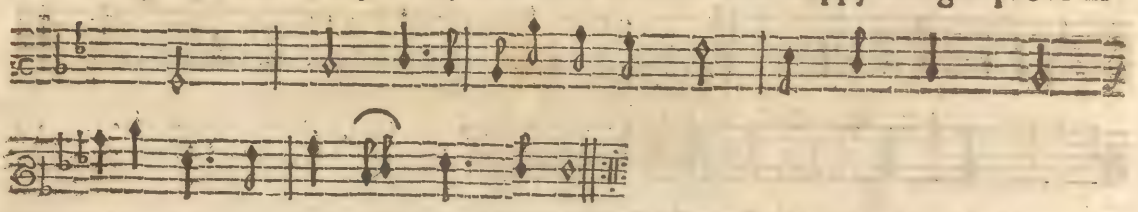
joyn this hour, ſo willingly deceiv'd I might poſſeſs in ſeeming joys a real



happineſs: Death, I would gladly bow beneath thy charms, if thou couldſt



bring my *Doris* to my arms; that thus at laſt made happy I might prove in

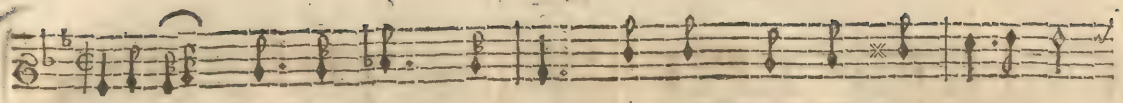


life the hell, in death the heaven of love.

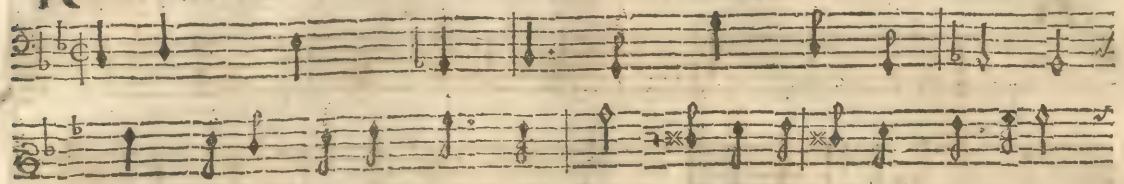
II.

Haſt not away ſo ſoon, mock not my joys
  With the deluſive ſight, or empty noyſe
Of happineſs; Oh do not diſſipate
  A pleaſure thou ſo lately didſt create.
Shadows of life or death do ſuch bliſs give,
That 'tis an equal curſe to wake or live;
Stay then kind ſleep, be ever here confin'd;
Or if thou wilt away, leave her behind.

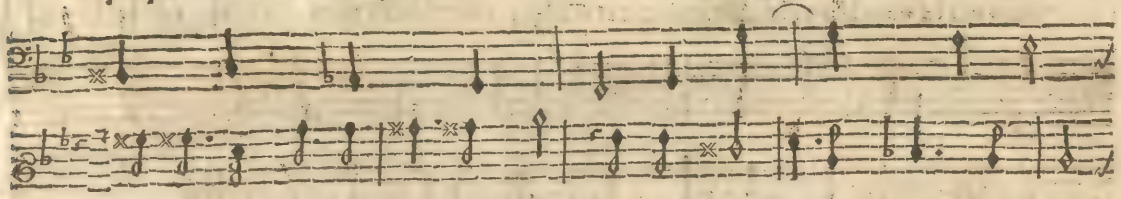
I.



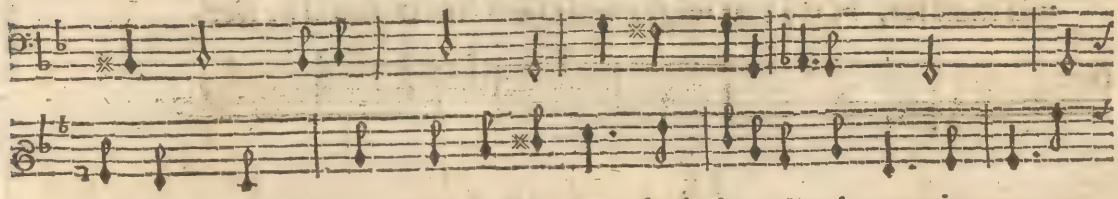
ROses in breathing forth their sent, or stars their borrowed ornament;



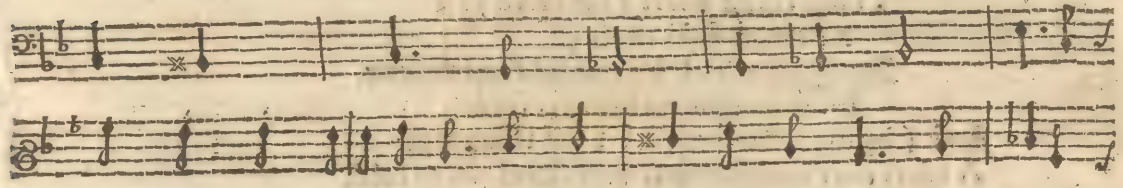
Nymphs in the watery sphere that move, or Angels in their orbs above;



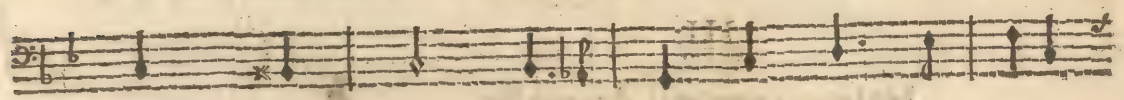
the winged chariot of the light, or the slow silent wheels of night;

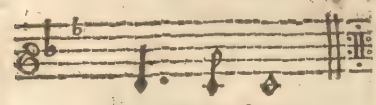


the shade which from the swifter Sun, doth in a circular motion run; or



souls that their eternal Rest do keep, Make far less noise then *Cælia's*





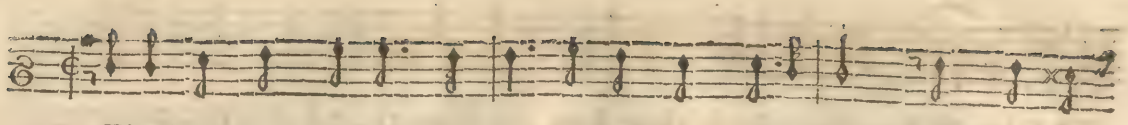
Breath in sleep.

II.

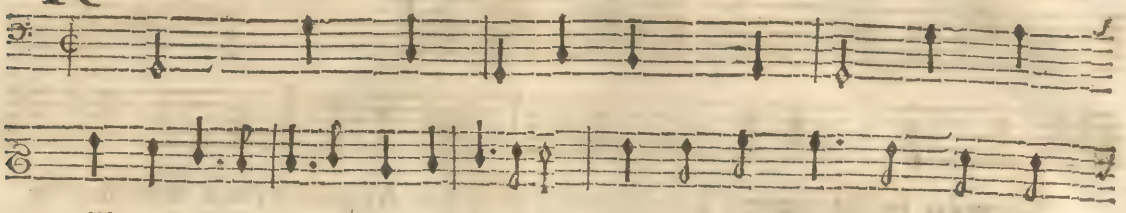
But if the Angel which inspires
This subtle flame with active fires,
Should mould this breath to words, and those
Into a harmony dispose;
The musick of this heavenly sphear
Would steal each soul out at the ear,
And into plants and stones infuse
A life that Cherubins would chuse;
And with new powers invert the laws of Fate,
Kill those that live, and dead things animate.

Rebellious

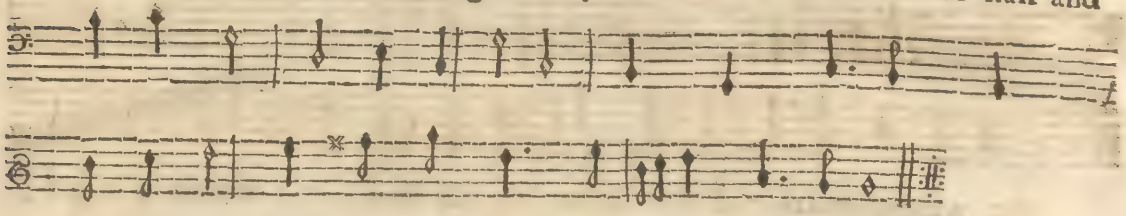
I.



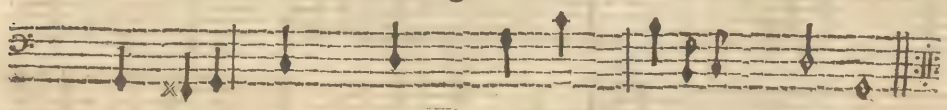
REbellious fools that ſcorn to bow beneath Loves eaſie ſway, whoſe ſtubborn



wills no laws allow, diſdaining to obey, mark but this wreath of hair and



you ſhall ſee, None that might wear ſuch fetters would be free-



II.

I once could boaſt a ſoul like you
As unconfin'd as air;
But mine, which force could not ſubdue,
Was caught within this ſnare;
And (by my ſelf betray'd) I for this gold,
A heart that many ſtorms withſtood, have ſold.

III.

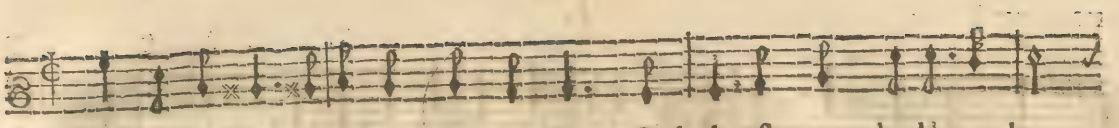
No longer now wiſe Art enquire
(With this vain ſearch delighted)
How ſouls that humane breaſts inſpire
Are to their frames united;
Material chains ſuch ſpirits well may bind,
When this ſoft braid can tie both Arm and Mind.

IV.

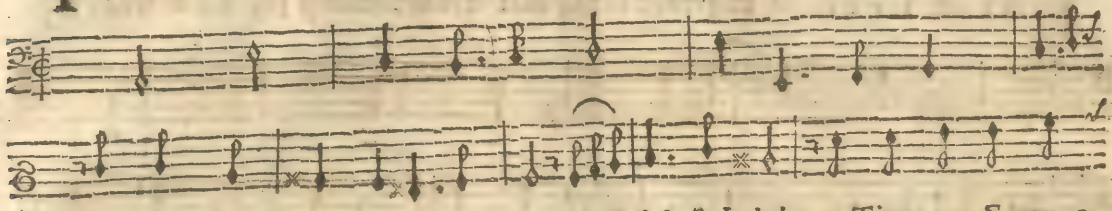
Now (Beauties) I defie your charm,
Rul'd by more powerful Art,
This myſtick wreath which crowns my Arm,
Defends my vanquiſht Heart;
And I, ſubdu'd by one more fair, ſhall be
Secur'd from Conqueſt by Captivity.

Yet

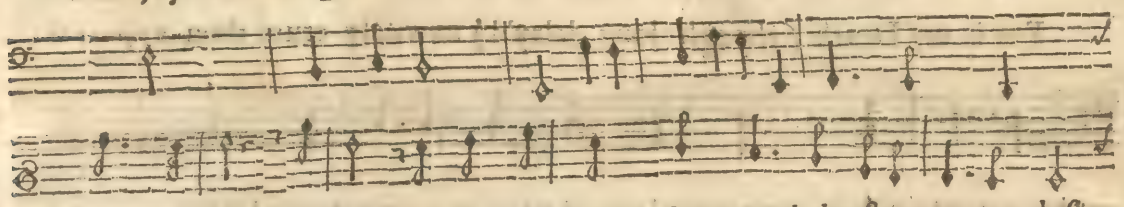
I.



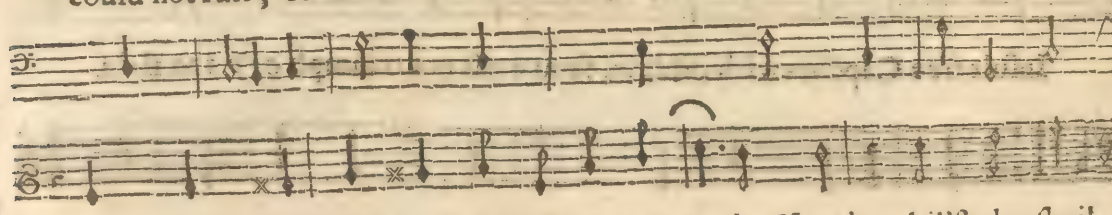
YEt ere I go, disdainful Beauty thou shalt be so wretched, as to know



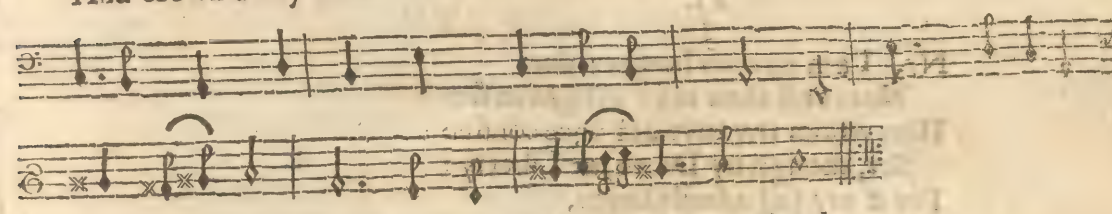
what joys thou sling'st away with me. A Faith so bright as Time or Fortune



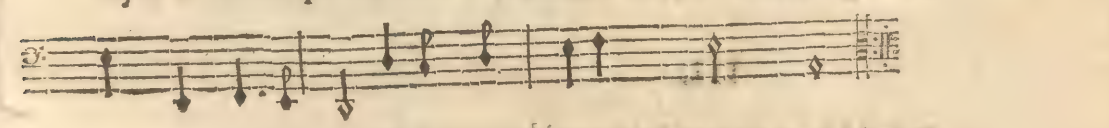
could not rust; so firm that Lovers might have read thy story in my dust.



And crown'd thy name with Laurel verdant as thy Youth, whil'st the shril



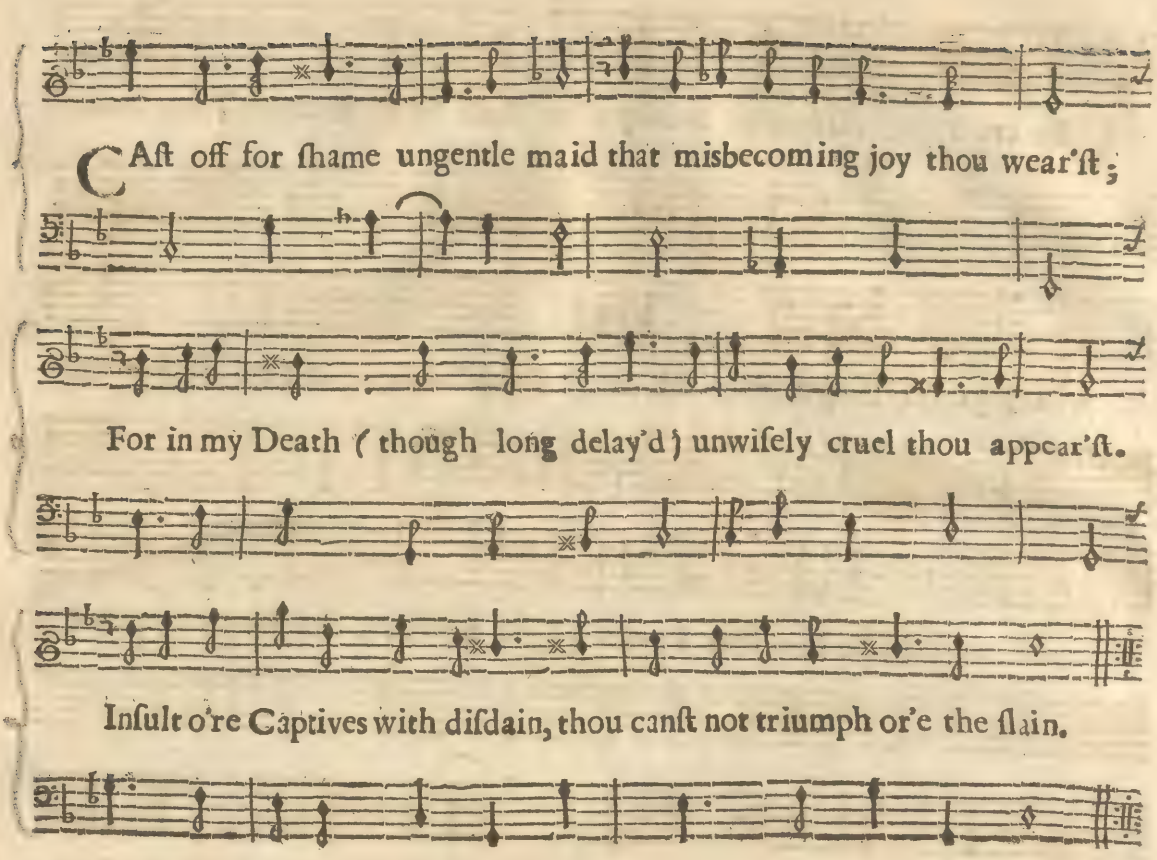
voyce of Fame spread wide thy Beauty and my Truth.



II.

This thou hast lost;
For all true Lovers, when they find
That my just aims were crost,
Will speak thee lighter then the wind.
And none will lay
Any oblation on thy shrine,
But such as would betray
Thy faith, to faiths as false as thine.
Yet if thou chuse
On such thy freedome to bestow,
Affection may excuse,
For love from Sympathy doth flow.

I.



II.

No, I am now no longer thine,
Nor canſt thou take delight to ſee
Him whom thy love did once confine
Set, though by Death, at Liberty:
For if my fall a ſmile beget,
Thou glorieſt in thy own defeat.

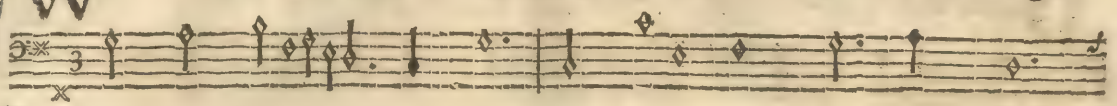
III.

Behold how thy unthrifty pride
Hath murtherd him that did maintain it;
And wary Souls who never tride
Thy Tyrant Beauty, will diſdain it:
But I am ſofter, and that me
Thou wouldſt not pity, pity thee.

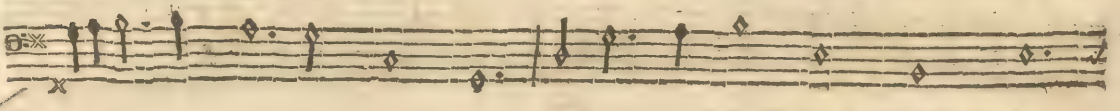
Wert

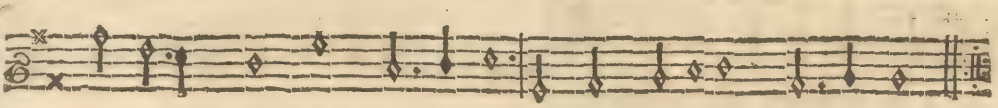
I.

WErt thou by all affections ſought, & fairer then thou wouldſt be thought,

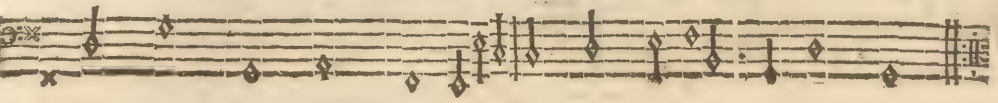


or had thine eyes as many Darts as thou believ'ſt they ſhoot at Hearts,





Yet if thy Love were payd to me, I would not offer mine to thee.



II.

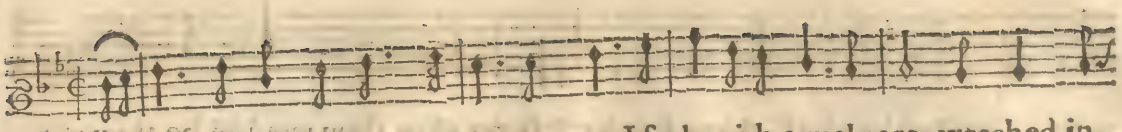
Ide ſooner court a Feavers heat,
Then her that owns a Flame as great;
She that my Love will entertain,
Muſt meet it with no leſs diſdain.
For mutual fires themſelves deſtroy,
And willing Kiſſes yield no Joy.

III.

I love thee not becauſe alone
Thou canſt all Beauty call thine own;
Nor doth my paſſion fuel ſeek,
In thy bright Eye, or ſofter Cheek:
Then Faireſt if thou wouldſt know why
I love cauſe thou canſt deny,

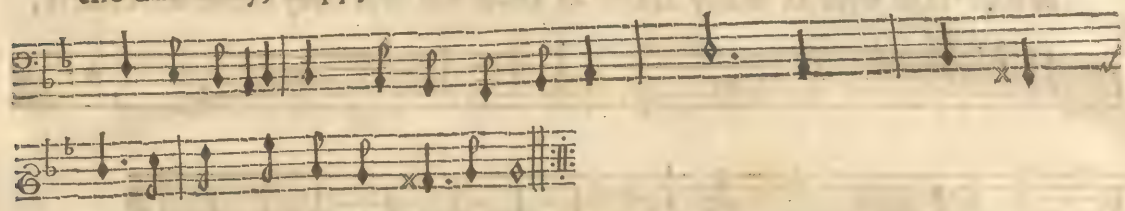
Deceiv'd

I.



DEceiv'd and undeceiv'd to be at once I ſeek with equal care, wreched in

the diſcovery, happy if cozen'd ſtill I were: yet certain ill of ill hath



leſs then the miſtruſt of happineſs.

II.

But if when I have reach'd my aim,
(That which I ſeek leſs worthy prove,)
Yet ſtill my love remains the ſame,
The ſubject not deſerving love;
I can no longer be excus'd
Now more in fault as leſs abus'd.

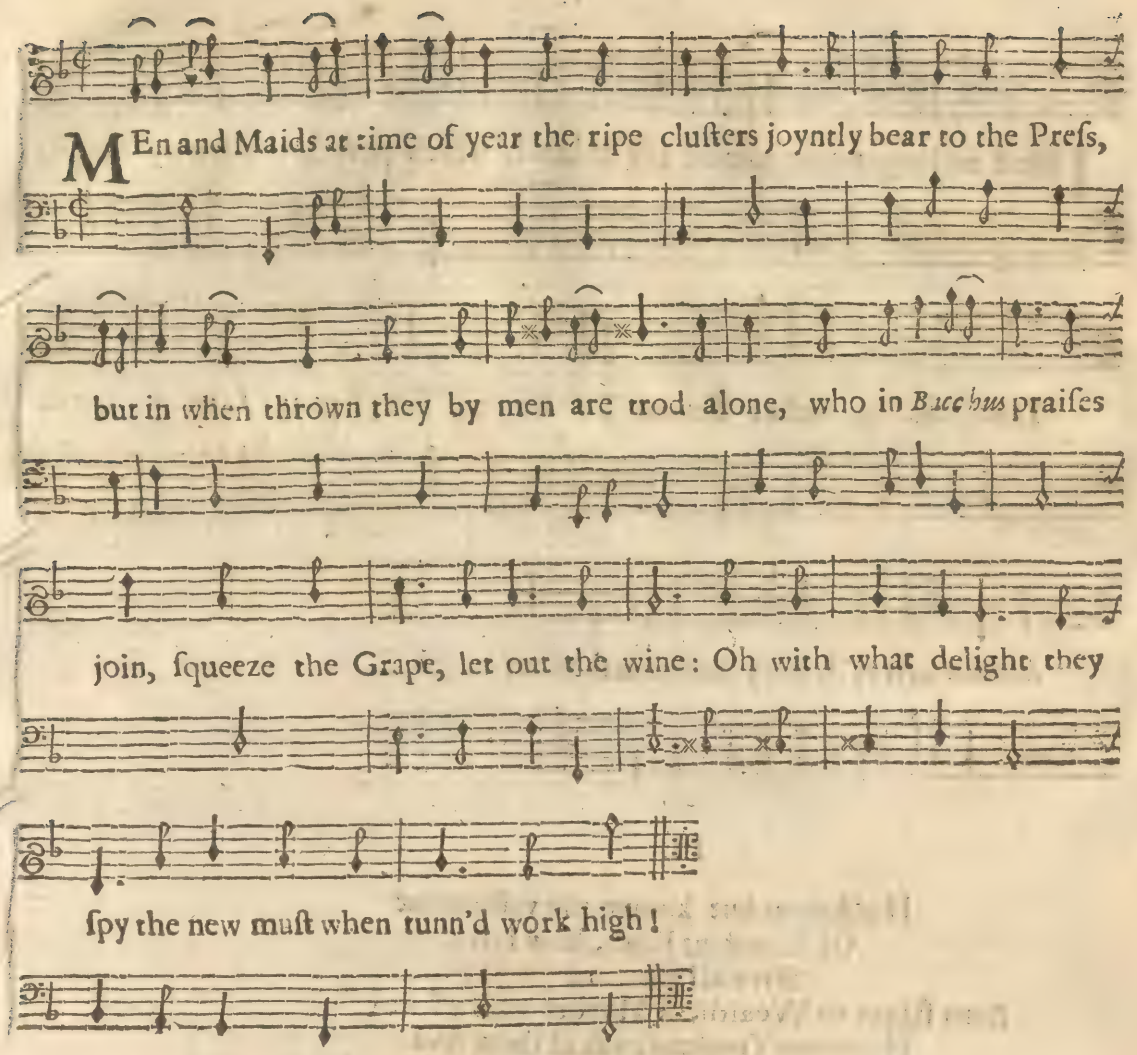
III.

Then let me flatter my deſires,
And doubt what I might know too ſure;
He that to cheat himſelf conſpires,
From falſhhood doth his faith ſecure
In Love uncertain to believe
I am deceiv'd, doth undeceive.

IV.

For if my Life on Doubt depend,
And in diſtruſt inconſtant ſteer,
If I eſſay the ſtrife to end
(When Ignorance were Wiſdome here;)
All thy attempts how can I blame
To work my Death? I ſeek the ſame.

I.



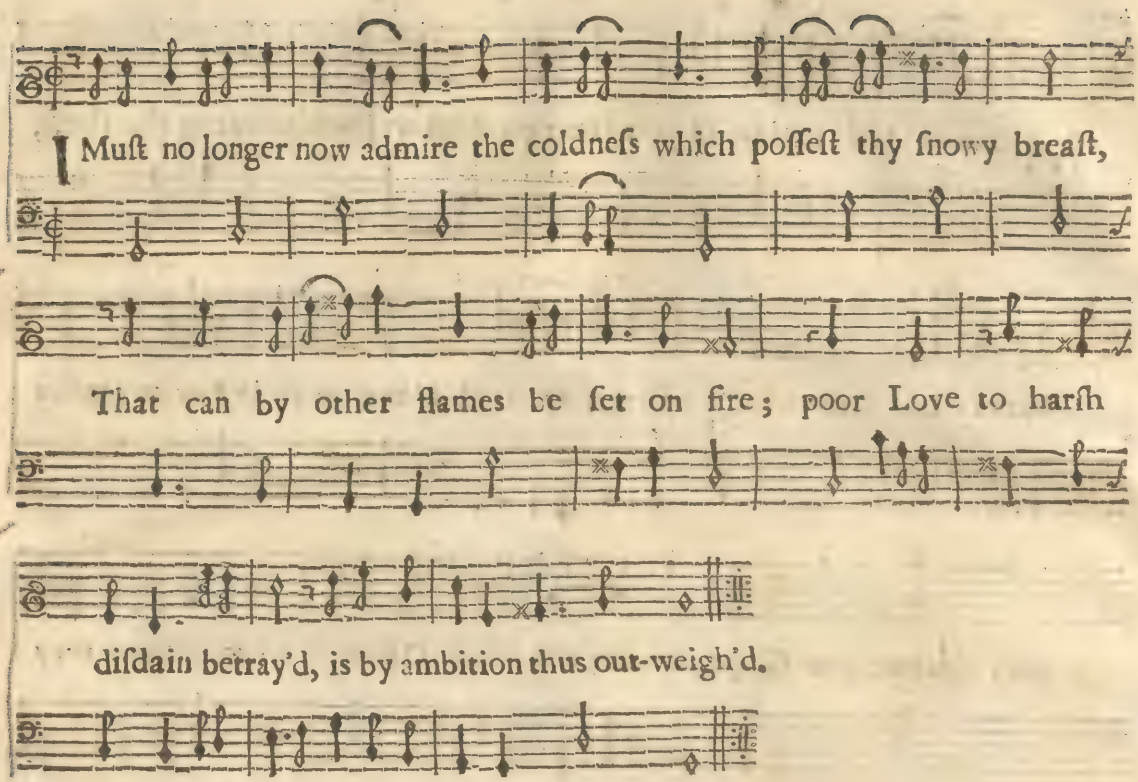
II.

Which if old men freely take,
Their gray heads and heels they shake;
And a young man if he find
Some fair Maid to sleep resign'd,
In the shade, he straight goes to her,
Wakes, and roundly 'gins to wooe her;
Whilest love slily stealing in
Tempts her to the pleasing sin.

III.

Yet she long resists his offers,
Nor will hear what ere he proffers;
Till perceiving that his prayer
Melts into regardless air;
Her, who seemingly restrains,
He by pleasing force constrains:
Wine doth boldness thus dispence,
Teaching young men insolence.

I.



II.

Hadst thou but known the vast extent
Of Constant Faith, how farre
'Bove all that are
Born slaves to Wealth, or Honors vain assent;
No richer Treasure couldst thou find
Then hearts with mutual Chains combin'd.

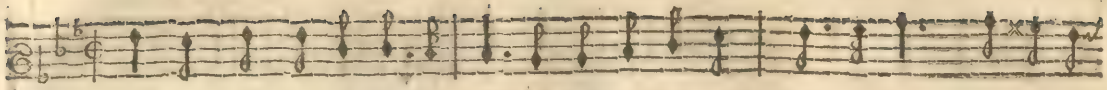
III.

But Love is too despis'd a name,
And must not hope to rise
Above these ties.
Honour and Wealth out-shine his paler Flame;
These unite Souls, whilest true desire
Unpitied dies in its own Fire.

IV.

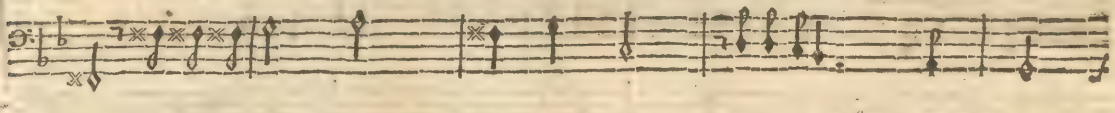
Yet, cruel Fair one, I did aim
With no less justice too,
Than those that sue
For other hopes, and thy proud Fortunes claim,
Wealth honours, honours wealth approve,
But Beauty's only meant for Love.

I.

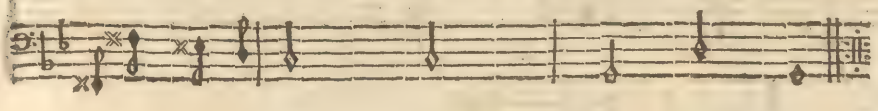


Love the ripe harvest of my toyls began to cherish with his smiles, preparing

me to be indu'd with all the Joys I long persu'd; when my fresh hopes,



fair and full blown, death blasts ere I could ca'l my own.



II.

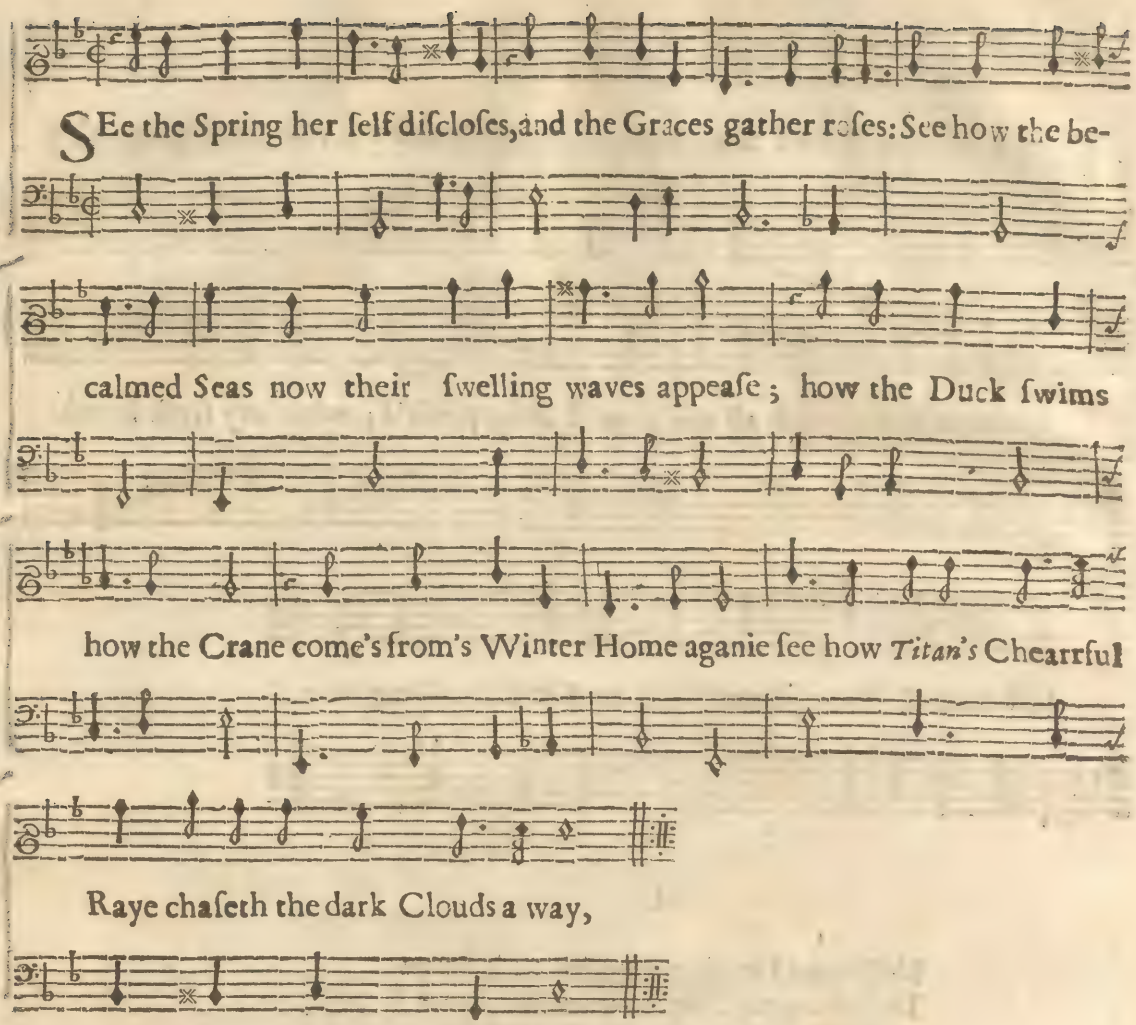
Malicious Death, why with rude force
Dost thou my Fair from me divorce?
False life why in this loathen chain
Me from my Fair dost thou detain:
In whom assistance shall I find,
Alike are Life and Death unkind.

III.

Pardon me Love, thy power outshines
And laughs at their infirm designes;
She is not wedded to a toombe,
Nor I to sorrow in her Room:
They what thou joynst' can ne'r divide,
She lives in me, in her I dy'd,

See

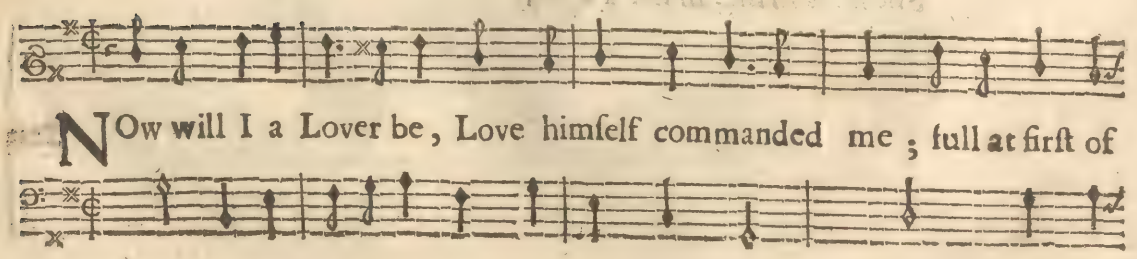
I.



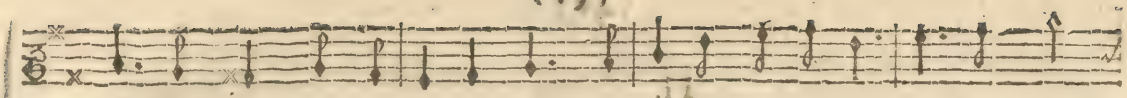
II.

Now in their new robes of green
Are the Plough-mens labours ſeen;
Now the luſty teeming Earth
Springs each hour with a new birth;
Now the Olive blooms; the Vine
Now doth with plump pendants ſhine,
And with leaves and bloſſoms now
Freſhly bourgeons every bough.

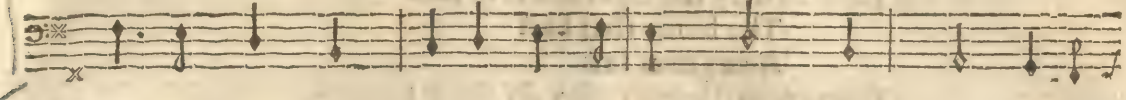
Song 46.



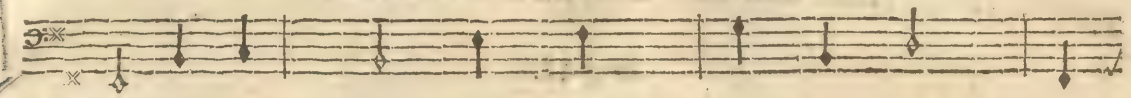
ſtubborn

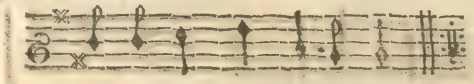


ſtubborn pride, to ſubmit my ſoul deni'd, he his Quiver takes and Bow,

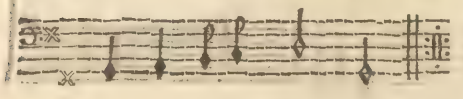


bids defiance, forth we goe; arm'd with ſpear and ſhield we meet,





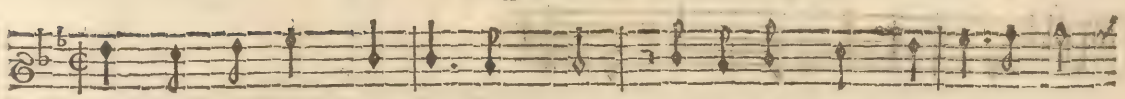
on he charges, I retreat.



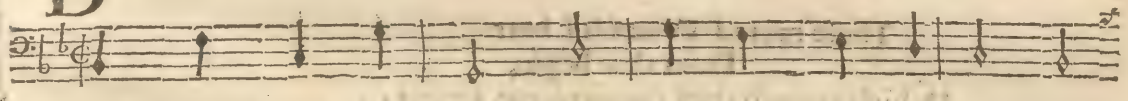
II.

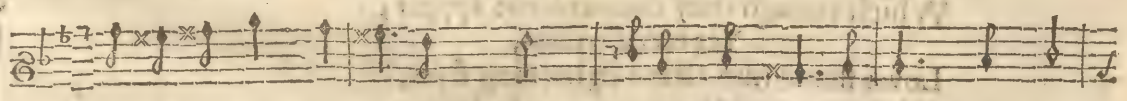
Till perceiving in the fight
He had waſted every flight,
Into me, with fury hot,
Like a dart himſelfe he ſhot,
And my cold heart melts my ſhield
Uſeleſſe, no defence could yeild;
For what boots an outward skreen
When (alas) the fights within?

Song 47.

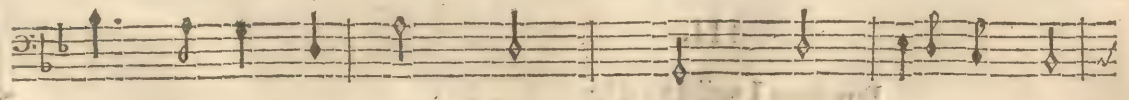


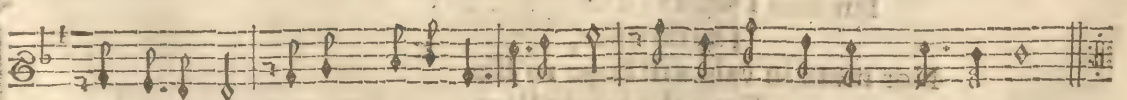
DEar fold me once more in thine Armes; and let me know, before I goe,



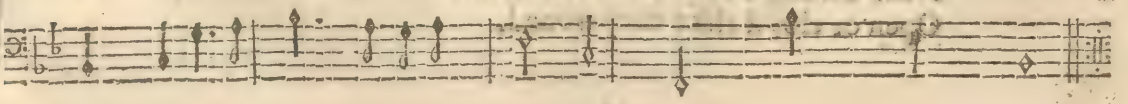


there is no bliſſe but in thoſe charmes, by thy faire ſelfe I ſweare, that here





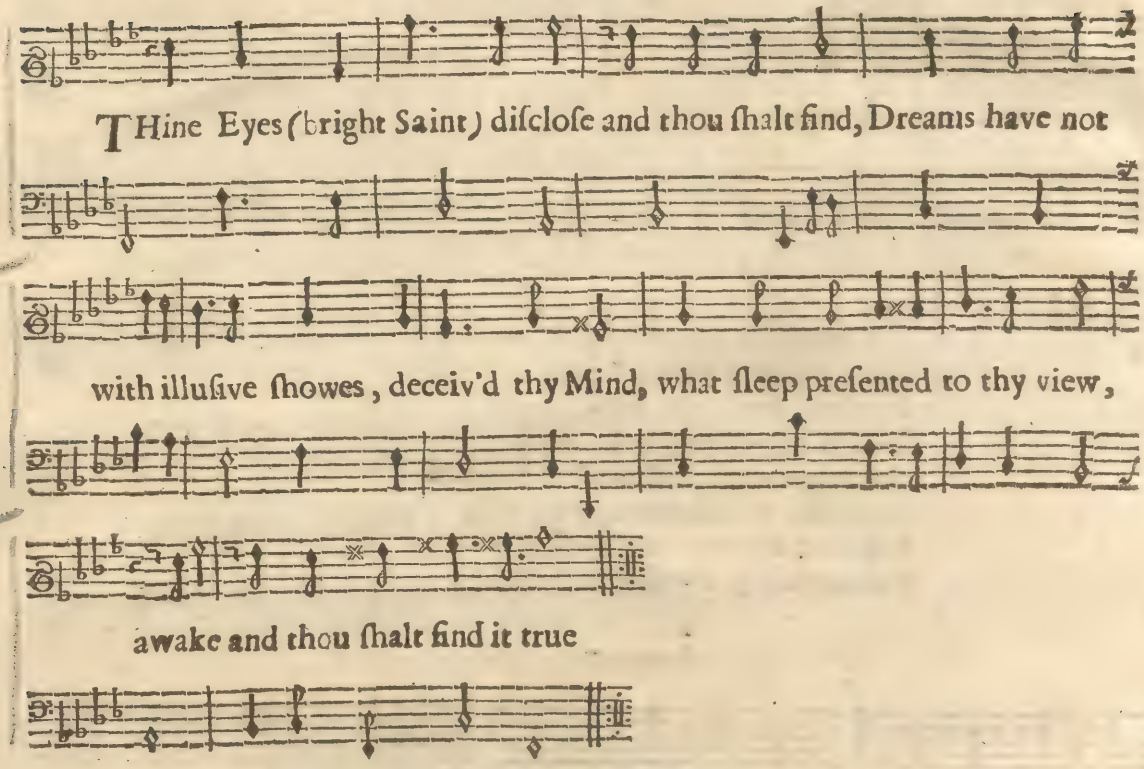
and onely here I would for ever ever ſtay, but cruel Fate calls me away.



II.

How ſwiftly the light minutes ſlide
The hours that haſt
Away thus faſt
By envyous flight my ſtay do chide :
Yet Dear, ſince I muſt go,
By this laſt kiſs I vow
By all that ſweetneſs which dwels with thee,
Time ſhall move ſlow, till next I ſee thee.

Song 48.

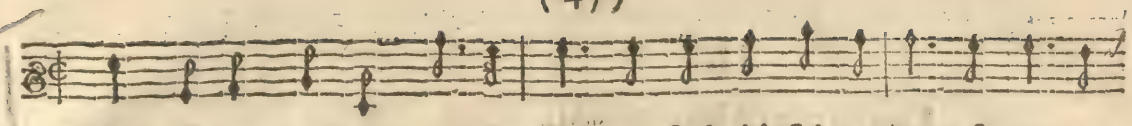


II.

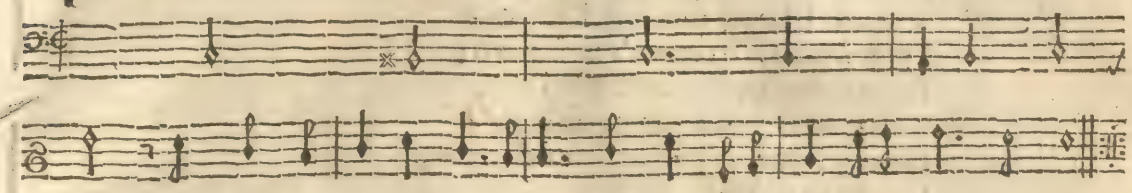
Thoſe mortal Wounds I bear
From thee begin,
Which though they outward not appear,
Yet bleed within,
Loves flame like active lightening flyes,
Wounding the Heart, but not the Eyes.

III.

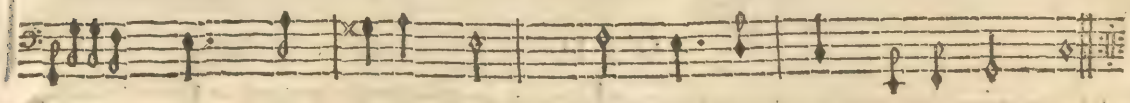
But now I yeild to die
Thy ſacrifice,
Nor more in vain will hope to flie
From thy bright Eyes;
Their killing Power cannot be ſhunn'd
Open or clos'd alike they wound.



FAith 'tis not worth your pains and care, to seek t' inspire a heart so pure as



mine; som fools ther be, hate libertie, whom w[illegible] more ease thou mayst confine.

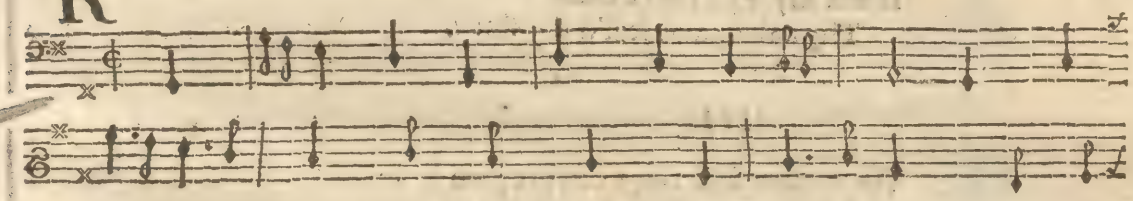


II. Alas! when with much charge thou hast
Brought it at last
Beneath thy power to bow;
It will adore
Some twenty more,
And that perhaps you 'ld not allow.

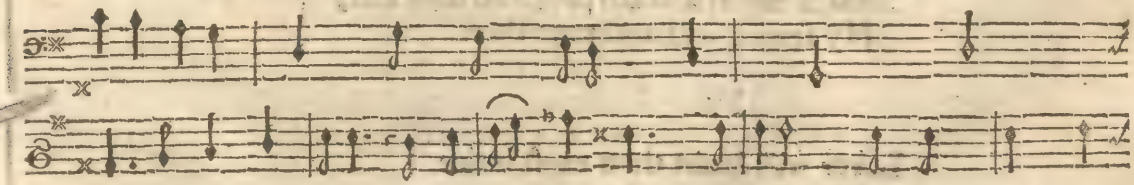
III. No *Cloris*, I no more will prove
The curse of Love,
And now can boast a heart
Hath learn'd of thee
Inconstancie,
And couzen'd women of their Art.

Song 50.

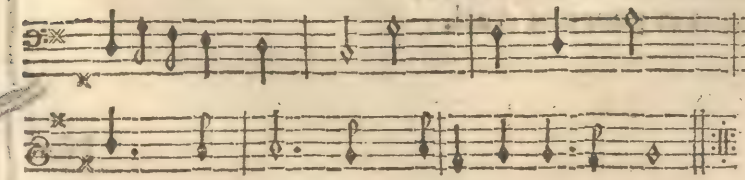
REach me here that full crown'd Cup, and at once I'l drink it up; for my



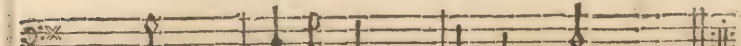
overcharged Breast pants for drowth, with care oppreſt; whileſt a



Chaplet of cool Roſes my diſtemper'd Brow incloſes; Love I'l drench in



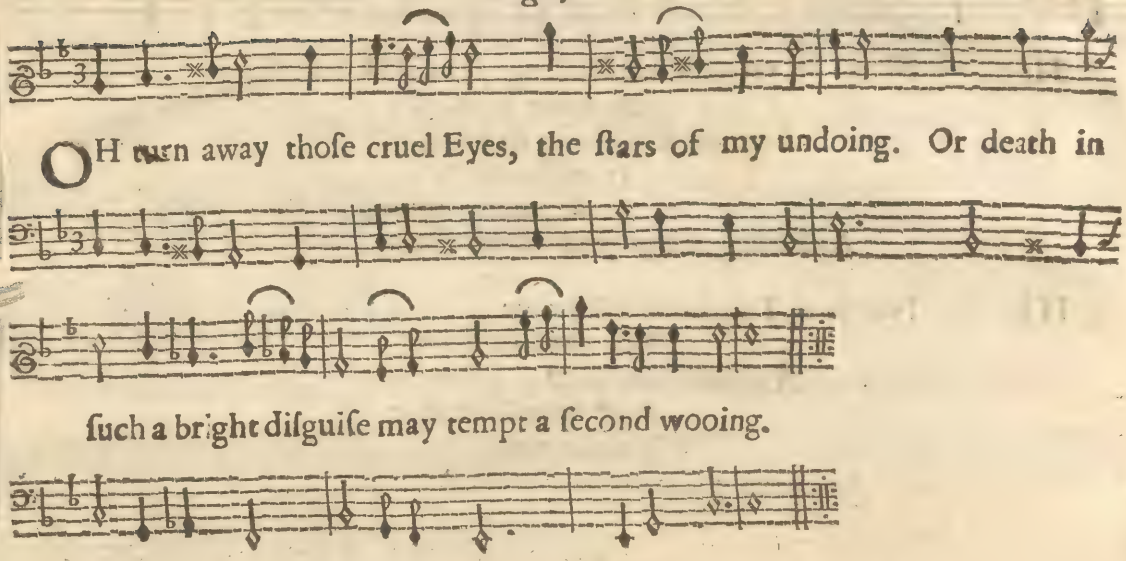
Wine; for theſe flames alone can his appeaſe.



II.

I am ſprung of humane ſeed,
For a lives ſhort race decree'd;
Though I know the way I've gone,
That which is to come's unknown;
Buſie thoughts do not diſturb me;
What have you to do to curb me?
Come, ſome Wine and Muſick give;
Ere we dye, 'tis fit we live.

Song 51.



II.

Puniſh their blindly impious pride,
Who dare contemne thy glory;
It was my Fall that deifide
Thy name, and ſeal'd thy ſtory.

III.

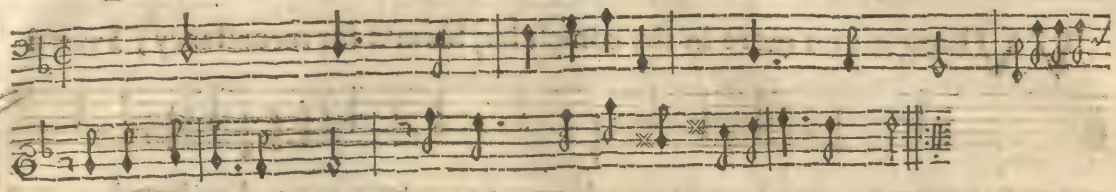
Yet no new ſufferings can prepare
A higher praiſe to crown thee;
Though my firſt death proclaim thee Fair,
My ſecond will unthrone thee.

IV.

Lover will doubt thou canſt intice
No other for thy fuel,
And if thou burn one Victime twice,
Both think thee poor and cruel.

Now

NOw Love be prais'd! that cruel Fair, who my poor Heart restrain

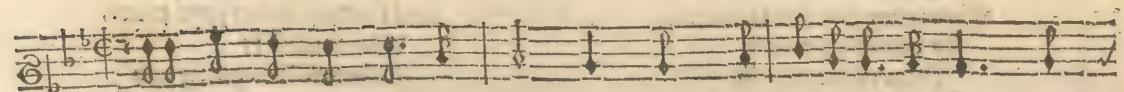


under so many chains, hath weav'd a new one for it of her Hair.

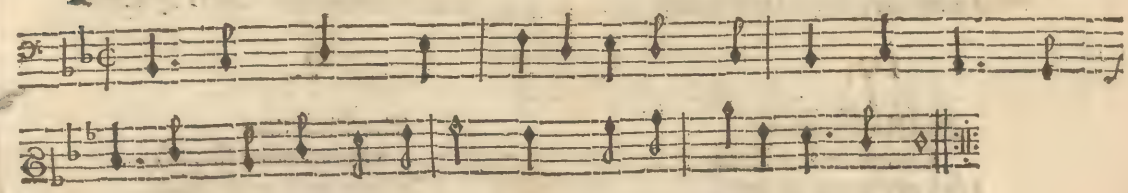
II. These threads of Amber us'd to play
With every Courtly wind,
And never were confin'd,
But in a thousand Curls aloud to stray.

III. Cruel each part of her is grown,
Nor less unkind then She
These fetters are to Me,
Which to restrain my Freedome, lose their own.

Song 53.



TO set my jealous soul at strife all things maliciously agree, though

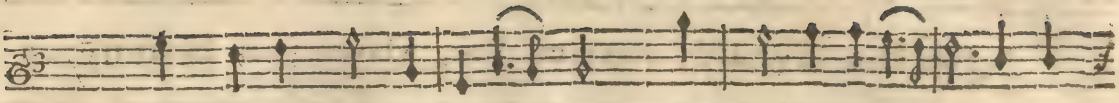


sleep of death the Image be, dreams are the portraitures of life.

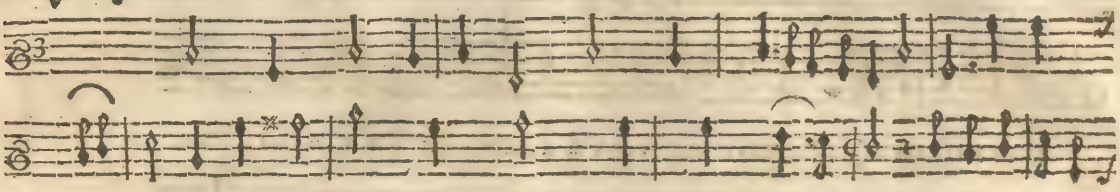
II. I saw when last I clos'd my eyes,
Celinda stoopt t' anothers will,
If specious apprehension kill,
What would the truth without disguise?

III. The joys which I could call my owne
Methought this Rival did possess,
Like dreams is all my happiness;
Yet dreams themselves allow me none.

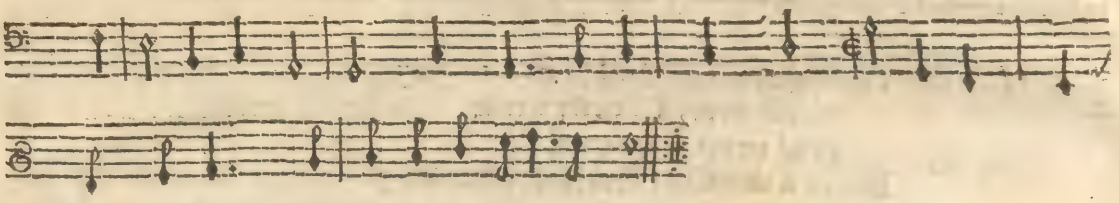
I.



VVRong me no more in thy complaint, blam'd for inconſtancy; I vow'd



t'adore the faireſt Saint, nor chang'd whilſt thou wert ſhe: but if another



thee outſhine, th' inconſtancy is onely Thine.

II.

To be by ſuch
Blind Fools admir'd
Gives thee but ſmall eſteem,
By whom as much
Thou'dſt be deſir'd
Didſt thou leſs beautious ſeem:
Sure why they love they know not wel,
Who why they ſhould not cannot tel.

III.

Women are by
Themſelves betray'd,
And to their ſhort joys cruel,
Who fooliſhly
Themſelves perſwade
Flames can outlaſt their fuel:
None (though Platonick their pretence)
With Reaſon love unleſs by Sence.

IV.

And He, by whoſe
Command to Thee
I did my heart reſigne,
Now bids me chooſe
A Deity
Diviner far then thine:
No power from Love can Beauty ſever;
I'me ſtill Loves ſubject, thine was never.

V.

The faireſt She
Whom none ſurpaſs
To love hath only right,
And ſuch to me
Thy Beauty was
Till one I found more bright:
But 'twere as impious to adore
Thee now, as not to have don't before.

VI.

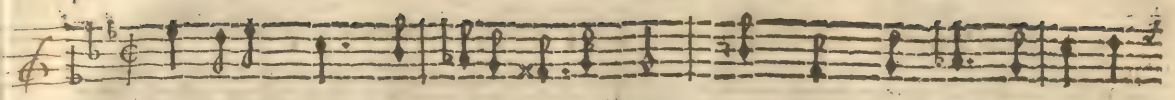
Nor is it juſt
By rules of Love
Thou ſhould'ſt deny to quit
A heart that muſt
Anothers prove
Ev'n in thy right to it:
Muſt not thy Subjects Captives be
To her who triumphs over Thee?

VII.

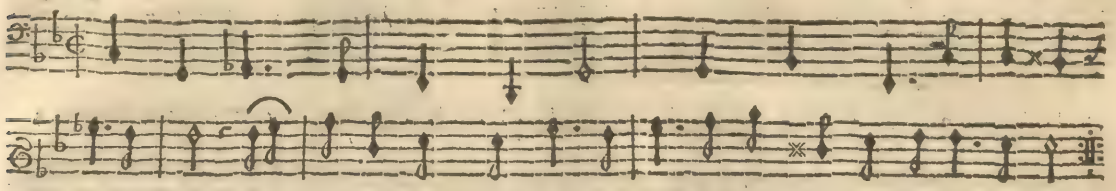
Ceaſe then in vain
To blot my name
With forg'd Apoſtaſie,
Thine is that ſtain
Who dar'ſt to claim
What others ask of Thee:
Of Lovers they are onely true
Who pay their hearts where they are due.

My

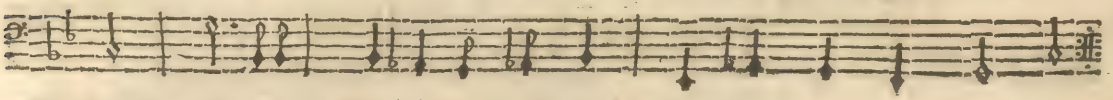
I.



MY sickly breath wasts in a double flame; whilst Love and Death to my poor



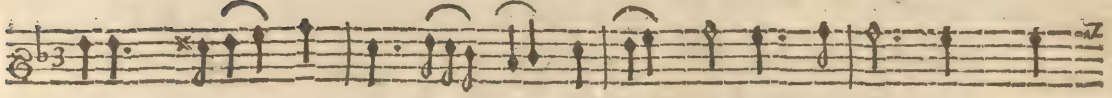
life lay claime; the feavour in whose heat I melt by her that causeth it not felt.



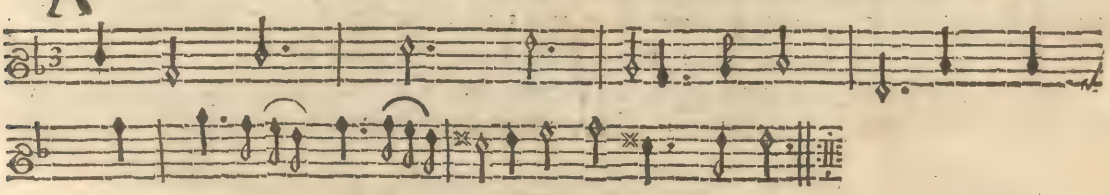
II.

Thou who alone
Canst, yet wilt grant no ease;
Why slight'st thou one
To feed a new disease?
Unequal Fair, the heart is thine,
Ah! Why then should the pain be mine.

Song 55.



ALass! alass! thou turn'st in vain thy beauteous face away, which (like



young *Sorcerers*) rais'd a Pain above its power to lay.

II.

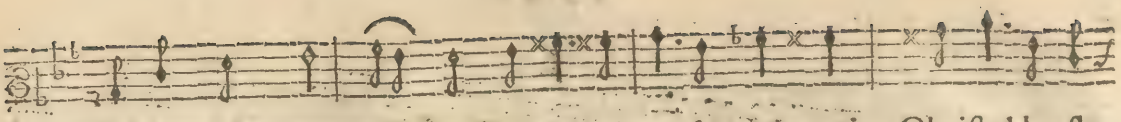
Love moves not as thou turn'st thy look,
But here doth firmly rest;
He long agoe thy Eyes forsook
To revel in my Brest.

III.

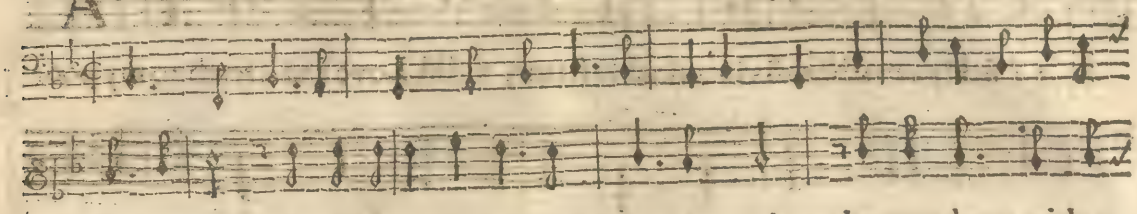
Thy Power on him why hop'st thou more
Then his on me should be,
The Claim thou lay'st to him is poor;
To that he owns from Me.

IV.

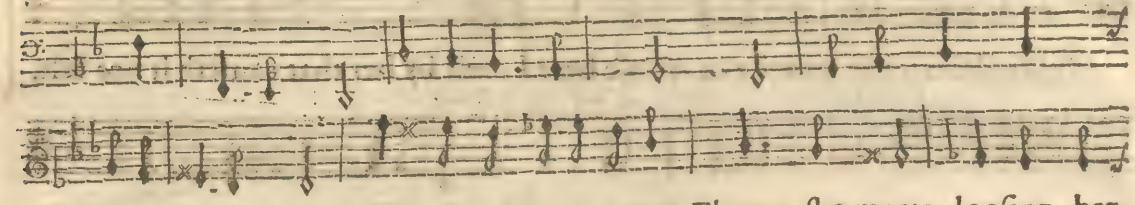
His substance in my Heart excels,
His shadow in thy Sight;
Fire where it burns more truly dwels,
Then where it scatters light.



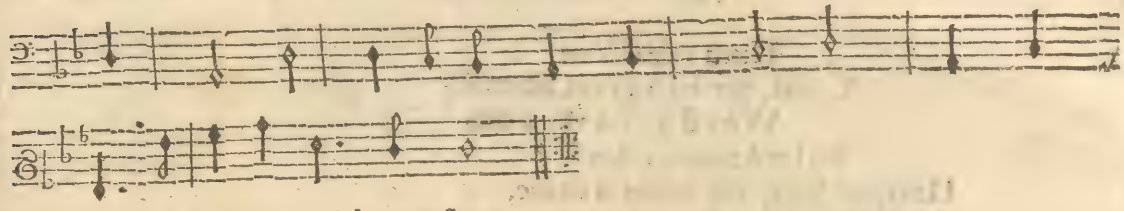
AS when ſome brook flies from it ſelf away, the murmuring Chriſtal looſly



runs aſtray. And as about the verdant plane it windes, the meadows with a



ſilver ribbon bindes, printing a kiſs on every Flower ſhe meets, looſing her

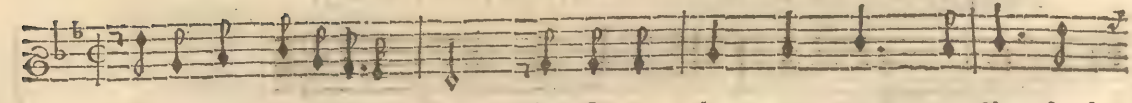


ſelfe, to fit them with new ſweets.

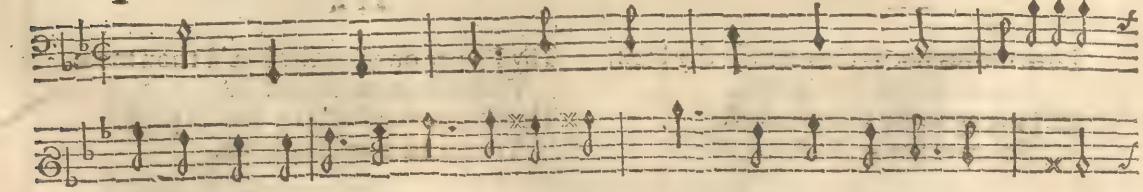
II.

To ſcatter froſt upon the Lillies Head,
And Scarlet on the Gilloflower to ſpread;
So melting ſorrow, in the fair diſguiſe
Of humid Stars, flow'd from bright *Cloris* Eyes,
Which watring every Flower her Cheek diſcloſes,
Melt into Iesmines here there into Roſes.

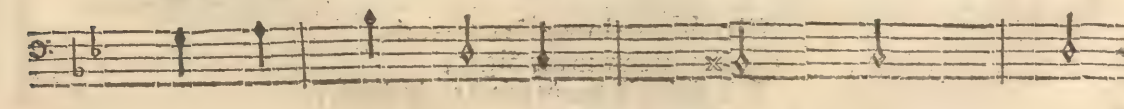
Song 51.

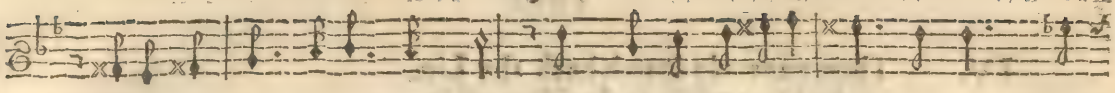


I Languiſh in a ſilent flame; for ſhe to whom my vowes encline doth

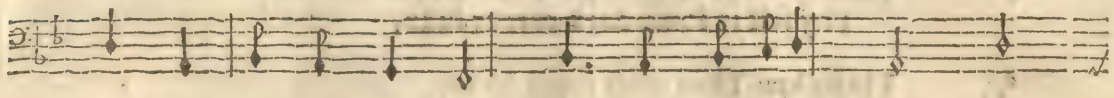


own perfections ſo divine, That but to ſpeak where to diſcloſe her Name.

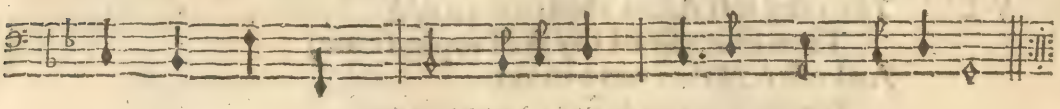




if I ſhould ſay that ſhe the ſtore of Natures graces doth comprize, the



Love and wonder of all Eyes, who will not gueſs the Beauty I adore?

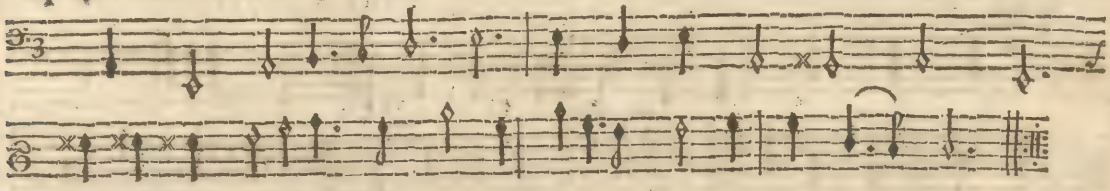


II.

Or though I warily conceal
The Charms her looks and Soul poſſeſs;
Should her cruelty expreſs,
And ſay ſhe ſmiles at all the Pains we feel,
Among ſuch ſuppliants as implore
Pity, diſtributing her Hate
Inexorable at their Fate:
Who will not gueſs the Beauty I adore?

Song 59.

NOt always give a melting Kiſs, and Smiles with pleaſing Whiſpers joyn'd;



nor alwayes extaſi'd with bliſs, about my Neck thy fair Arms wind.

II.

The wary Lover learns by meaſure
To circumſcribe his greateſt joy;
Leſt, what well husbanded yeilds pleaſure,
Might by the Repetition cloy.

III.

When thrice three Kiſſes I require,
Give me but two, withhold the other;
Such as cold Virgins to their Sire,
Or chaſte *Diana* gives her Brother.

IV. Then wantonly ſnatch back thy Lip,
And ſmoothly as fly fiſhes glide
Through water, giving me the ſlip,
Thy ſelf in ſome dark corner hide.

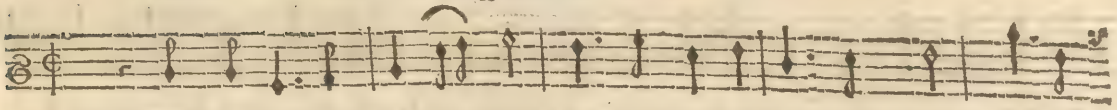
V. I'le follow Thee with eager haſte,
And having caught (as Hawks their prey)
In my victorious Arm held faſt
Panting for Breath, bear thee away.

VI. Then thy ſoft Arms about me twin'd
Thou ſhalt uſe all thy skill to pleaſe me,
And offer all that was behind
The poor Seven Kiſſes to appeaſe me.

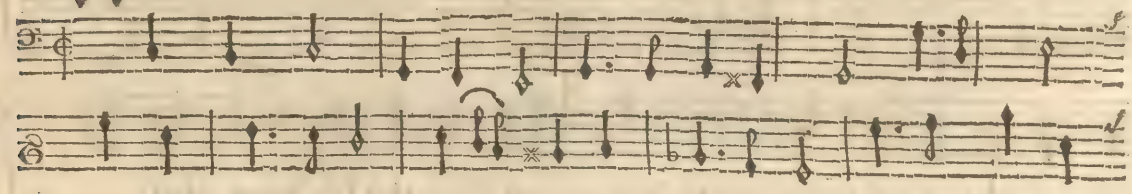
VII. How much miſtaken wilt thou be!
For ſeven times ſeven ſhalt thou pay,
Whileſt in my Arms I fetter Thee,
Leſt thou once more ſhouldſt get away.

VIII. 'Til I at laſt have made thee ſwear
By all thy Beauty and my Love,
That thou again the ſame ſevere
Revenge for the ſame Crime wouldſt prove.

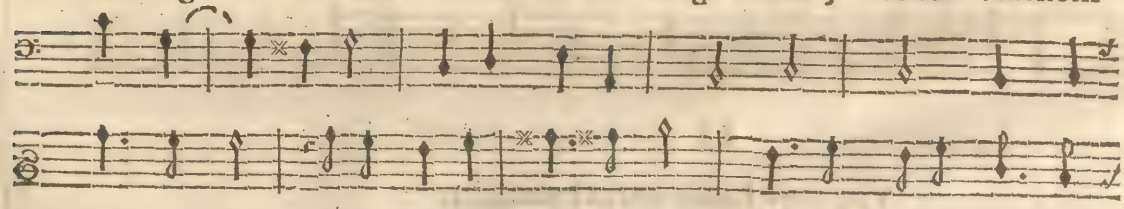
Song 60.



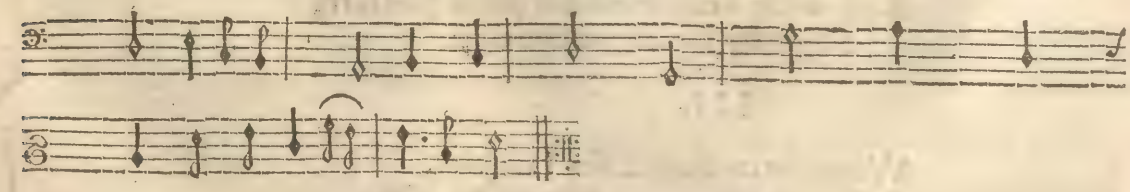
WHilſt our joys in wine we raiſe, youthful *Bacchus* we will praiſe: *Bacchus*



dancing did invent; *Bacchus* is on ſongs intent; *Bacchus* teacheth



Love to court, and his Mother how to ſport; gracefull confidence He



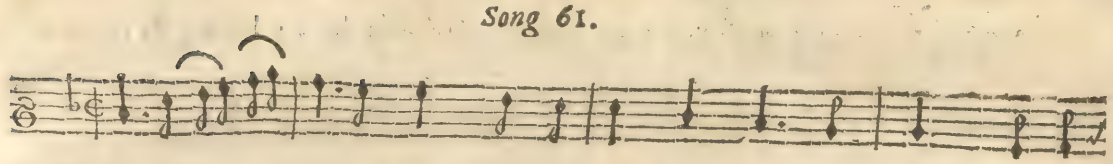
lends, he oppreſſive trouble ends.

To

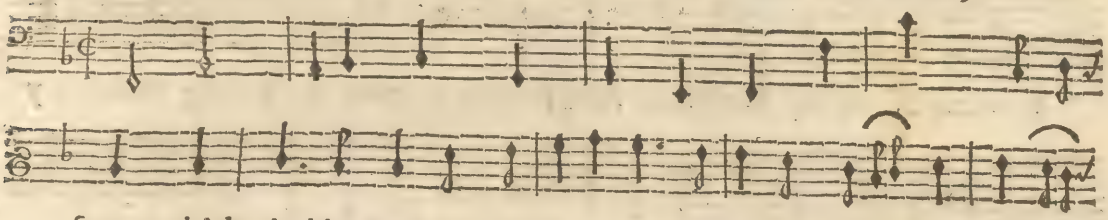
II.

To the Bowle when we repair
Grief doth vaniſh into air;
Drink we then, and drown all ſorrow;
All our care not knows the morrow;
Life is dark, let's dance and play,
They that will be troubled may;
We our joys with wine will raiſe,
Youthfull *Bacchus* we will praiſe.

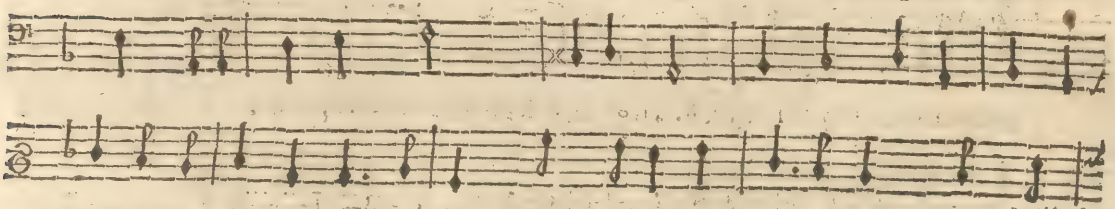
Song 61.



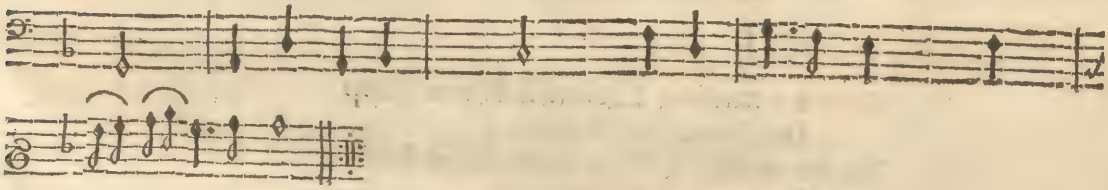
T Is no Kiſs my Fair beſtows; Nectar 'tis whence new Life flows; all the



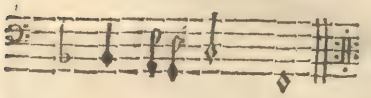
ſweets which nimble Bees in their Ozier Treaſuries with unequall'd Art re-



poſe in one kiſs her lips diſcloſe; theſe (if I ſhould many take) ſoon would



me Immortall make.



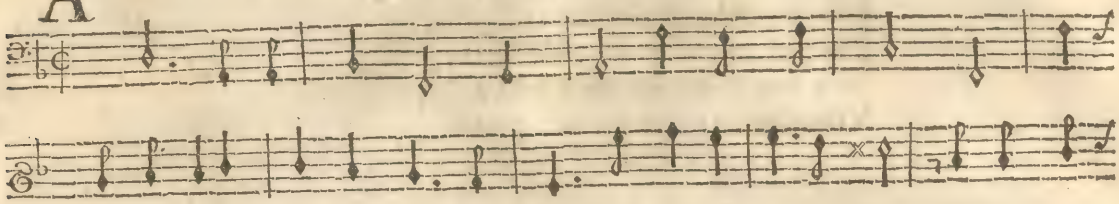
II.

Rais'd to the divine Abodes,
And the Banquets of the gods.
Be not then too laviſh, Fair!
But this heavenly Treaſure ſpare,
'Leſs thou'lt too Immortal be:
For without thy Companie,
What to me were the Abodes,
Or the Banquets of the gods.

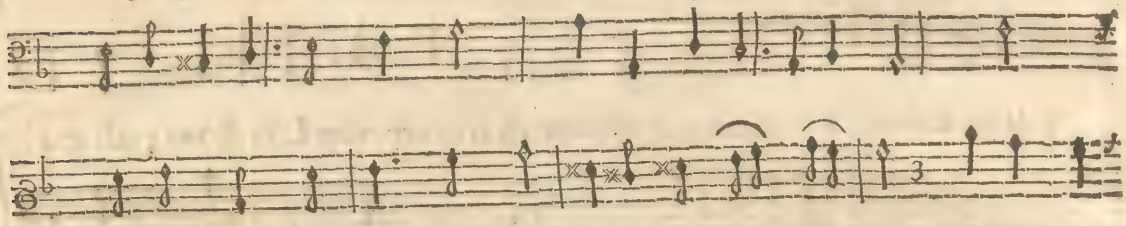
As

I.

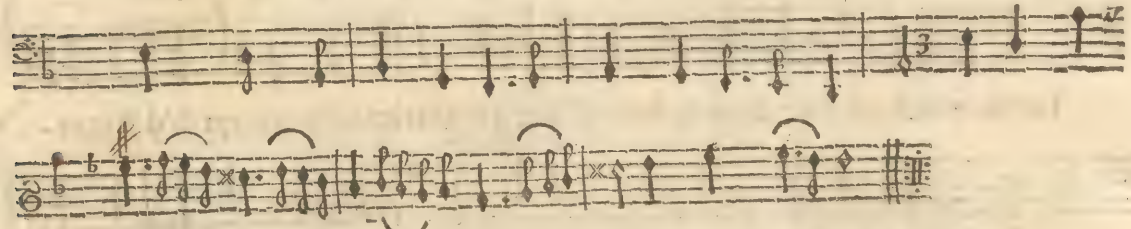
AS in a thouſand wanton Curls, the Vine doth the lov'd Elme imbrace; as



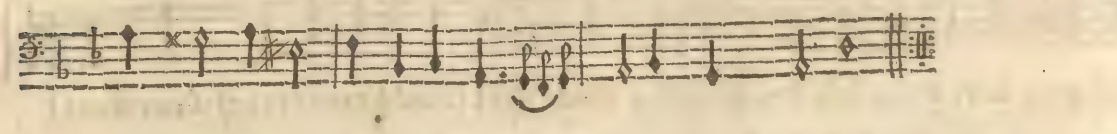
claſping Ivy round the Oak doth twine to kiſs his leavy Face; ſo thou a-



bout my Neck thy Arms ſhalt fling, joyning to mine thy Breaſt; ſo ſhal my



arms about thy fair Neck cling, my lips on thine impreſt;



II.

Ceres nor *Bacchus*, Care of Life nor Sleep
Shall force me to retire;
But we at once will on each others Lip
Our mutual Souls expire.
Then hand in hand down to th' *Elizian* Plains
(Croſſing the *Stygian* Lake)
Wee'l through thoſe Fields where Spring eternal reigns
Our pleaſing journey take.

IV.

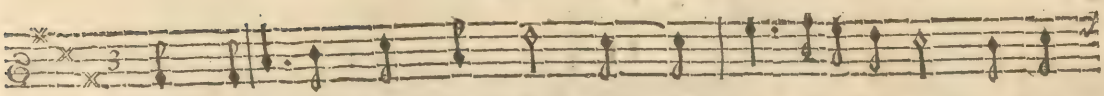
There their fair Miſtreſſes the *Heroes* lead,
And their old Loves repeat,
Singing or dancing in a flowry Mead
With Mirtles round beſet.
Roſes and Violets ſmile beneath a Skreen
Of ever verdant Bayes;
And gentle *Zephyr* amorouſly between
Their leaves untroubled playes.

There

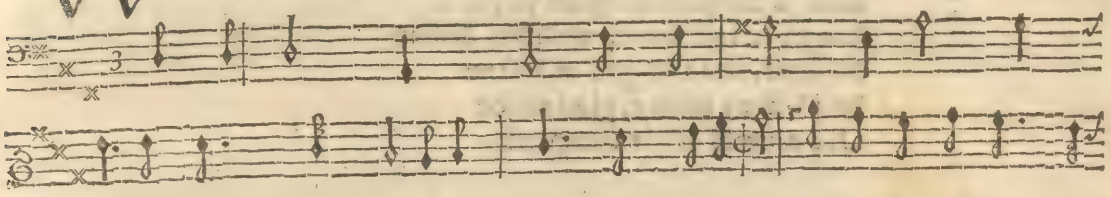
IV.

There constantly the pregnant Earth unplow'd
Her fruitful store supplies:
When We come thither, all the happy Crowd
From their green Thrones will rise.
There thou in place above *Iove*'s numerous Train
Of Mistresses shalt sit;
Hers *Hellen*, *Homer* will not his disdain
For Thee, and Me to quit.

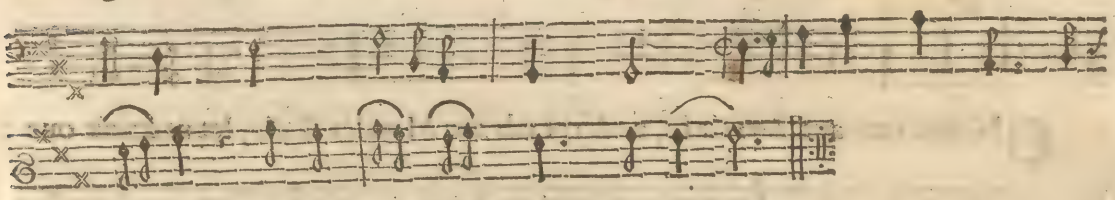
Song 63.



WHen I see the young men play, young me thinks I am as they, and my



aged thoughts lay'd by, to the dance, with ioy I fly: Come a flowry chaplet

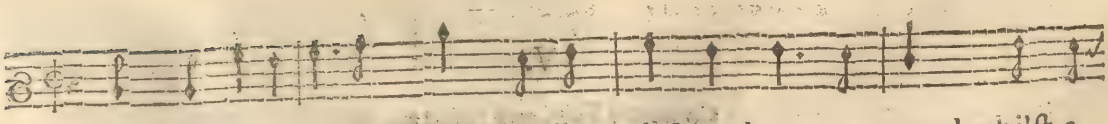


lend me, youth and mirthfull thoughts attend me.

II.

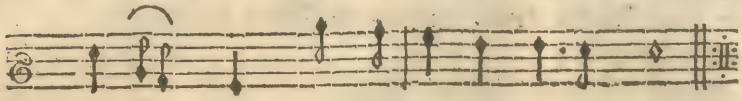
Age begon, we'l dance among
Those that young are, and be young:
Bring some Wine Boy, fill about;
You shal see the old Man's stout;
Who can laugh and tipple too,
And be mad as well as you.

Song 64.

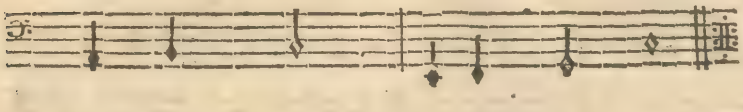


NOw with roses we are crown'd, let our mirth and cups go round, whilst a

Laſs, whoſe hand a ſpear, branchd with Ivy twines doth bear, with her white feet



beats the ground to the Lutes harmonious ſound,

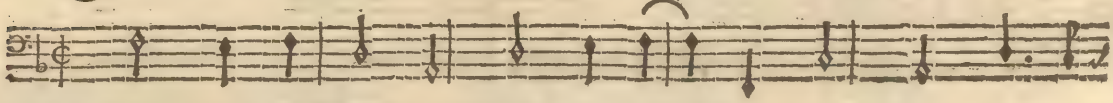


II.

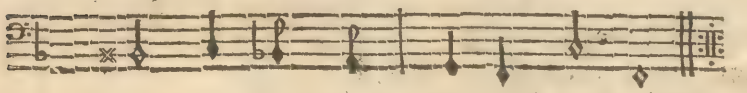
Play'd on by ſome Boy, whoſe choyce
Skill is heightned by his voyce:
Bright-hair'd Love, with his divine
Mother, and the god of Wine
Will flock hither, glad to ſee
Old men of their companie-

Song 65.

ON this verdant *Lotus* laid, underneath the Myrtles ſhade, let us drink our



ſorrows dead, whilſt love plaies the Ganimed.



II.

Life like a wheel runs round,
And ere long we under-ground
(Ta'n by death aſunder) muſt
Molder in forgotten duſt.

III.

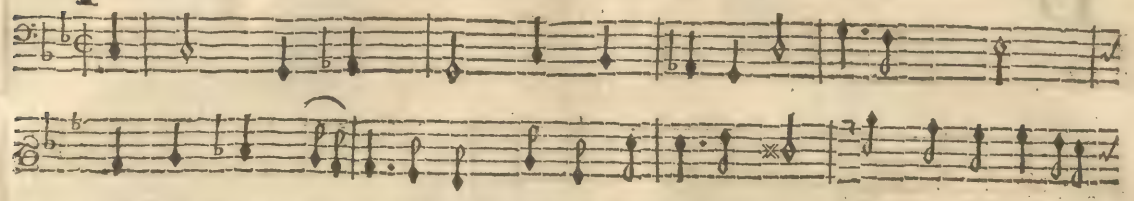
Why then graves ſhould we bedew,
Why the ground with odours ſtrew?
Better whileſt alive prepare
Flowers and unguents for our hair.

IV.

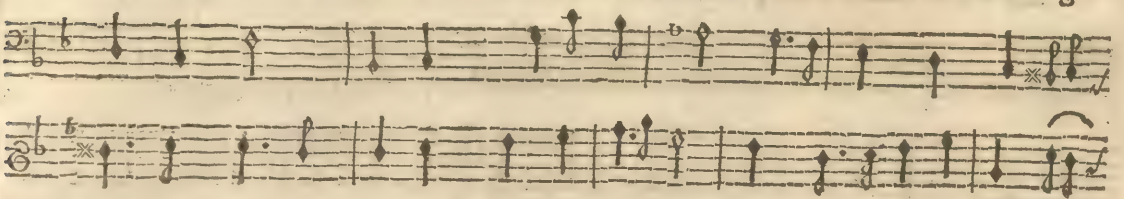
Come my Fair, and come away,
All our cares behind us lay;
That theſe pleaſures we may know.
Ere we come to thoſe below.

I.

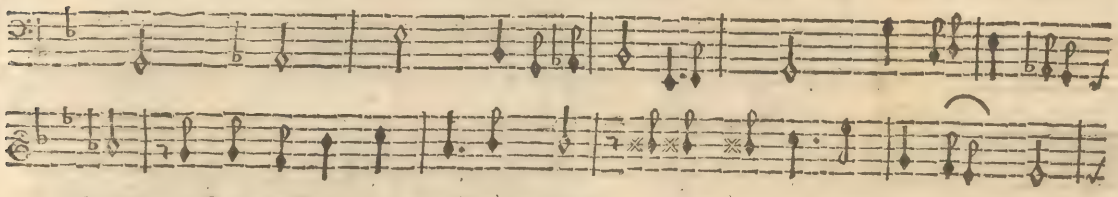
I Yeild, dear Enemy, nor know how to resist so fair a Foe; who would not



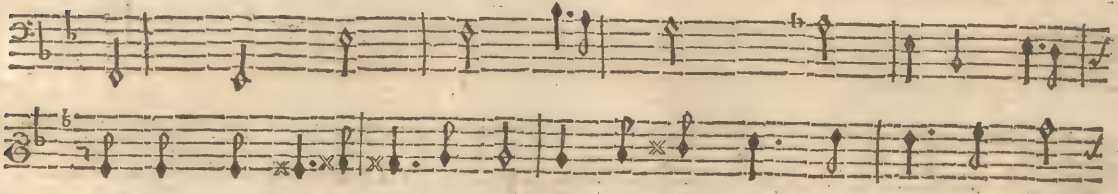
thy soft yoke sustain, or bow beneath thy easy chain, that with a bondage



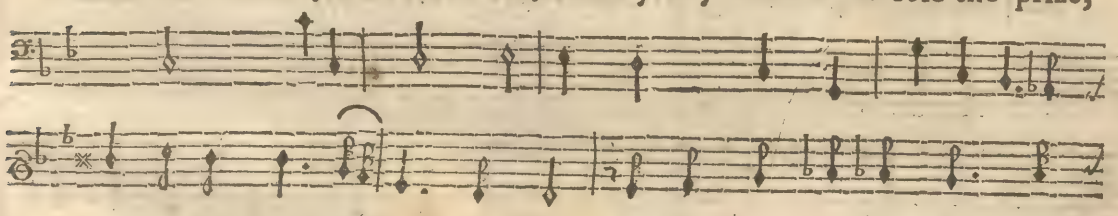
blest might be, which far transcends all liberty? But since I freely have re-



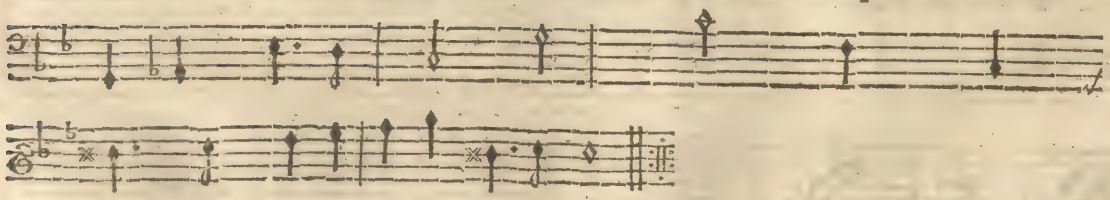
sign'd at first assault my willing mind, insult not o're my captiv'd heart



with too much tyrannie and art, lest by thy scorn thou lose the prize,



gain'd by the power of thy bright eyes; and thou this conquest thus shalt

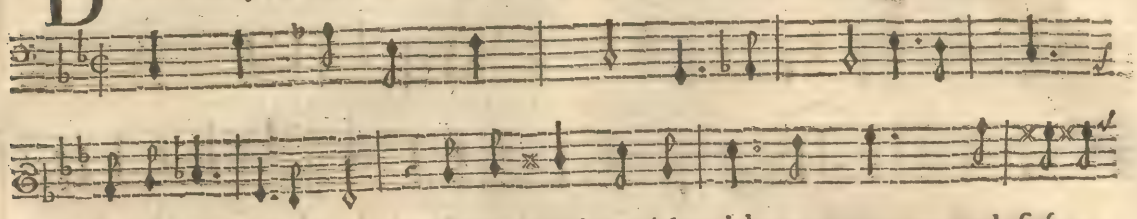


prove, though got by beauty kept by love.

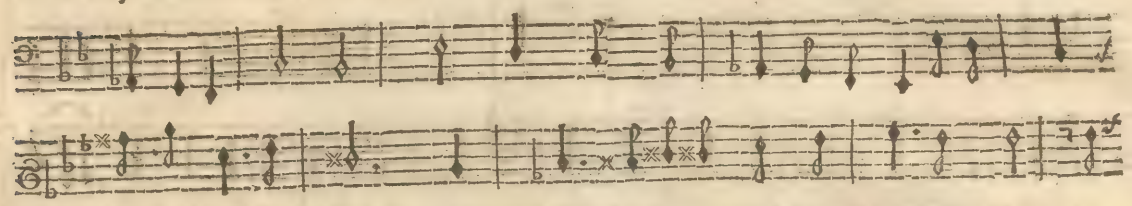
Draw

I.

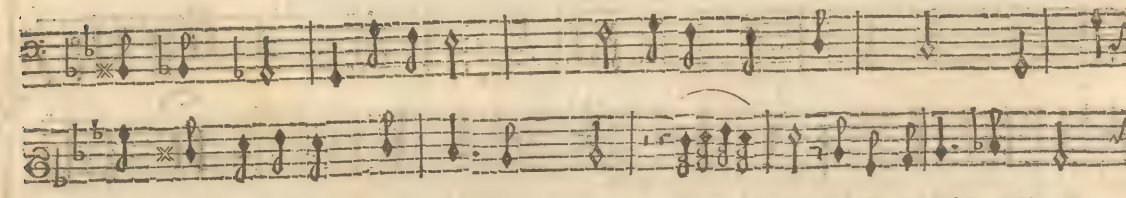
DRaw neer you Lovers that complain of Fortune or Disdain, and to



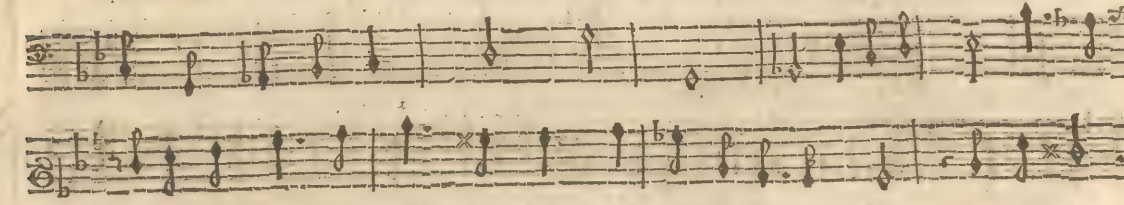
my ashes lend a tear; melt the hard marble with your grones, and soften



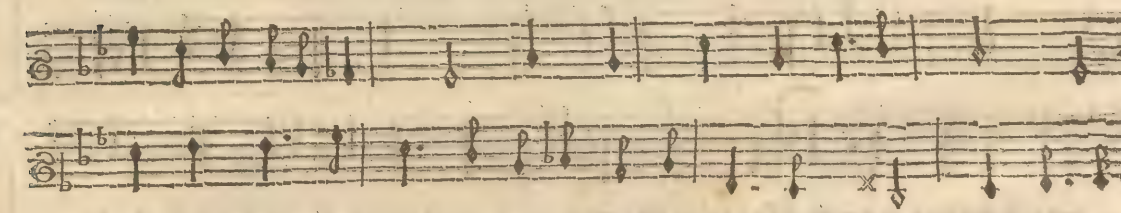
the relentless Stones. Whose cold imbraces the sad Subject hide of



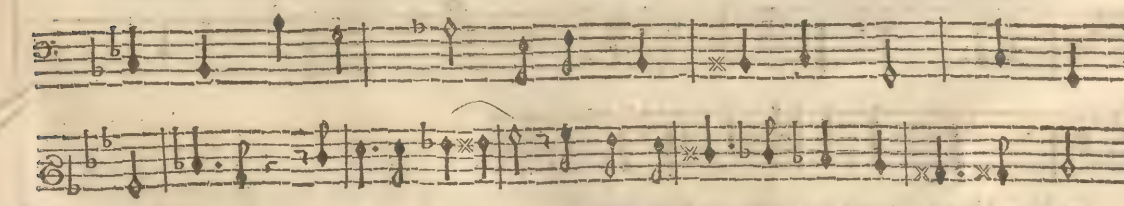
all Loves cruelties, and Beauties pride. No verse no Epicedium bring,



nor peaceful Requiem sing, to charm the terrors of my Herse; no profane

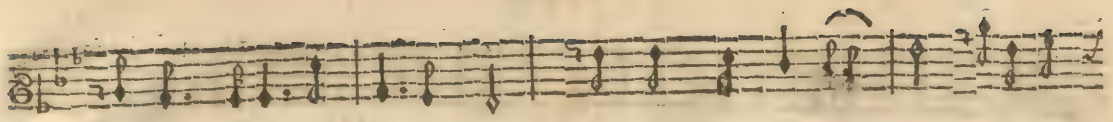


Numbers must flow neer the sacred silence that dwels here; vast griefs are

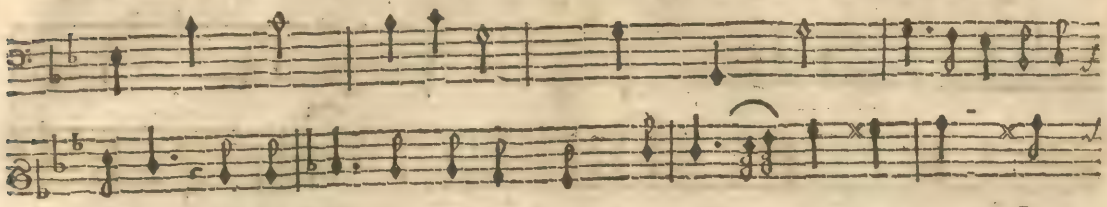


dumb; softly, oh softly mourn, lest you disturb the peace attends my Urn.

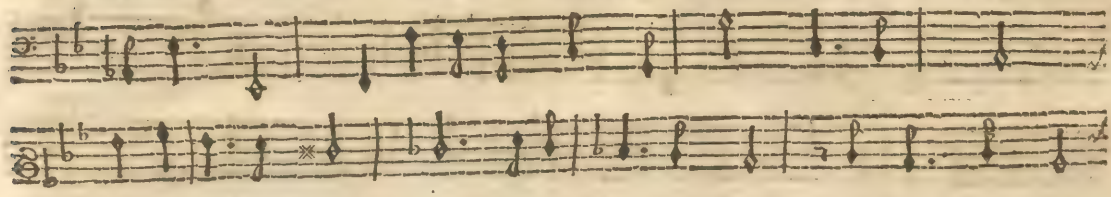
Yet



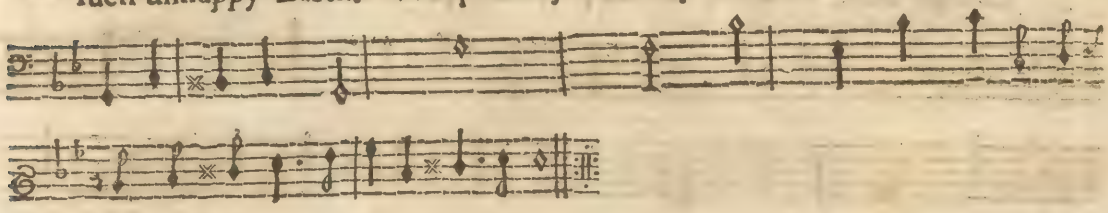
Yet ſtrew upon my diſmal Grave, ſuch offerings as you have, forſaken



Cypreſs and ſad Ewe; for kinder flowers can take no Birth or growth from

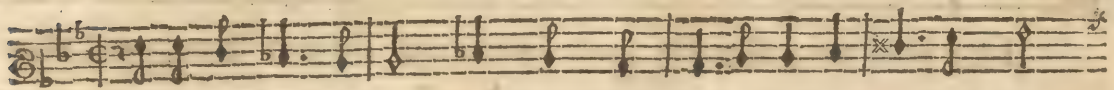


ſuch unhappy Earth. Weep onely o're my Duſt, and ſay, Here lies

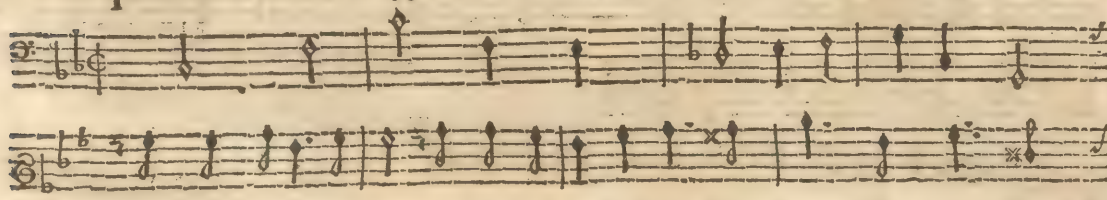


to Love and Fate an equal Sacrifice.

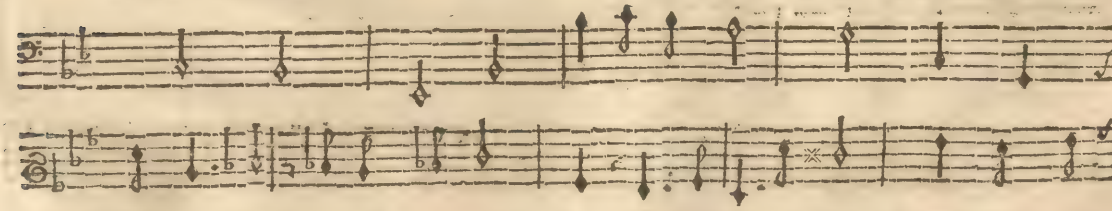
Song 68.



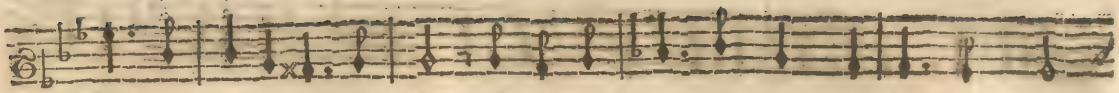
! Go Dear Saint away, ſnatcht from thy Arms, by far leſs pleaſing charms,



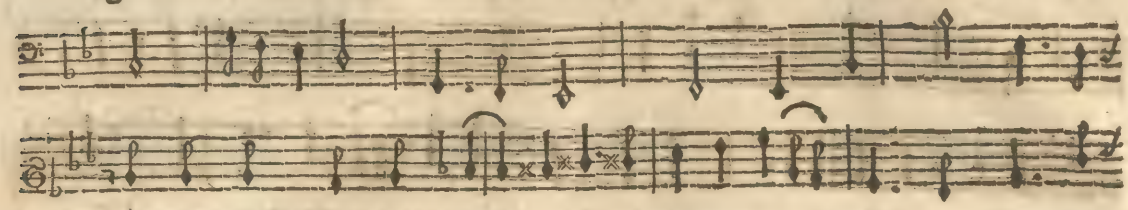
Then thoſe I did obey: but if hereafter thou ſhalt know, that greife hath



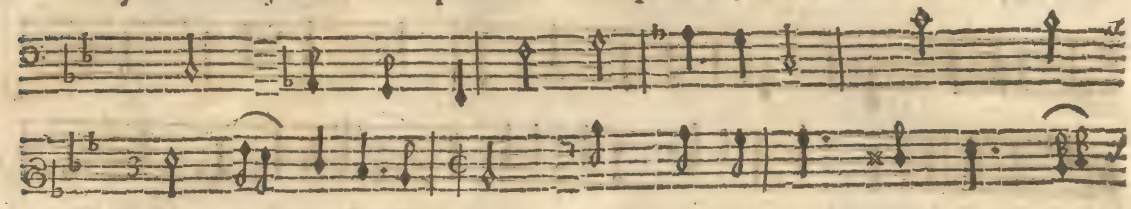
kill'd me, come, and on my toomb, drop drop a tear or two; break with thy



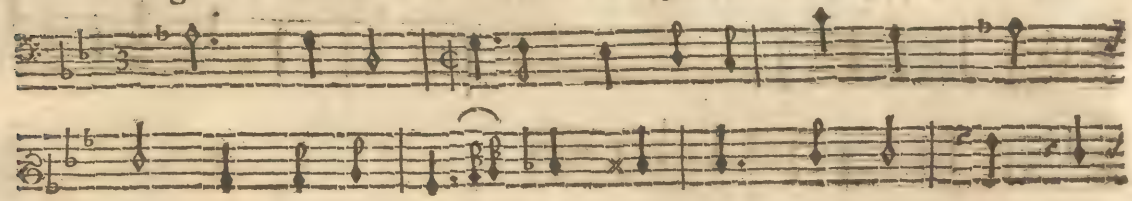
ſighs the ſilence of my ſleep, and I ſhall ſmile in death to ſee thee weep;



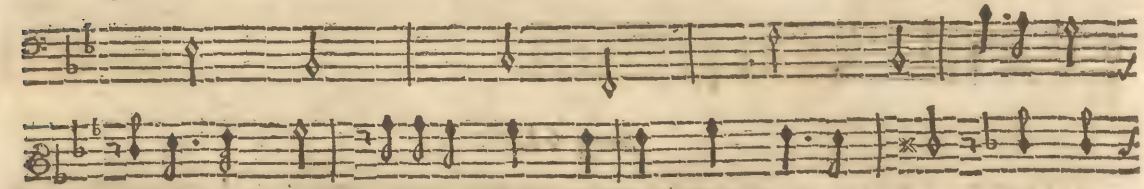
thy tears may have the power to reinſpire my aſhes with new fire, or



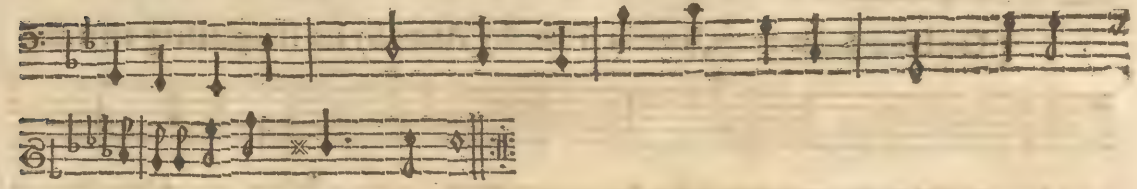
change Thee to ſome flower, which planted 'twixt thy breaſts ſhall



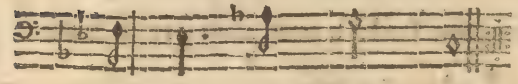
grow; vail'd in this ſhape I will, dwell with Thee ſtill, court, kiſs,



injoy thee too; ſecurely wee'l contain all envyous force, and thus



united be by Deaths divorce.

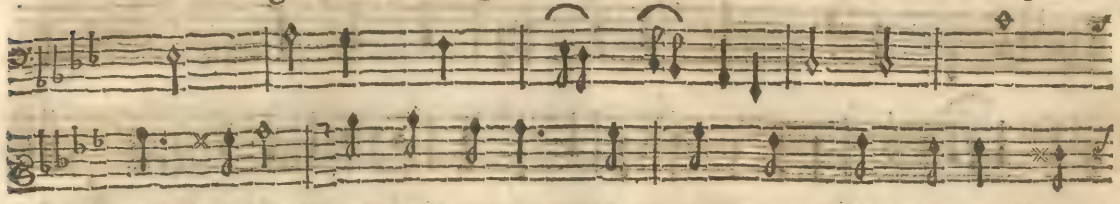


Song 69.

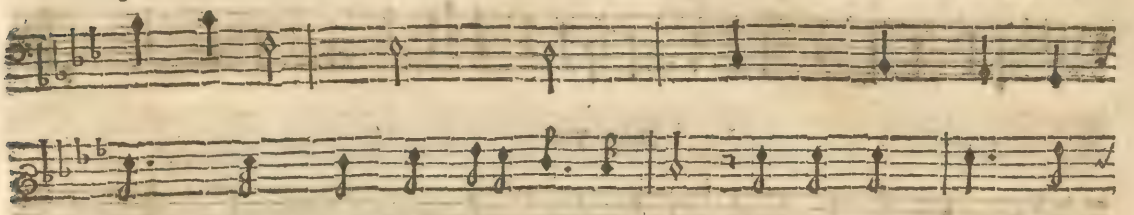
THe lazy hours move ſlow, the minutes ſtay; old time with leaden

feet

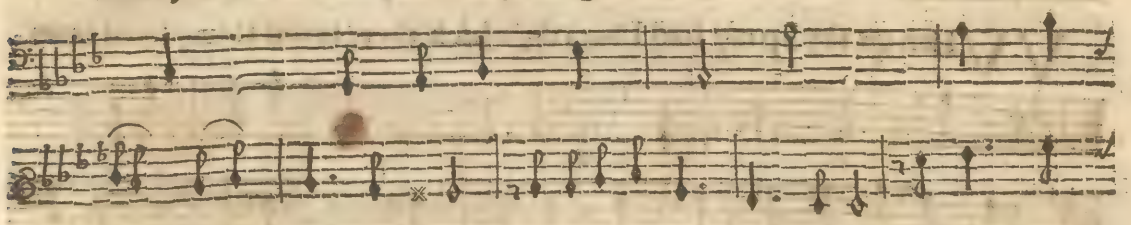
feet doth goe, and his light wings hath caſt away; the ſlow pac'd



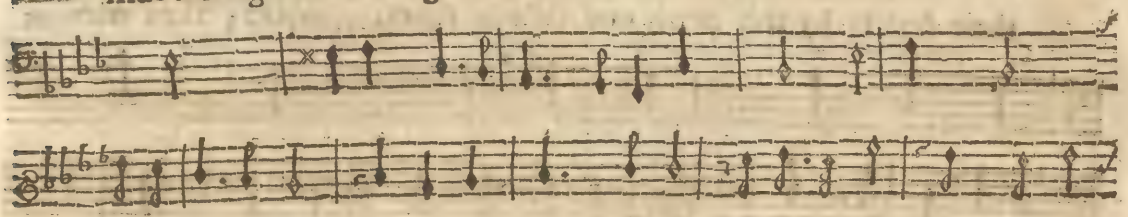
ſpheres above have ſure releas'd their guardians, and without help



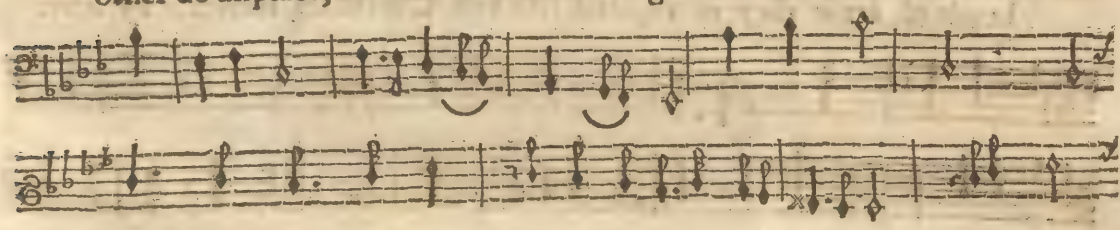
move, whileſt that the very Angels reſt; the numbred ſands that



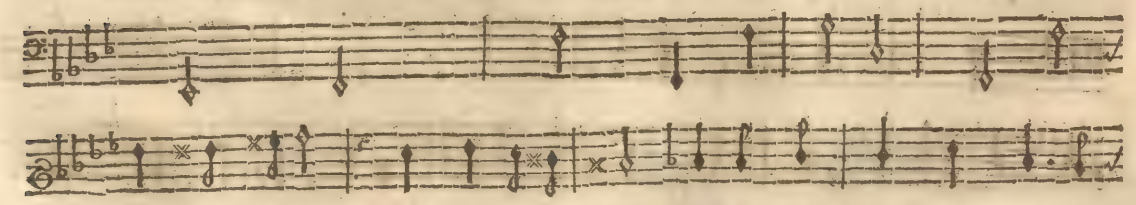
ſlide through this ſmall glaſs, and into minutes time divide, too ſlow each



other do diſplace; the tedious wheels of light no faſter chime then that dul

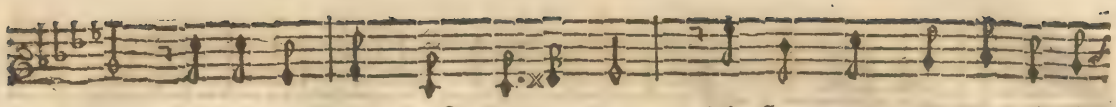


ſhade which waits on night, for expectation out-runs time: How long

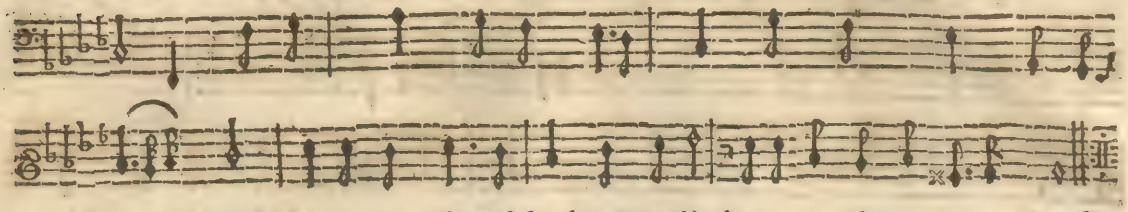


Lord muſt I ſtay? How long dwel here? Oh free me from this loathed

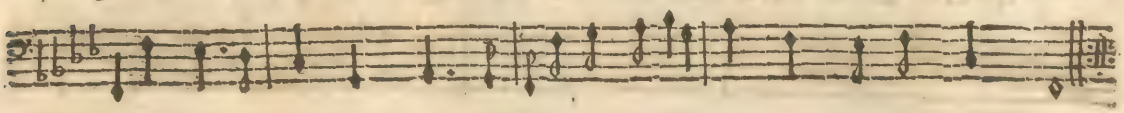
clay;



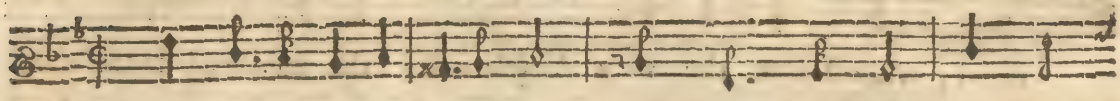
clay; Let me no more these fetters ware; with far more joy shall I re-



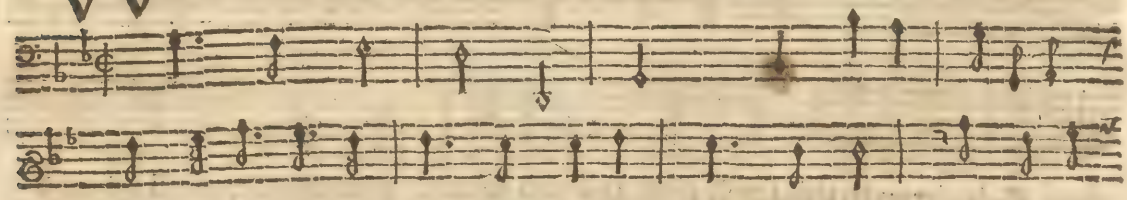
sign my breath; for to my grieved soul not to die is every minute a new death.



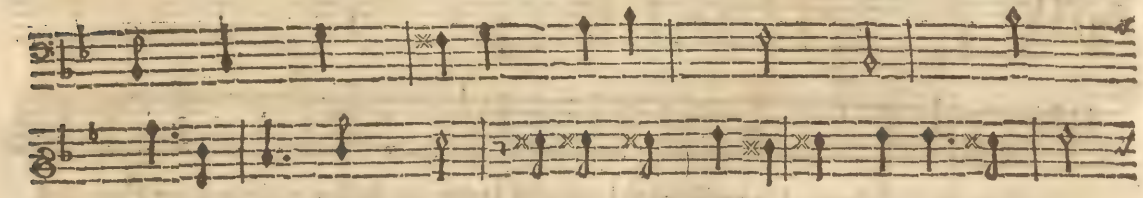
Song 70.



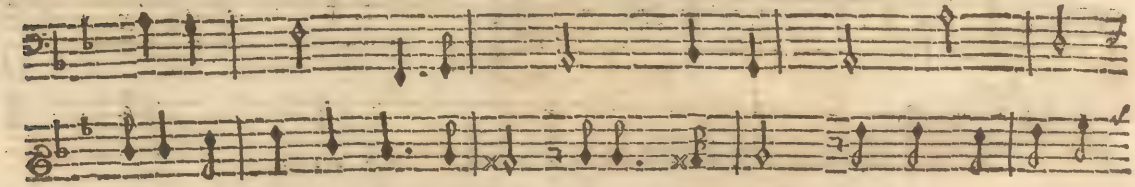
WHen on thy lip my soul I breath, which there meets thine, freed from



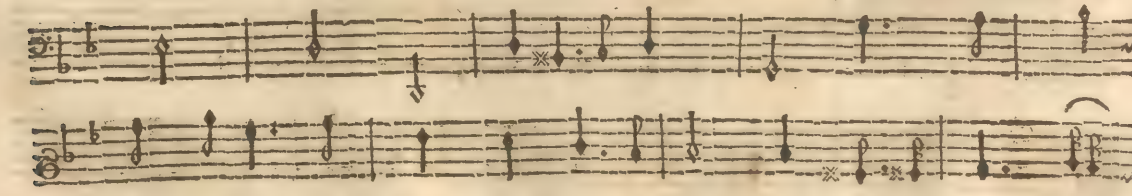
their fetters by this death our subtile Forms combine; thus without



bonds of sense they move, and like two Cherubins converse by love.



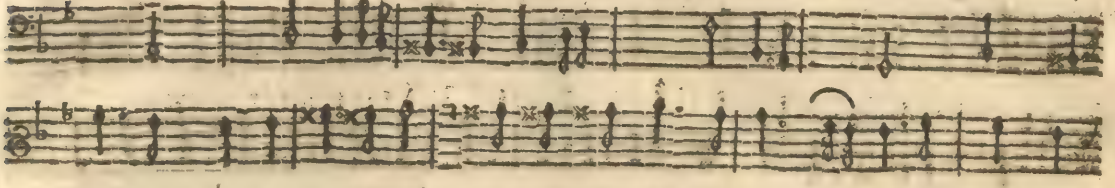
Spirits to chains of earth confin'd discourse by sense; but ours that are by



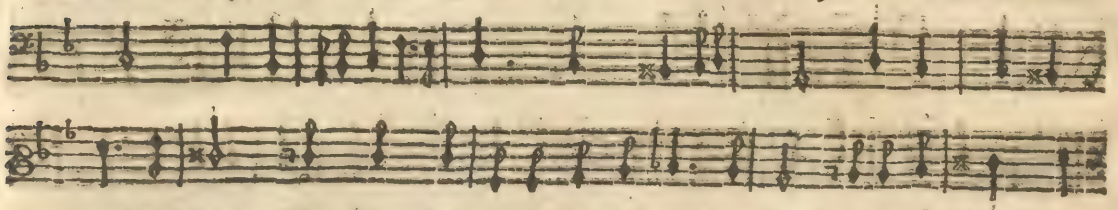
flames refin'd with those weak ties dispense; let such in words their

minds

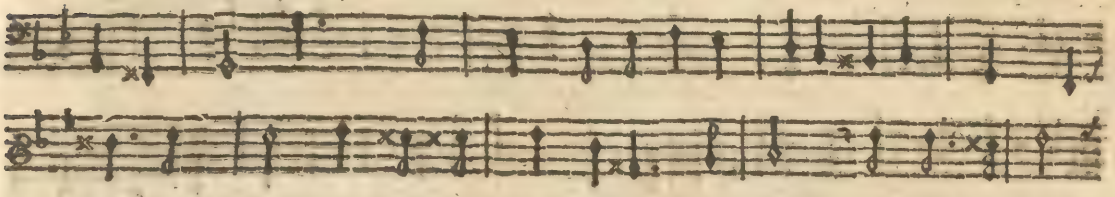
minds display, we in a kiss our mutual thoughts convey; but since my soul from



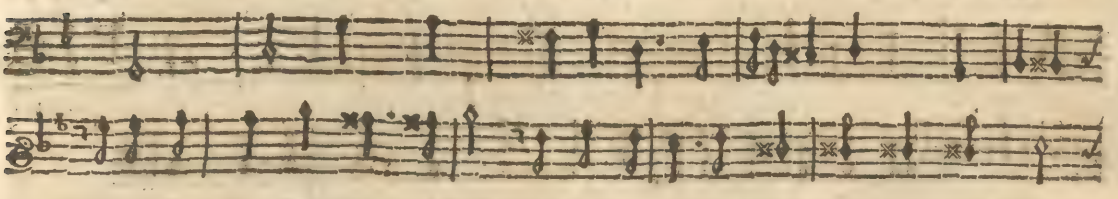
me doth fly, to thee retir'd, thou canst not both retain; for I must be with



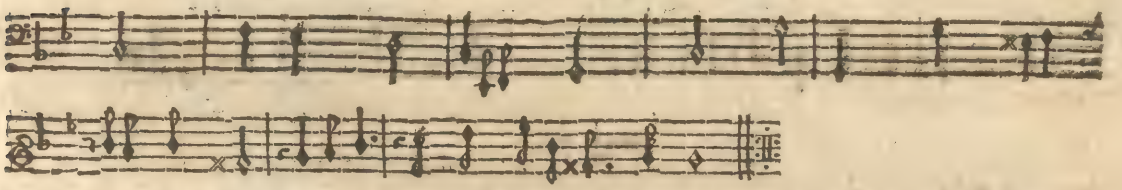
one inspir'd; then, Dearest, either justly mine restore, or in exchange let



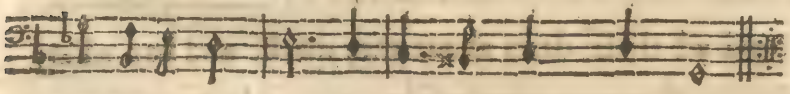
me have thine. Yet if thou dost return mine own, Oh tak't again!



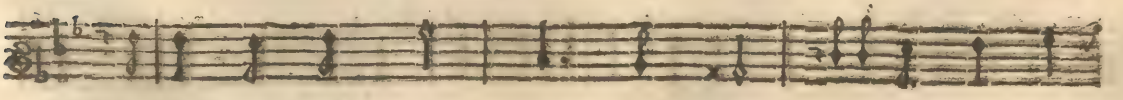
For 'tis this pleasing death alone gives ease unto my pain: Kill me once more



or I shall find thy pity then thy cruelty, less kind.

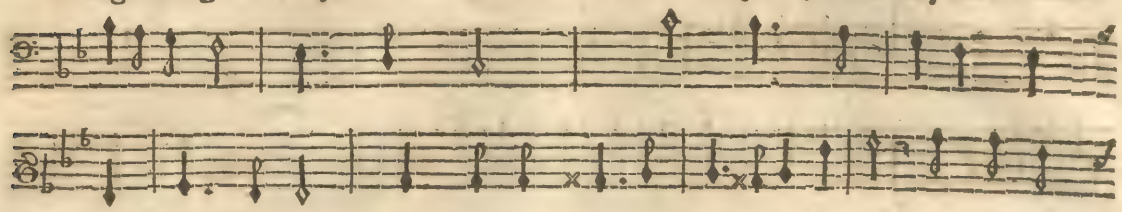


Song 71.

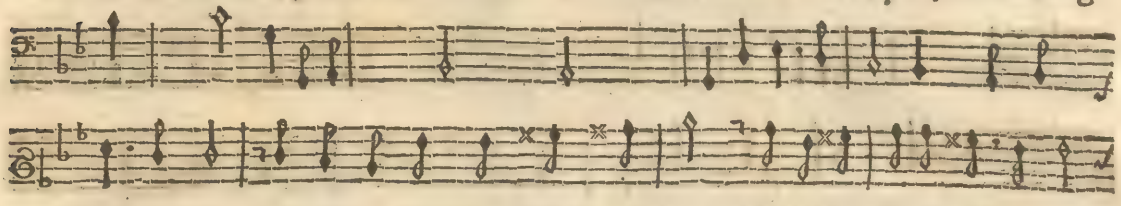


THe air which thy smooth voyce doth break, into my soul like

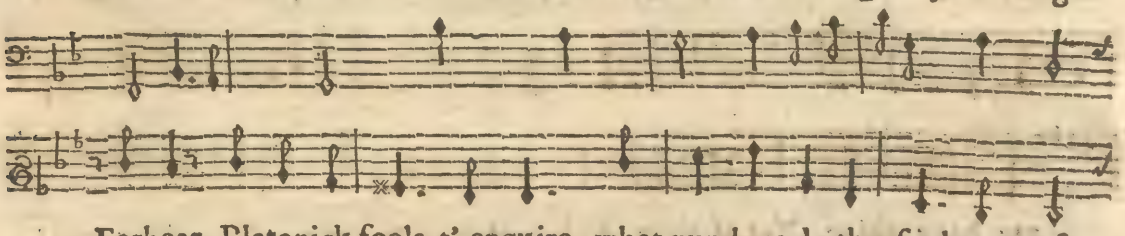
lightning flies, my life retires whileſt thou doſt ſpeak, and thy ſoft breath



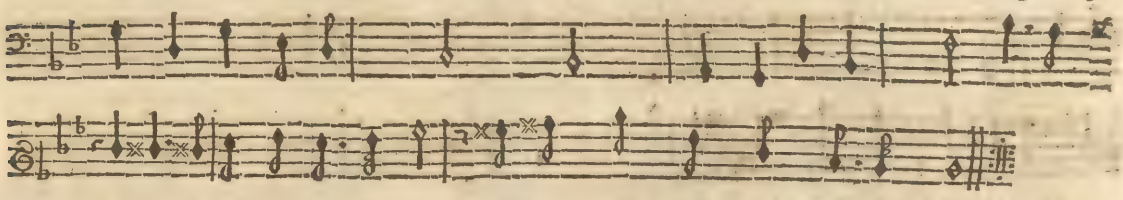
its room ſupplies. Loſt in this pleaſing Extaſie, I joyn my trembling



lips to thine, & back receive that life from thee, which I ſo gladly did reſign.

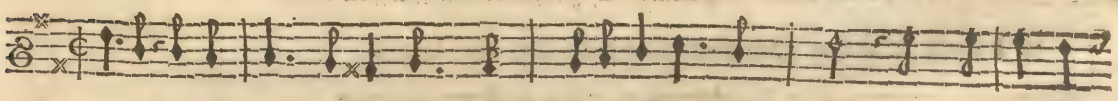


Forbear, Platonick fools, t' enquire, what numbers do the ſoul compoſe;

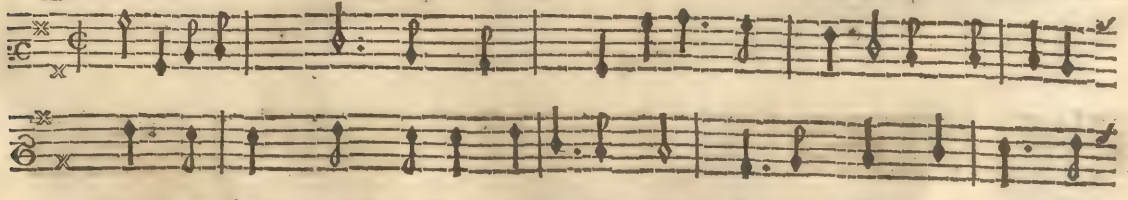


no harmony can life inſpire, but that which from theſe accents flows.

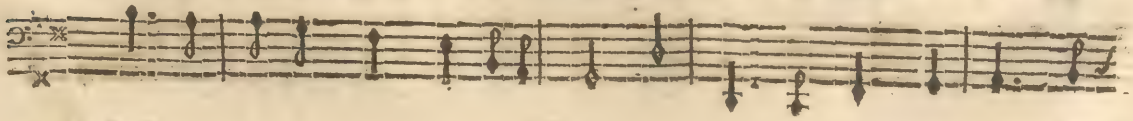
Song 72.



D*oris*, I that could repel all thoſe darts about thee dwell, and had wiſely

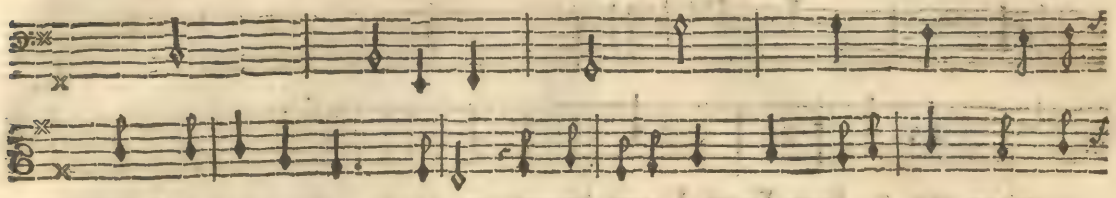


learn'd to fear, 'cauſe I ſaw a foe ſo near; I that my deaf ear did

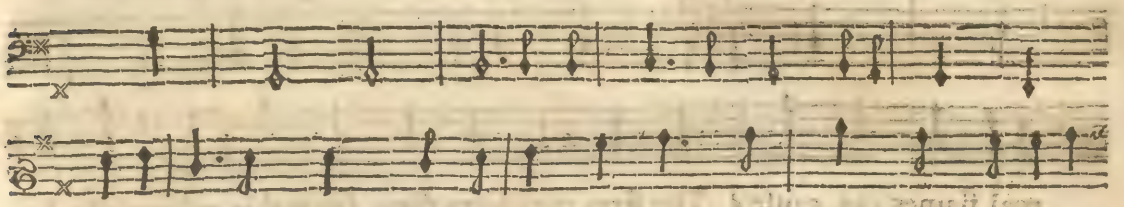


arm

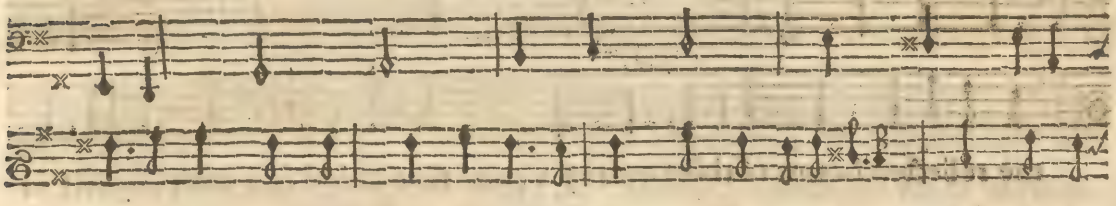
arm 'gainſt thy voices powerful charm, and the lightning of thine eye



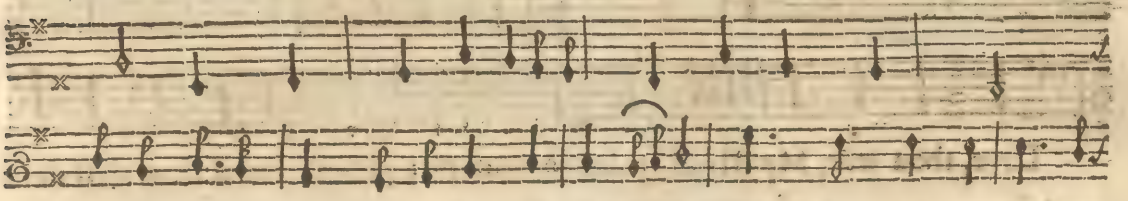
durſt (by cloſing mine) deſie, cannot this cold ſnow withſtand from the



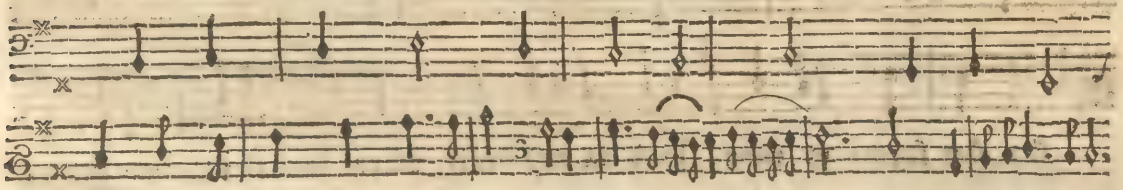
whiter of thy hand; thy deceit hath thus done more then thy open



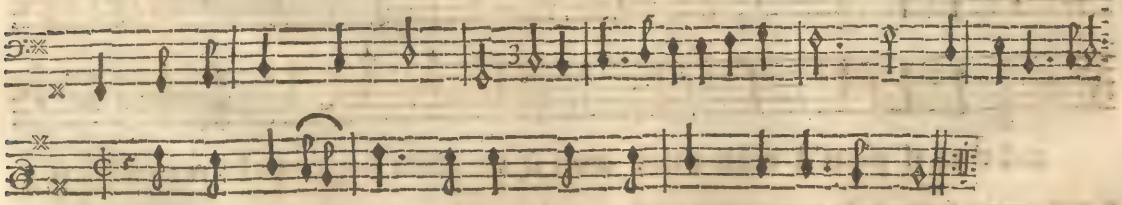
force before: for who could ſuſpect or fear Treaſon in a face ſo clear; or the



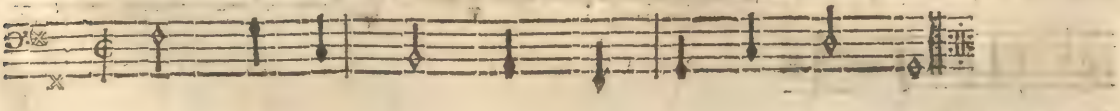
hidden fires deſcry wrapt in this cold outſide lie; flames might thus involv'd in



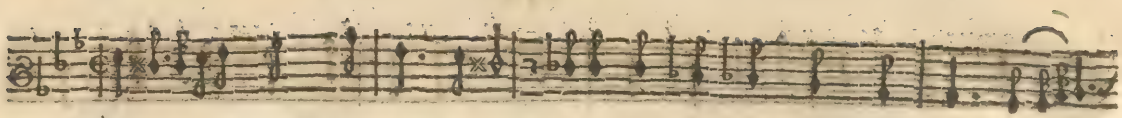
ice; the deceiv'd world ſacrifice; Nature, ignorant of this ſtrange *antiperiſtaſis*,



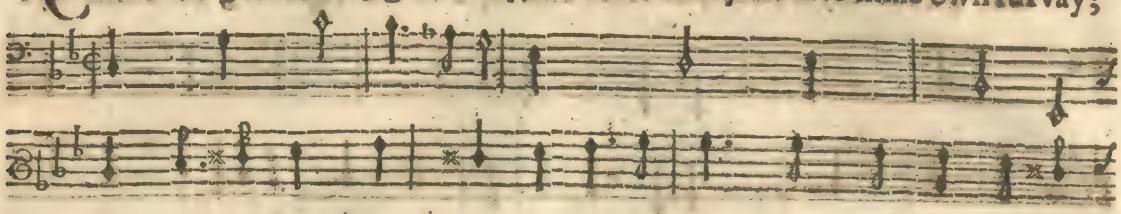
Would her falling frame admire, that by ſnow were ſet on fire.



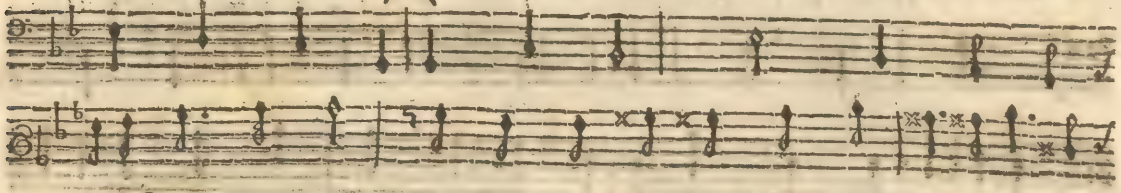
Caſt



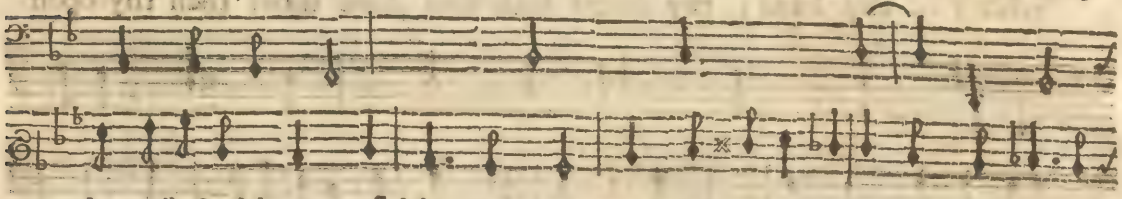
CAst *Charieſſa*, caſt that glaſs away, nor in its Chryſtal face thine own ſurvay;



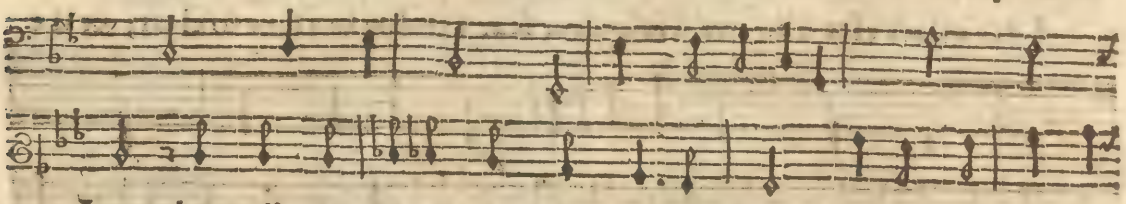
what can be free from Loves imperious laws, when painted ſhadows



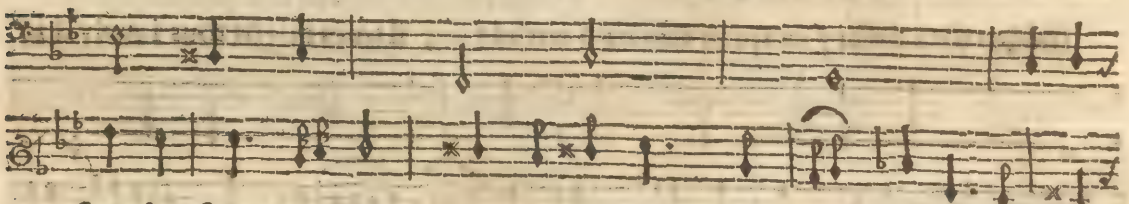
real flames can cauſe? The fires may burn thee, from this mirror riſe, by



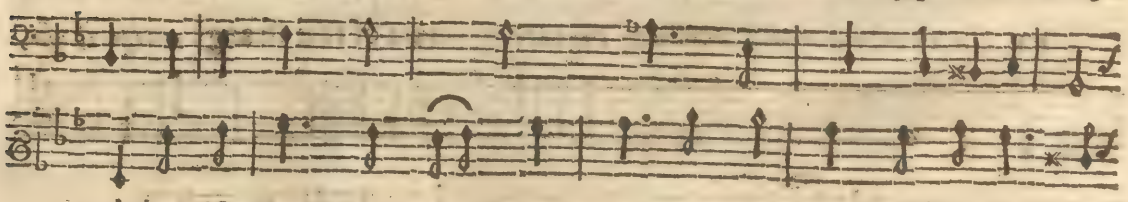
the reflected beams of thine own eyes; and thus at laſt faln with thy ſelf in



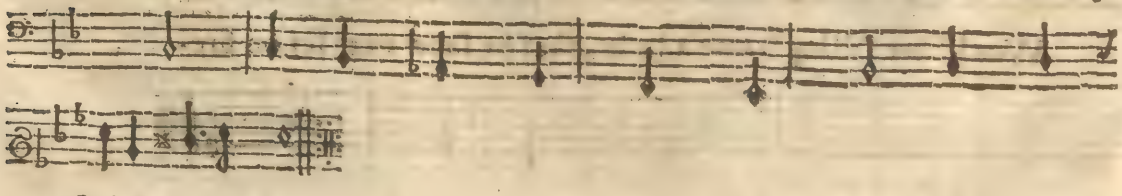
Love, thou wilt, My Rivall, thine one martyr prove; but if thou doſt de-



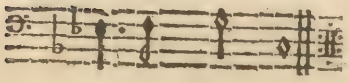
ſire thy forme to view, look in my heart, where love thy picture drew,



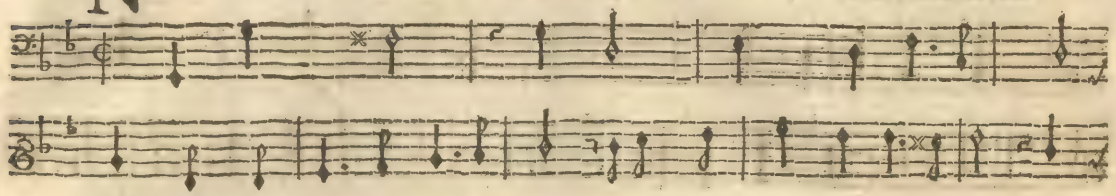
and then if pleas'd with thine own ſhape thou be, learn how to love thy



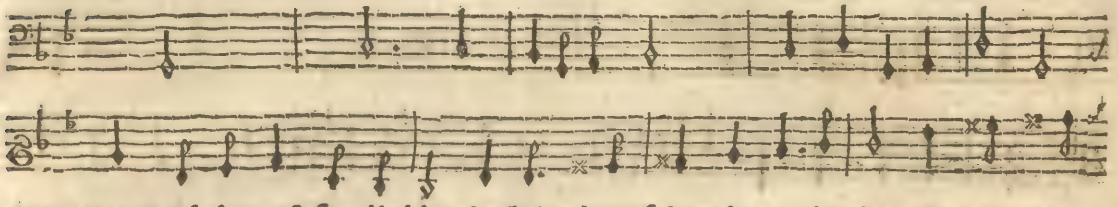
ſelf by loving me.



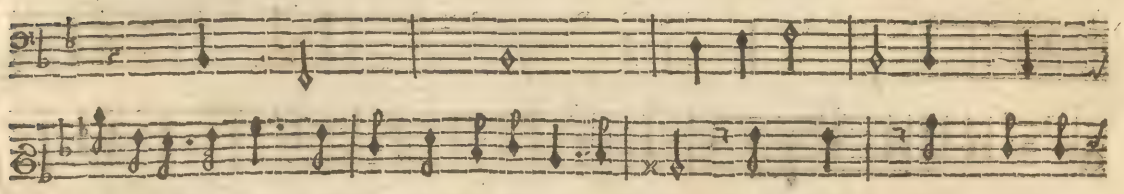
NUmber the ſands that do reſtrain and fetter the rebellious main,



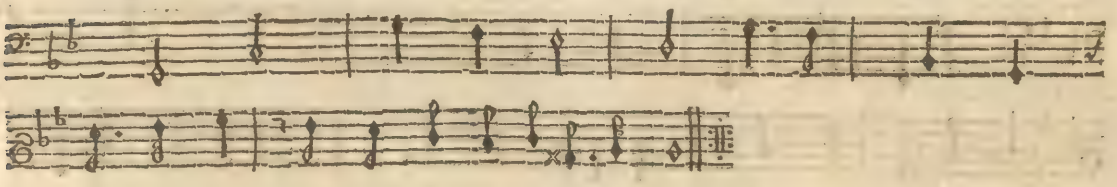
count thoſe pale fires that do diſpence to us both light and influence, the



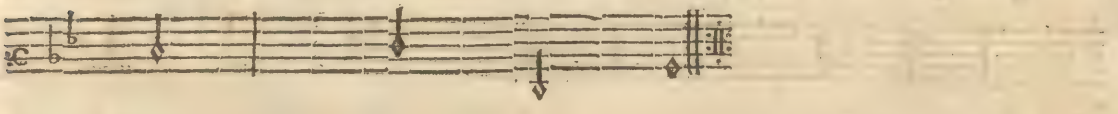
drops of the vaſt ſea divide, theſe in themſelves be multipli'd; that all when



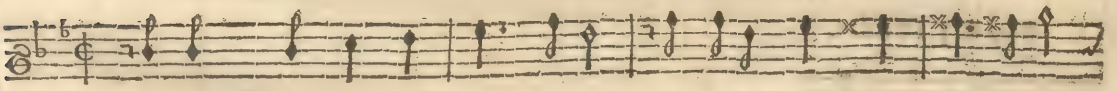
added into one, may by our kiſſes be outgone; by which when number



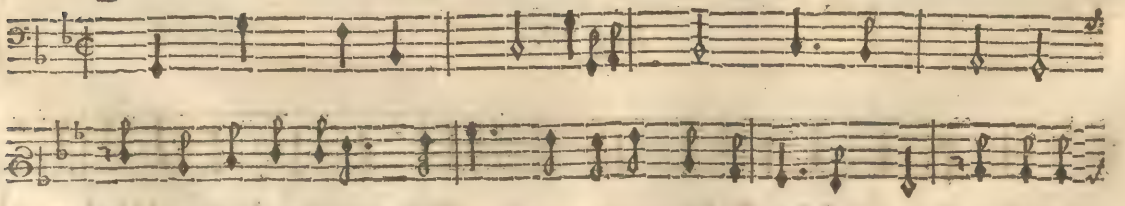
they ſurmount, wee'l teach Arithmetick to count.



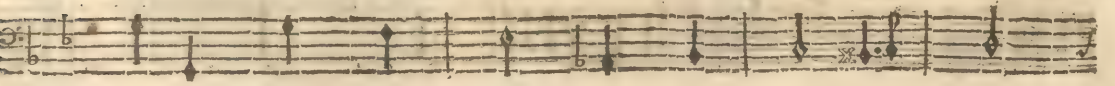
Song 75.

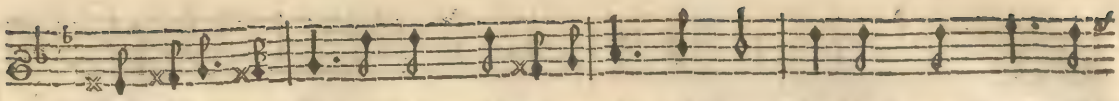


THis ſilkworm (to long ſleep retir'd) the early year hath re-inſpir'd,

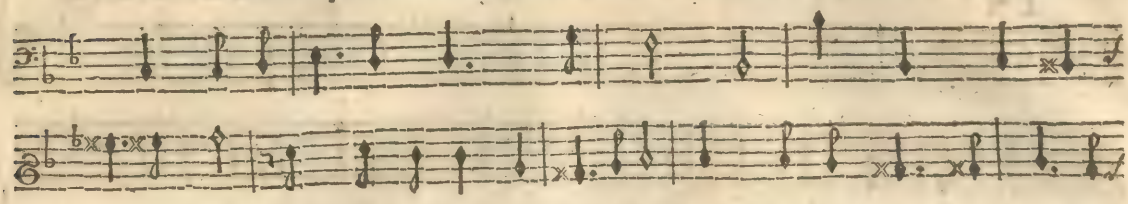


who now to pay to thee prepares the tribute of her pleaſing cares; & haſtens

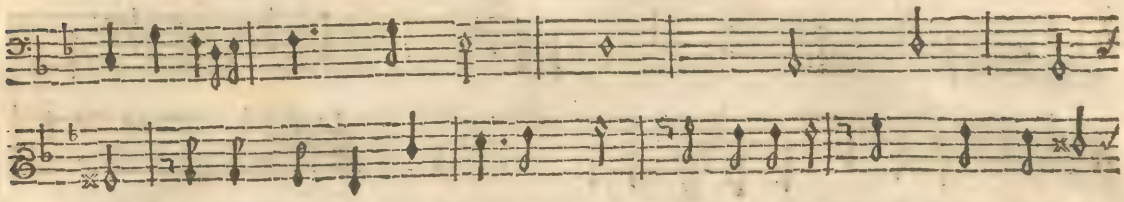




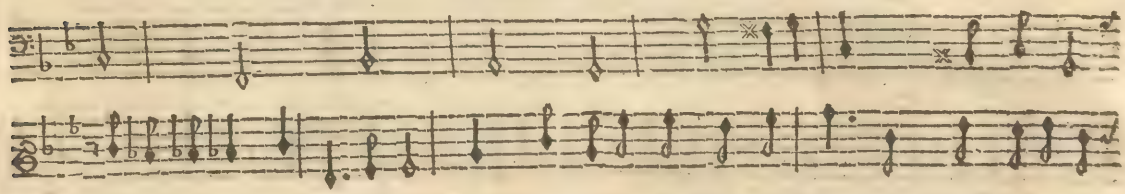
with induſtrious toyl to make thy ornament her ſpoyl; ſee with what pains ſhe



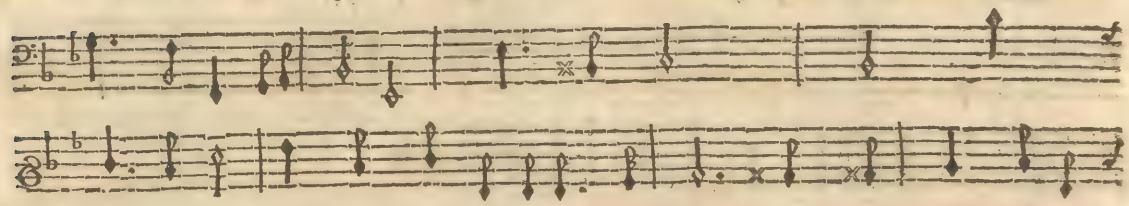
ſpins for thee the thread of her own deſtinie; then growing proud in Death, to



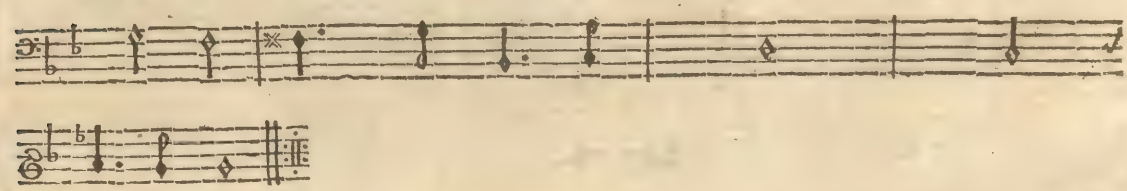
know that all her curious labours thou wilt, as in Triumph, deign to wear,



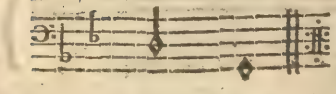
retires to her ſoft ſepulchre. Such deareſt, is that hapleſs ſtate to which I am de-



ſign'd by Fate, who by thee (willingly) or'come, work my own Fetters

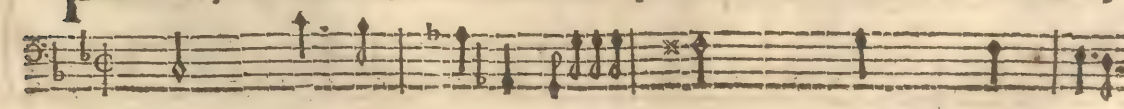


and my Tombe.



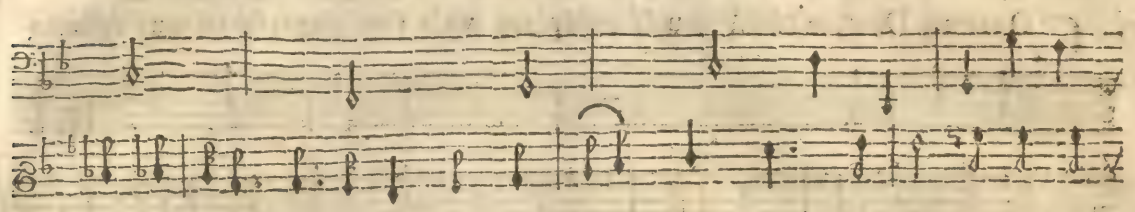
Song 76.

PAle envyous ſickneſs, hence no more poſſeſs our breaſt too cold before;

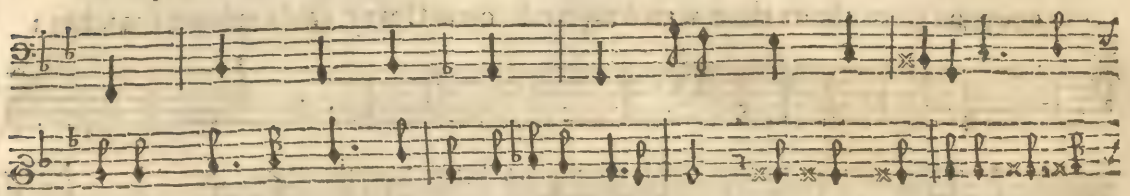


in

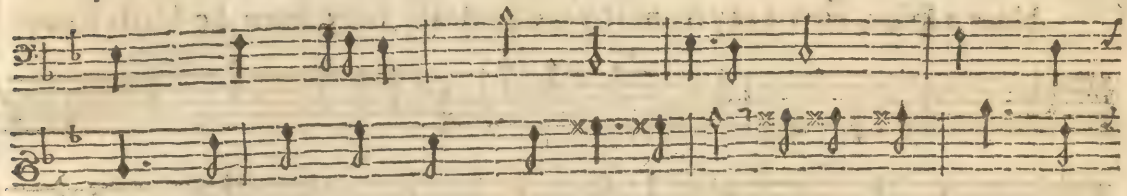
in vain alaſs thou doſt invade thoſe beauties which can never fade; could



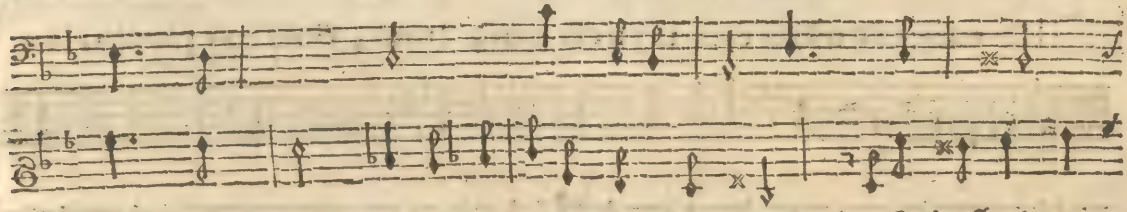
all thy malice but impair, on thoſe ſweets which crown her fair, or ſteal the



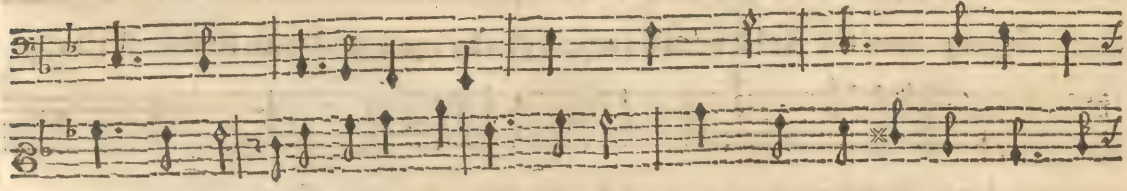
ſpirits from her eye, or kiſs into a paler dye, the blooming roſes of her



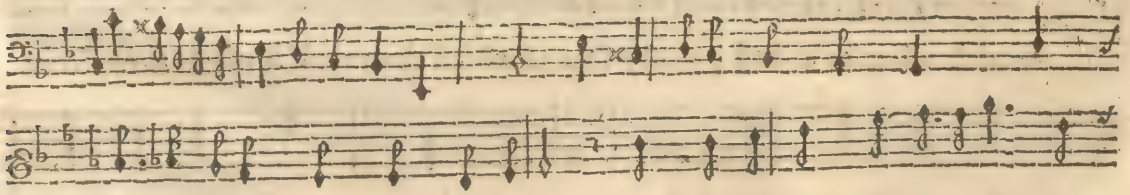
cheek, our ſuffering hopes might juſtly ſeek redreſs from thee, and



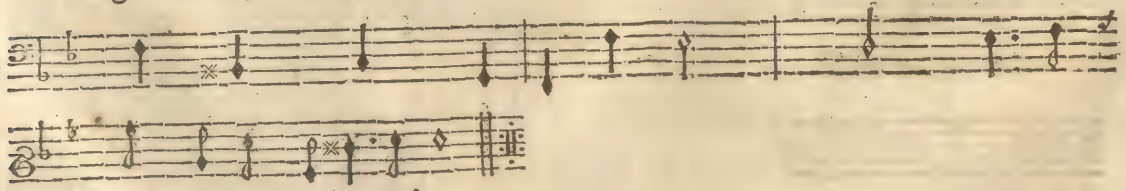
thon might'ſt ſave thouſands of lovers from the grave; but ſuch aſſaults are



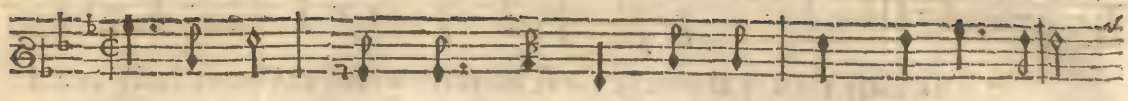
vain, for ſhe is too divine to ſtoop to thee; bleſt with a form as much to



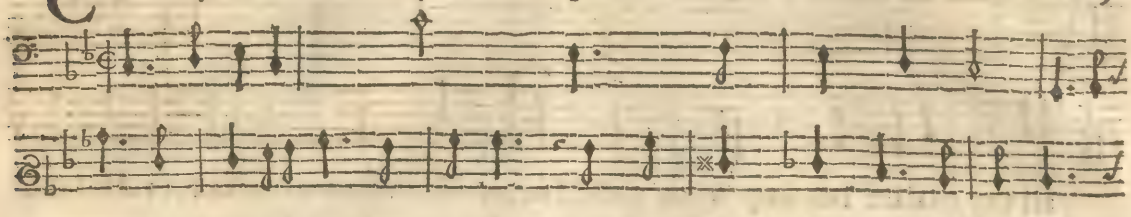
high for any change but Deſtinie; which no attempt can violate, for



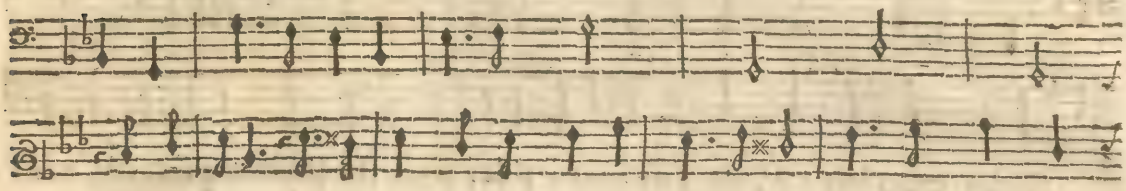
what's her beauty is our fate.



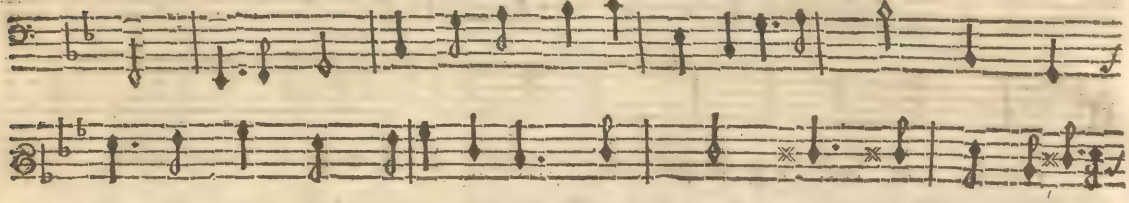
COme my Dear, whileſt youth conſpires with the warmth of our deſires;



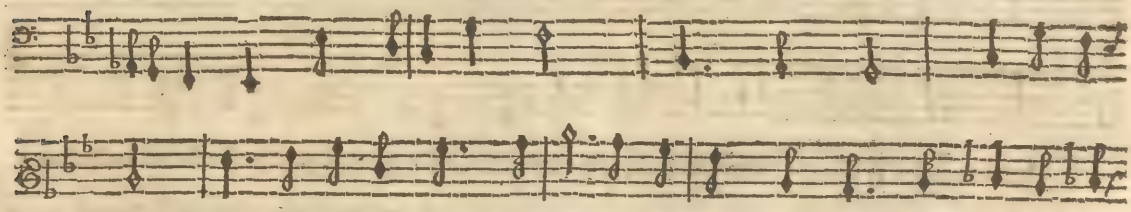
envyous time about thee watches, and ſome Grace each minute ſnatches:



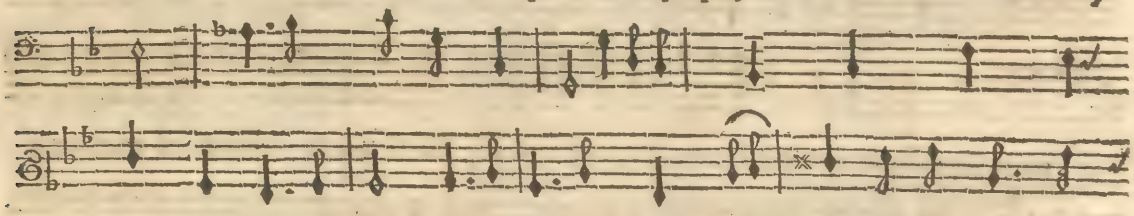
Now a ſpirit, now a ray from thy eye he ſteals away, now he blaſts ſome



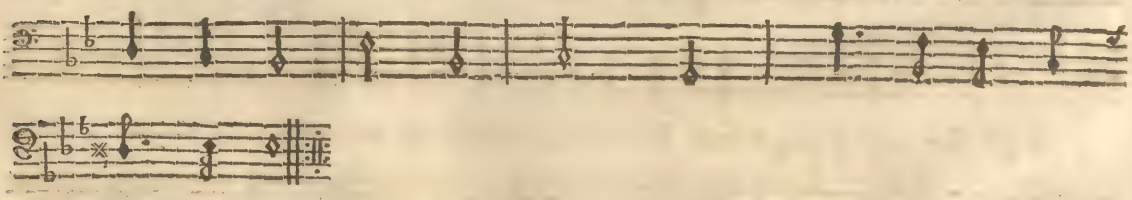
blooming roſe which upon thy freſh cheek grows; Gold now plunders in a



Hair; now the Rubies doth impair of thy lips; and with ſure haſt all thy

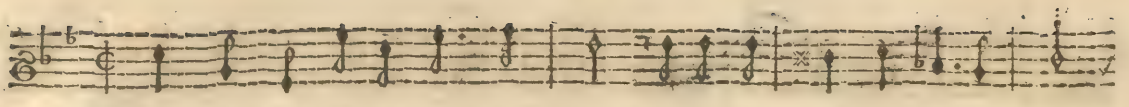


wealth will take at laſt; onely that of which thou mak'ſt uſe in time, from



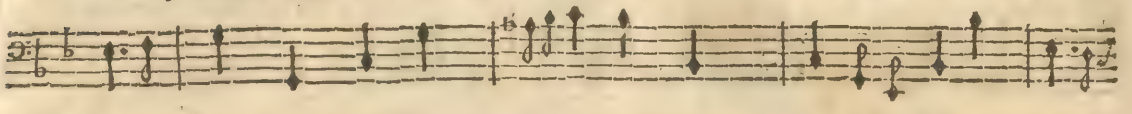
time thou tak'ſt.

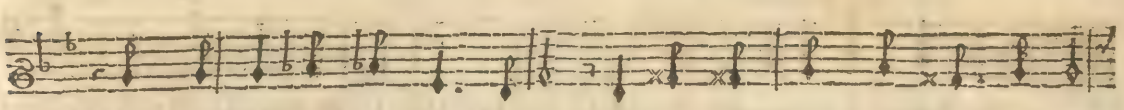
When



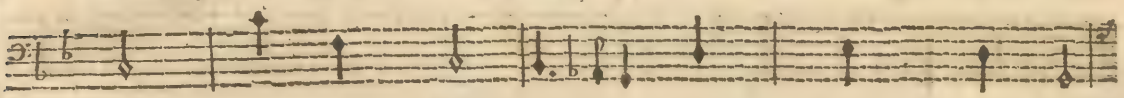
VVHen thou thy plyant arms doſt wreath about my neck, and gently breath

into my Breaſt that ſoft ſweet air with which thy ſoul doth mine repair;

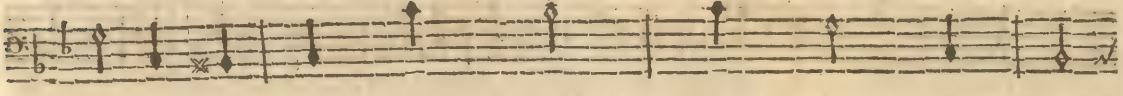


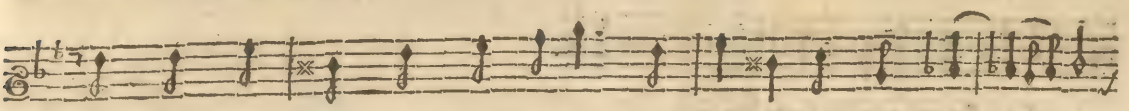


when my faint life thou draw'ſt away, my life which ſcorching flames decay,

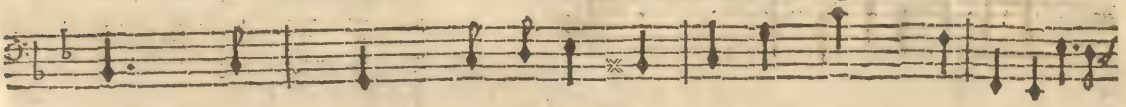


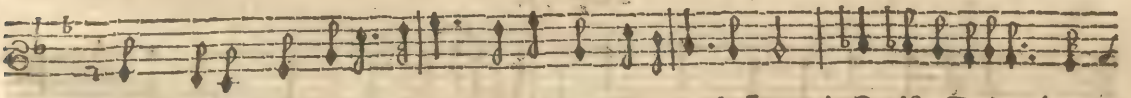
orecharg'd my panting boſome boyls, whoſe Feavour thy kind Art beguiles,



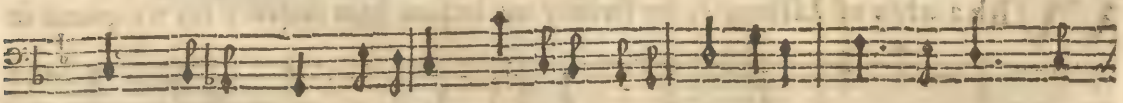


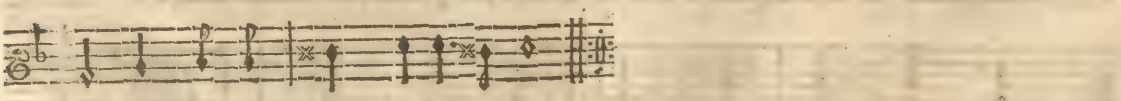
and with the Breath that did inſpire doth mildly fan my glowing fire,



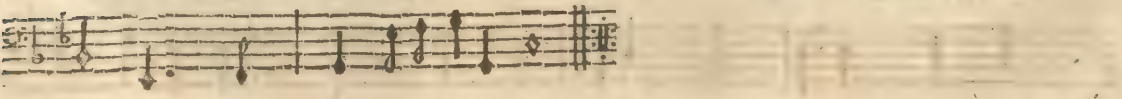


Tranſported then I cry, above all other Deities is Love! Or if a Deity there

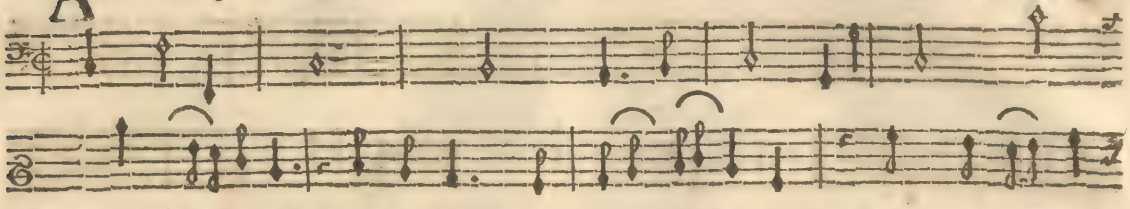




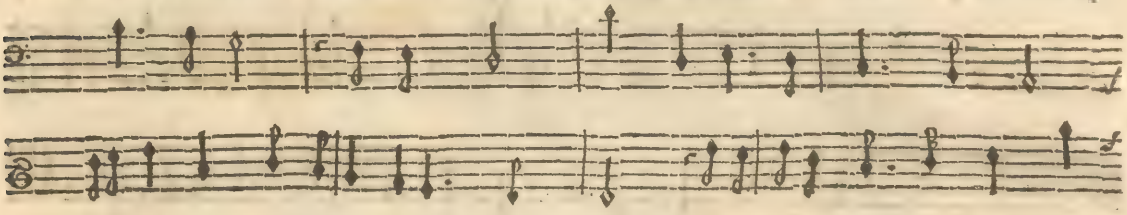
be greater then Love, 'tis only thee.



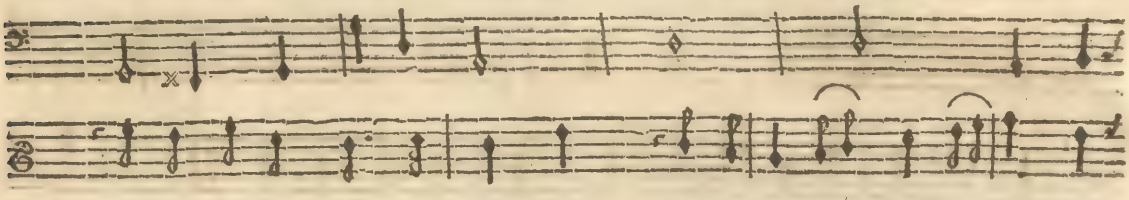
AS on Purple Carpets I charm'd by wine in ſlumber lie, with a troop of



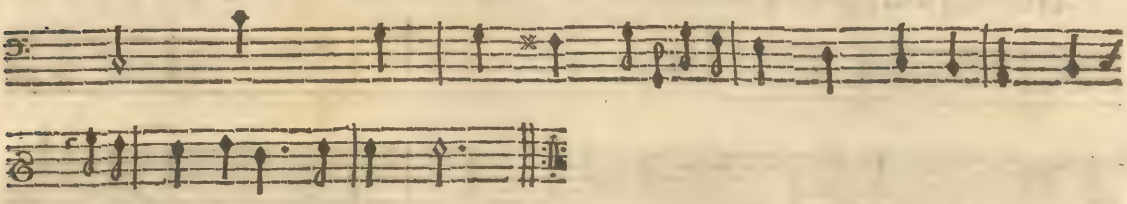
Maids (reſorted there to play) me thought I ſported: whoſe companions,



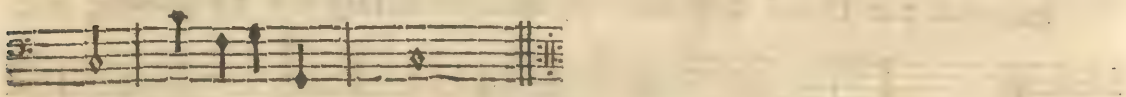
lovely boyes, interrupt with rude noyſe: Yet I offer made to kiſs them,



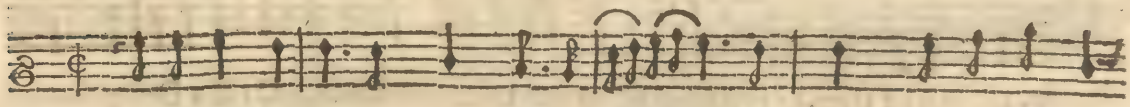
but o'th' ſudden wake and miſs them: Vext to ſee them thus forſake me,



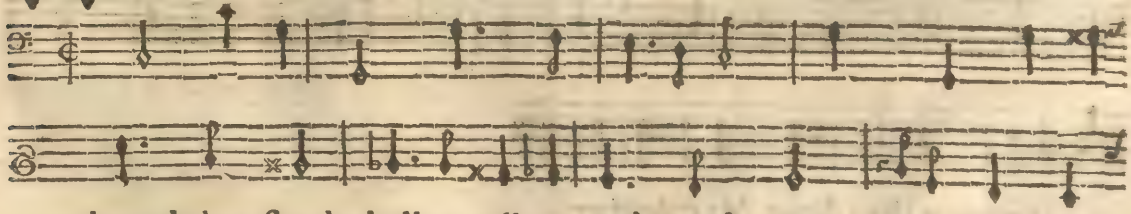
I to ſleep again betake me.



Song 78.

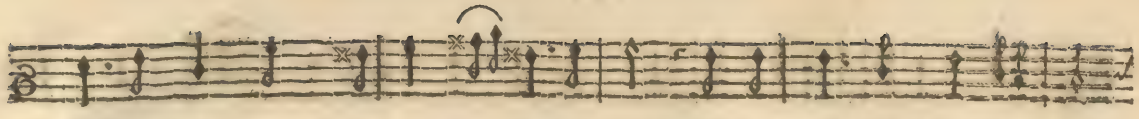


VVIth a whip of Lillies, Love ſwiftly me before him drove: on we courſt it

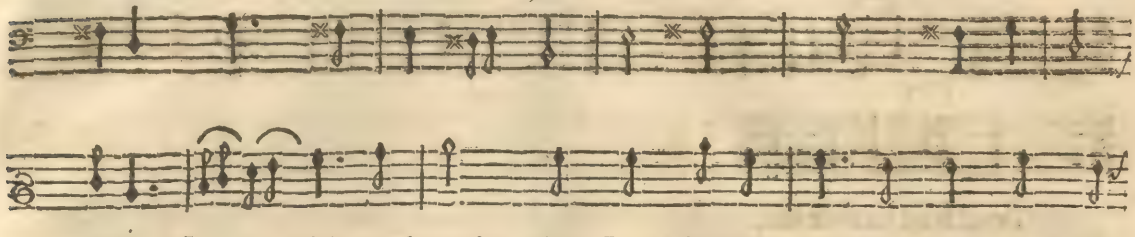


through deep floods, hollow valleys, and rough woods, till a Snake that

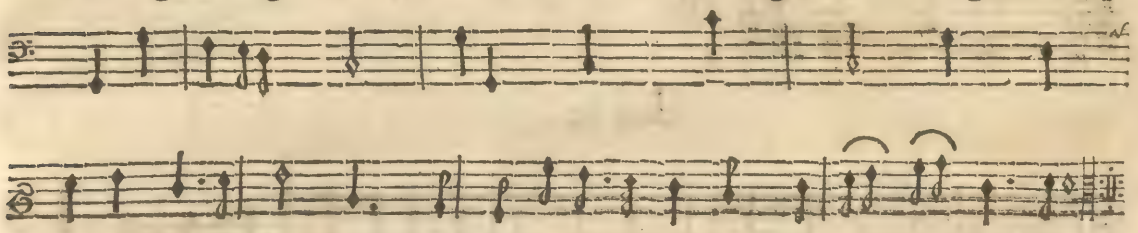
lurking



lurking lay chanc'd to ſting me by the way: now my ſoul was nigh to death,

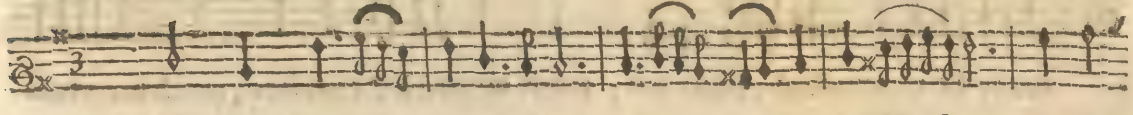


ebbing flowing with my breath; when Love, fanning with his wings, back my

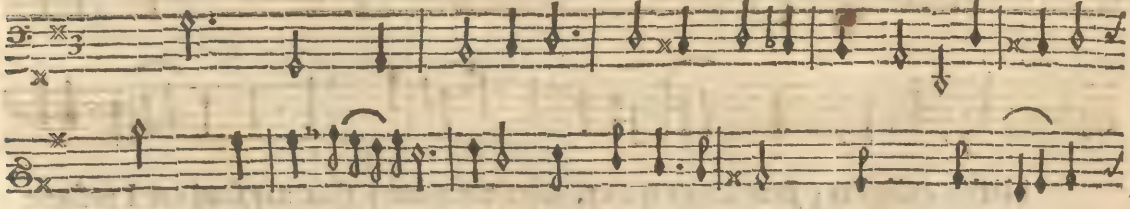


fleeting ſpirit brings; learn, ſaith he, another day love without conſtraint t'obey.

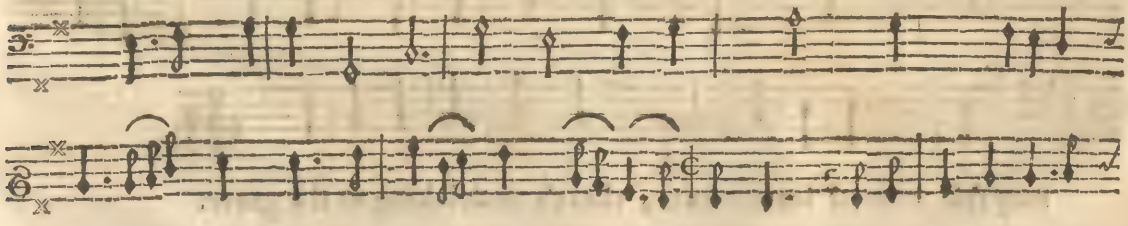
Song 81.



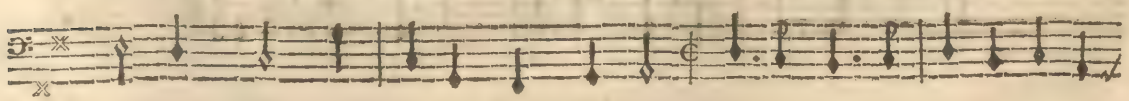
WHen my ſence in wine I ſteep, all my cares are lull'd aſleep: rich in



thought, I then deſpiſe *Craſus*, and his royalties: Whileſt with Ivy

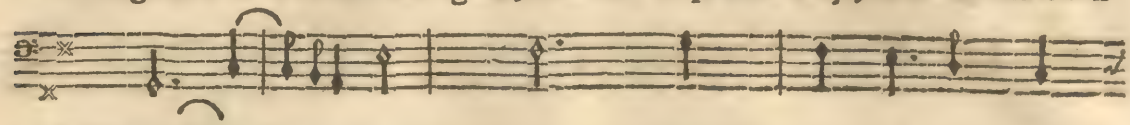


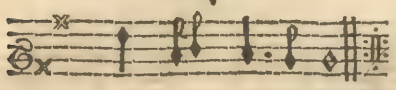
twines I wreath me, and ſing all the world beneath me; others run to martial



fights

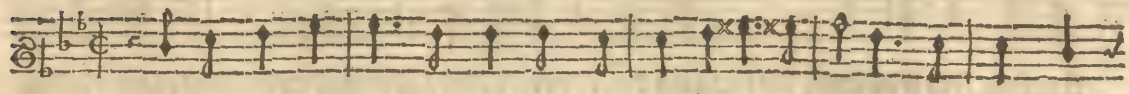
fights, I to *Bacchu's* delights; Fill the cup then boy, for I drunk then



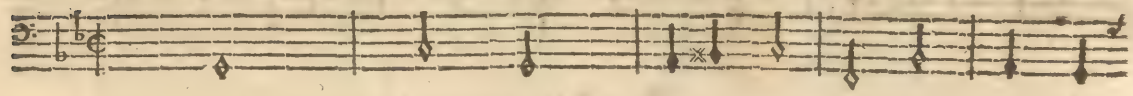


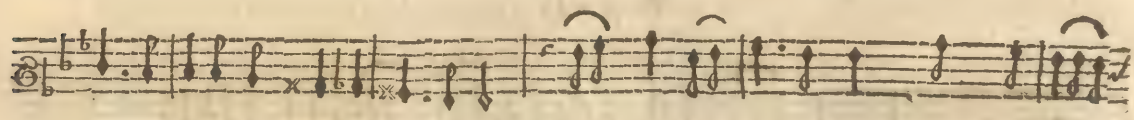
dead had rather lie.

Song 82.

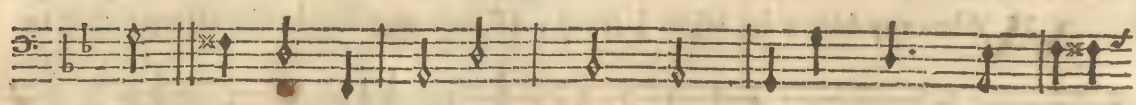


VEx no more thy self and me with demure philosophie; hollow precepts,

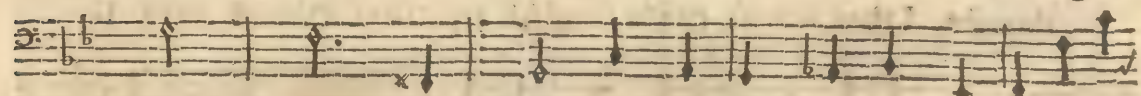


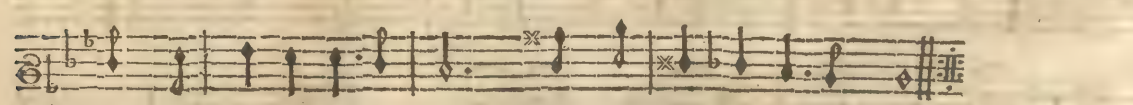


onely fit to amuse the busie wit; teach me brisk *Lyeus* rites; teach me *Venus*



blithe delights; *Jove* loves water, give me wine; that my soul ere I resigne

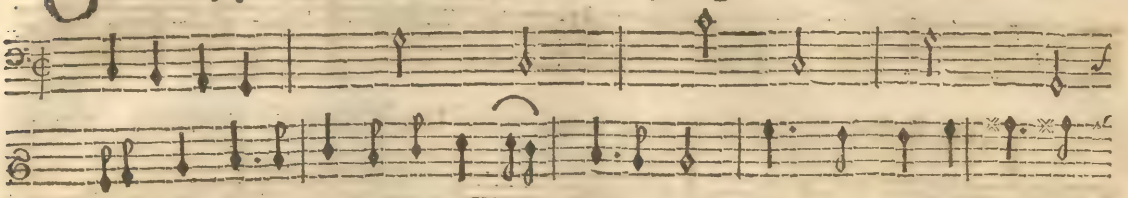




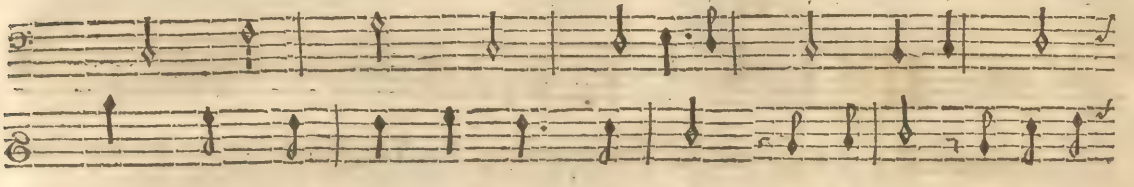
may this cure of sorrow have; there's no drinking in the grave.

Old

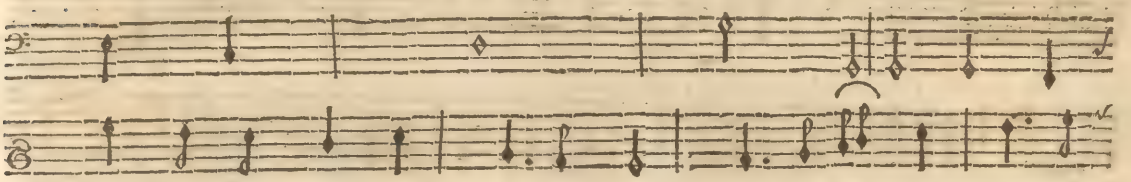
OLd I am, yet can (I think) those that younger are out-drink; when I



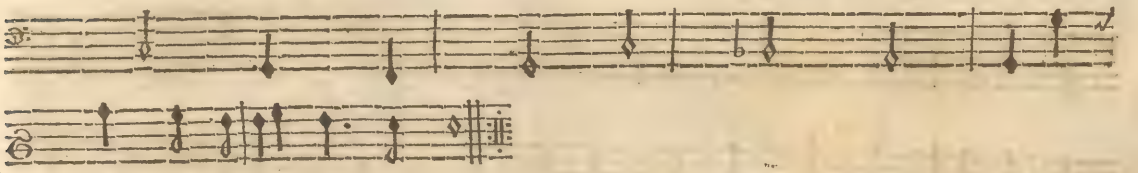
dance no staff I take, but a well-fill'd Bottle shake: He that doth in war de-



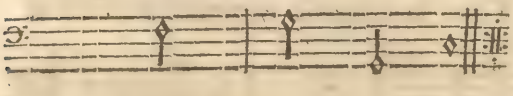
light, come and with these arms let's fight; fill the cup, let loose a



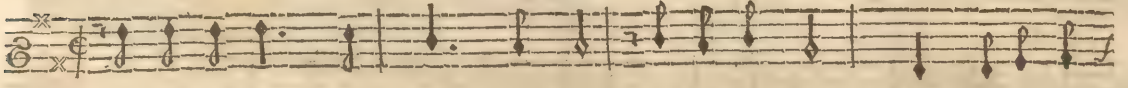
flood of the rich Grapes luscious blood; old I am, and therefore



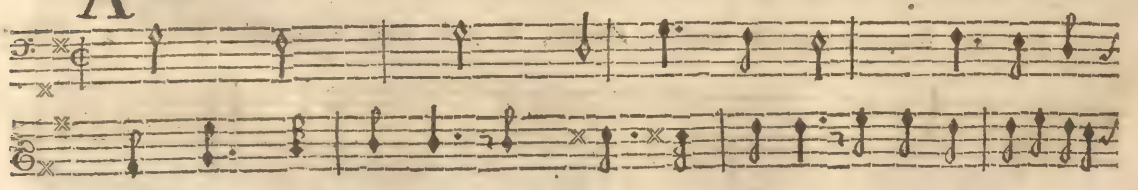
may, like *Silenus* drink and play.



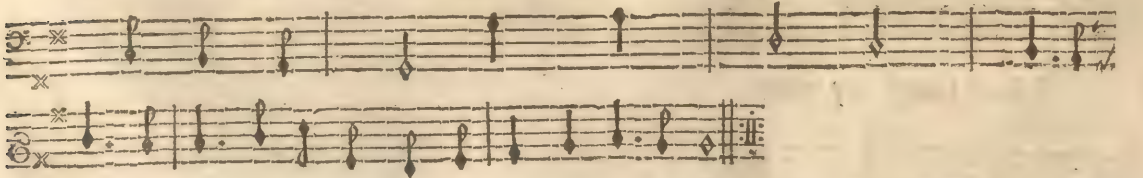
Song 84.



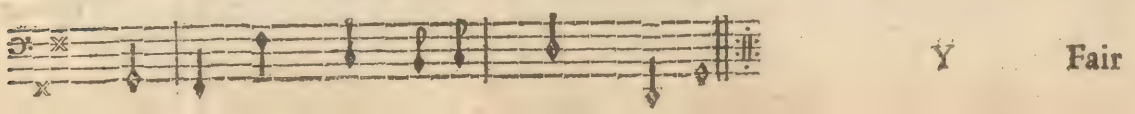
A Kiss I begg'd, and thou didst joyn thy lips to mine; Then, as afraid



snatch'd back their treasure, and mock'd my pleasure, again my Dearest,

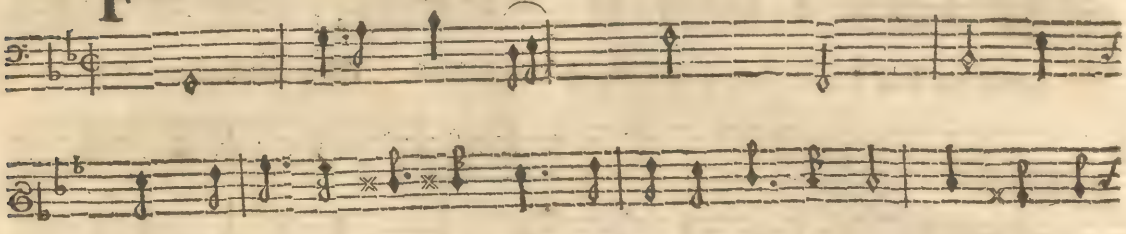


for in this thou onely gav'st desire, and not a kiss.

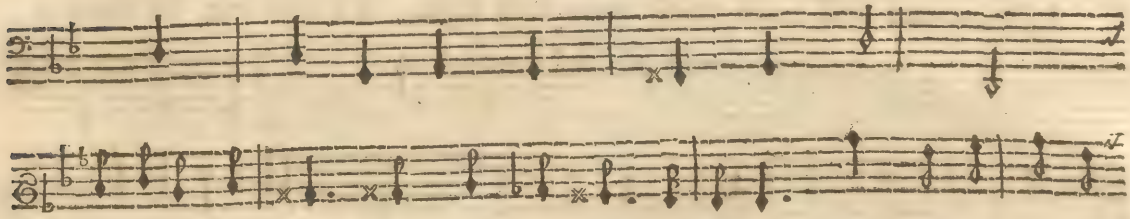


I.

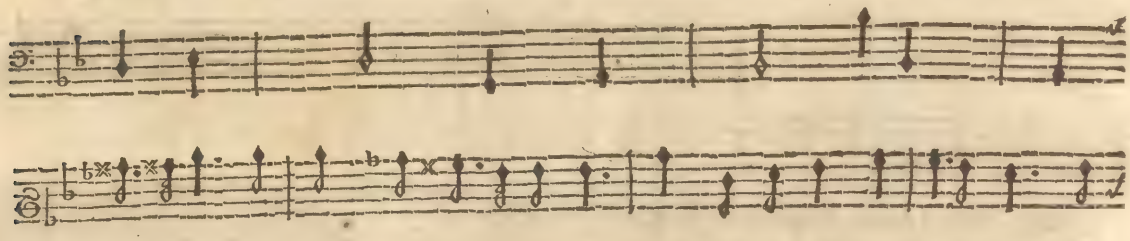
FAir Rebel to thy ſelf, and Time, who laugh'ſt at all my tears, when



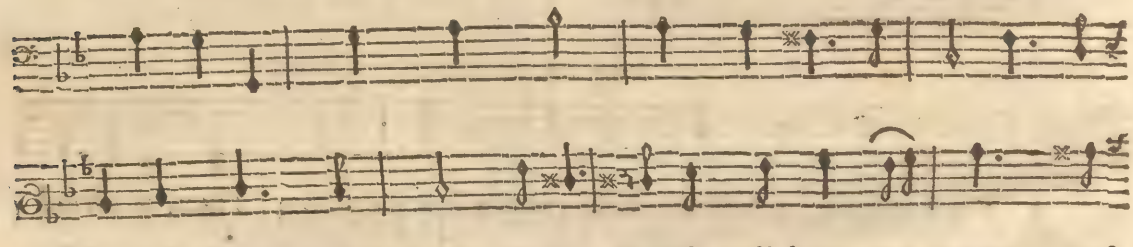
thou haſt loſt thy youthful prime and age his Trophie rears, weighing thy



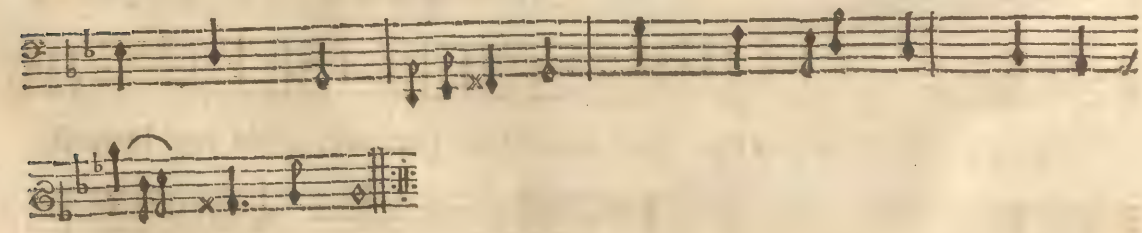
inconſiderate pride thou ſhalt in vain accuſe it, Why Beauty am I



now deny'd, or knew not then to vſe it? Then ſhal I wiſh ungentle Fair thou



in like flames mayſt burn; *Venus*, if juſt will hear my prayer, and

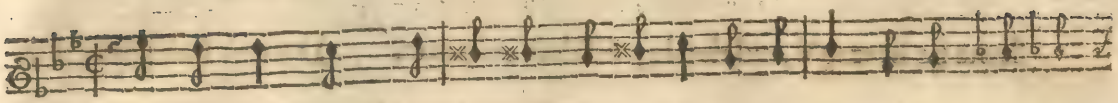


I ſhall laugh my turn.

What

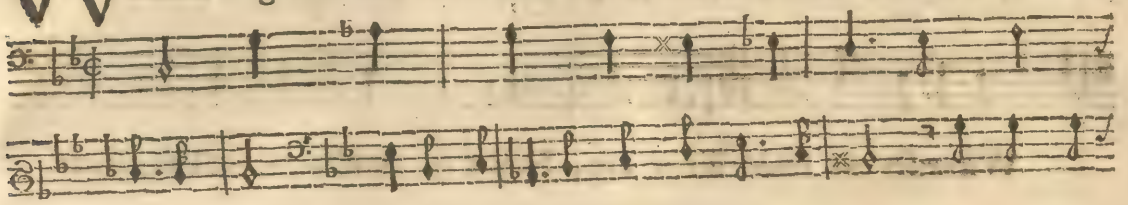
A Dialogue

Between CHARIESSA and PHILOCHARIS.

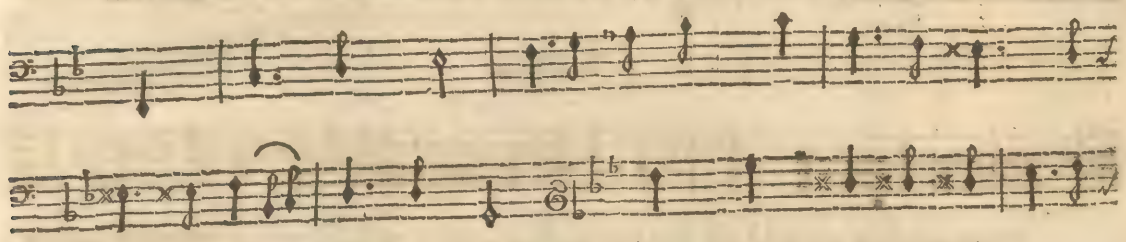


Char.

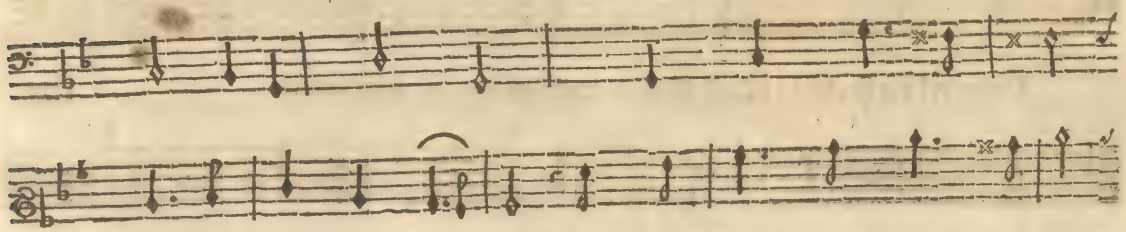
VVHat if Night ſhould betray us, and reveal to the light all the pleaſure



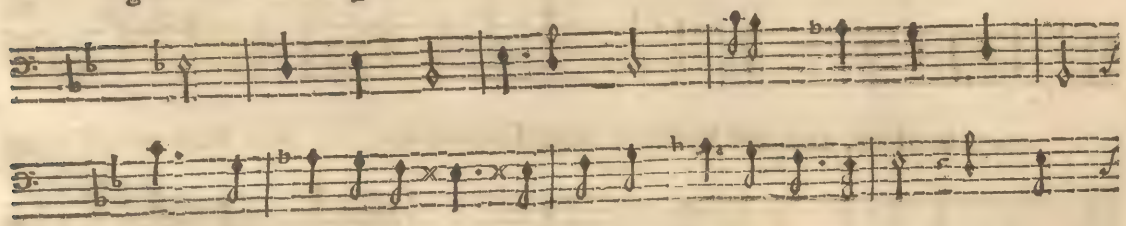
that we ſteal? *Phil.* Faireſt, we ſafely may this fear deſpiſe; How can ſhe



ſee our actions who wants eyes? *Char.* Each dimne ſtar and the clearer

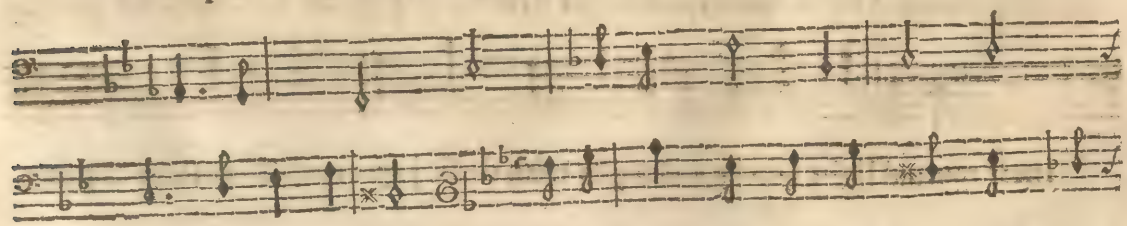


lights we know nights eyes are; they were blind that thought her ſo:



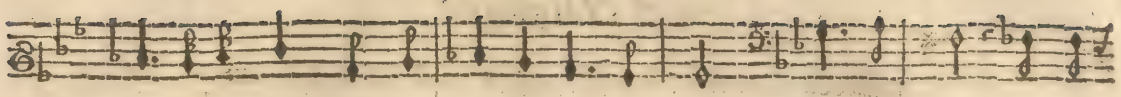
Phil.

Thoſe pale fires onely burn to yeeld a light t'our deſires, and though



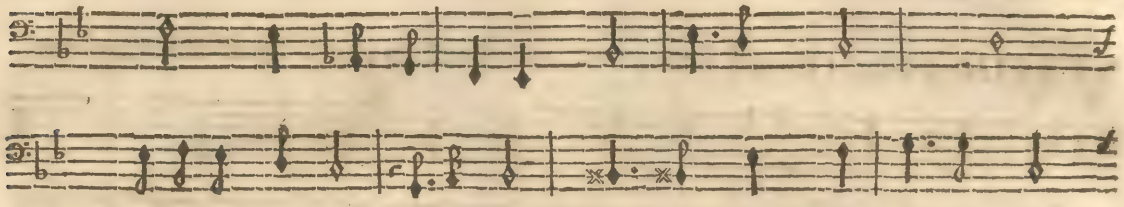
blind, to give us ſight. *Char.* By this ſhade that ſurrounds us might our

flame



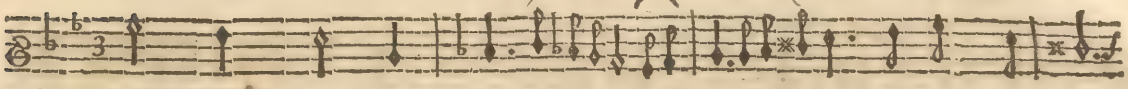
Phil.

flame be betray'd, and the day diſcloſe its name. Deareſt Fair, theſe dark

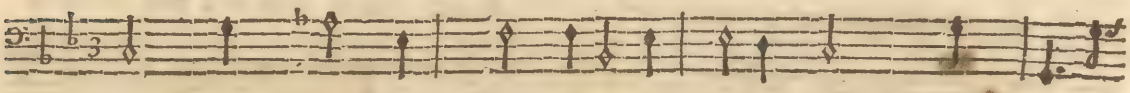


Witneſſes we finde ſilent are, Night is dumbe as well as blinde.

Chorus.



Then whileſt theſe black ſhades conceal us, we will ſcorn the envyous morn,

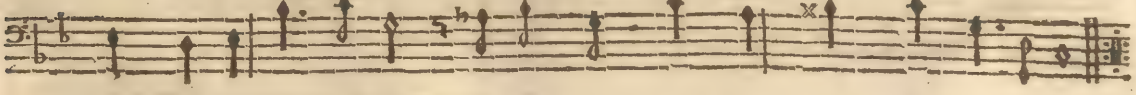


Then whileſt theſe black ſhades conceal us, we will ſcorn the

and the Sun that would reveal us; our flames ſhall thus

envyous morn; and the Sun that would reveal us; our flames ſhall thus

their mutual light betray, and night with theſe joys crown'd outſhine the day



their mutual light betray, and night with theſe joys crown'd outſhine the day.

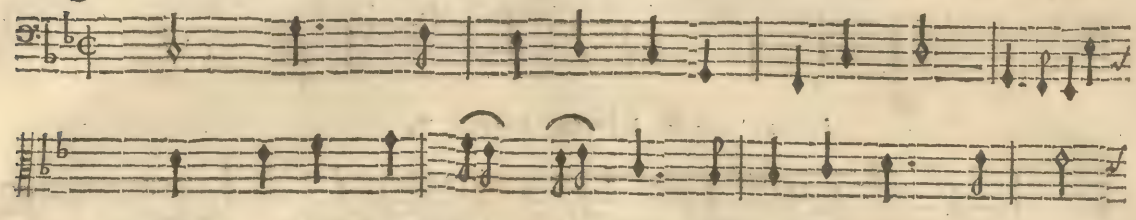
That

Dialogue II.

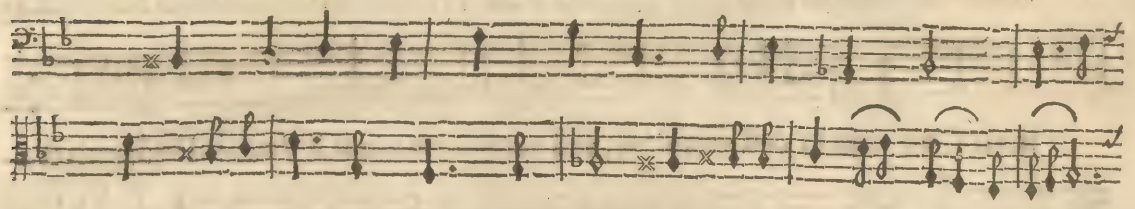
Between PHILOCHARIS and CHARIESSA.

Phil.

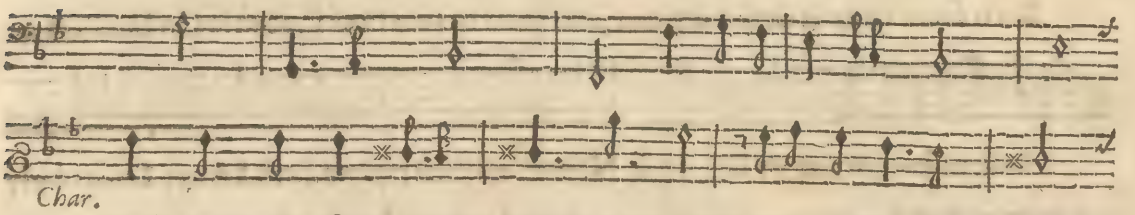
THat kiſs which laſt thou gav'ſt me, ſtole my fainting Life away, yet



(though to thy Breaſt fled) my Soul ſtill in mine own doth ſtay.

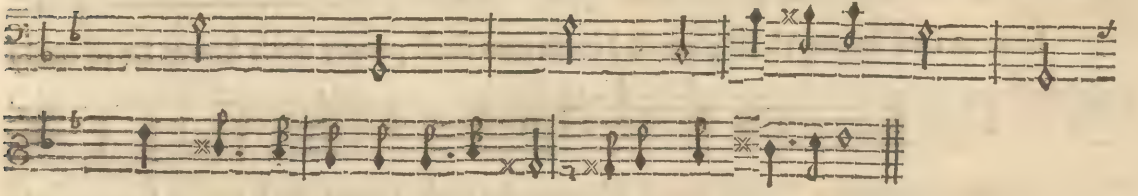


Weak Nature no ſuch power doth know, Love only can theſe wonders ſhow.



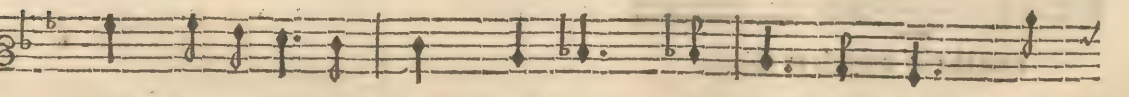
Char.

And with the ſame warm breath did mine into thy boſome ſlide,

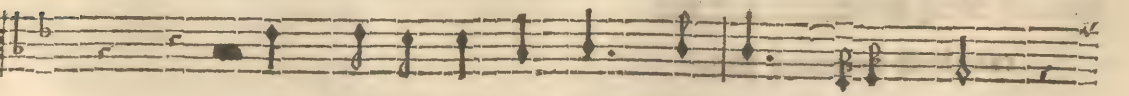


There dwel contracted unto thine, yet ſtill with me teſide;

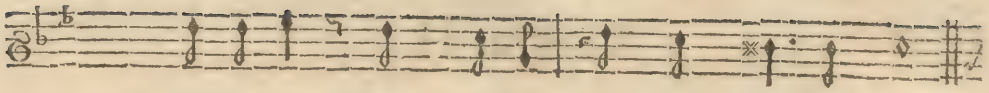
I. *Chorus.*



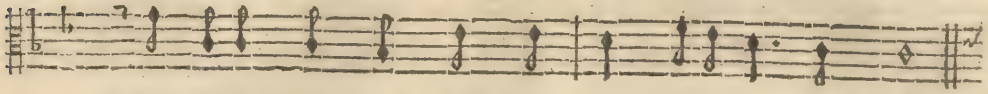
Weak Nature no ſuch power doth know, ſuch power doth know; Love



Weak Nature no ſuch power ſuch power doth know

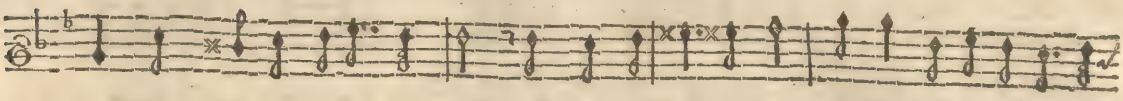


onely can theſe wonders, can theſe wonders ſhow.

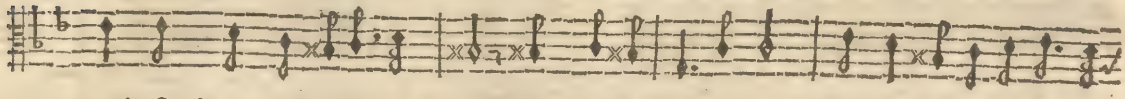


Love onely can theſe wonders, can theſe wonders ſhow.

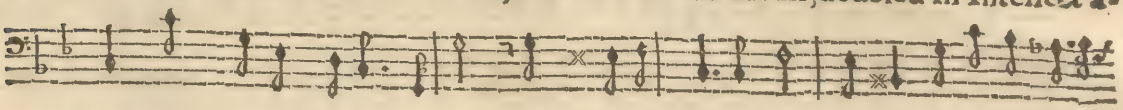
II. *Chorus, Voyces* 3.



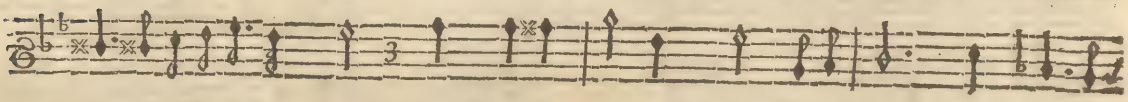
Both ſouls thus in deſire are one, and each is two in skil, doubled in Intellect a-



Both ſouls thus in deſire are one, and each is two in skil, doubled in Intellect a-



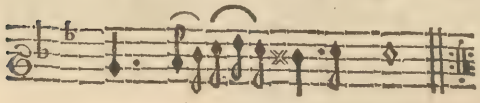
Both ſouls thus in deſire are one, and each is two in skil, doubled in Intellect a-



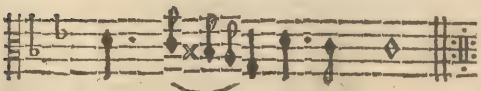
lone united in the Will; weak Nature no ſuch power doth know, Love onely

lone uuited in the Will; weak Nature no ſuch power doth know, Love onely

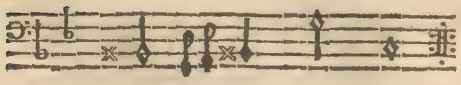
lone uuited in the Will; weak Nature no ſuch power doth know, Love onely



can theſe wonders ſhow.



can theſe wonders ſhow.



can theſe wonders ſhow.

An Alphabetical Table of all the Ayres contained in this BOOK.

A.

Ask the Empress of the Night 26
Alas! Alas! thou turn'st in vain 51
As when some Brook 52
As in a thousand wanton curls 56, 57
As on Purple Carpets I 74
A kiss I begg'd 77

B.

Beauty, whose soft magnetick chains 1
Beauty, thy harsh imperious chains 2

C.

Celinda, by what potent Art 4
Chide, Chide no more 16, 17
Cast off for shame, ungentle Maid 38
Cast *Charieſſa*, 78
Come my Dear, whilest youth conspires 72

D.

Delay! Alas! that cannot be 11
Dear, back my wounded heart restore 15
Dear, urge no more 27
Deceiv'd and undeceiv'd to be 40
Dear, fold me once more in thine arms 45
Draw neer ye Lovers 60, 61
Doris, I that could repel 66, 67

F.

Favonius, the milder breath of th' Spring 6
Foolish Lover, go and seek 14
Fool, take up thy shaft again 17
Faith 'tis not worth your pains and care 47
Fair Rebel to thy self unkind 78

H.

He whose active thoughts 30, 31

I.

I prethee let my heart alone 9
I will not trust thy tempting graces 21
I must no longer now admire 42
I languish in a silent flame 52, 53
I yeeld, dear Enemy 59
I go, dear Saint away 61, 62

L.

Love, what Tyrannick laws 10
Love the ripe harvest of my toyl 43

M.

Men and Maids at time of yeer 41
My sickly breath 51

N.

Not that by thy disdain 28
No, I will sooner trust the wind 32
Now will I a Lover be 44, 45
Now Love be prais'd, that cruel Fair 49
Not alwayes give a melting kiss 53, 54
Now with roses we are crown'd 57, 58
Number the sands 69

O.

On this swelling Bank 8
Oh turn away those cruel eyes 49
On this verdant *Lotus* laid 58
Old I am, yet can I think 77

P.

Prethee trouble me no more 12
Pale envyous sickness 70, 71

R.

Roses (Loves delight) 13
Roses in breathing forth their sent 35
Rebellious Fools 36
Reach me here that full crown'd cup 47, 48

S.

So fair *Aurora* 7
Since Fate commands me hence 16
See how this Violet 24
Such Icy kisses 33
See the Spring her self discloses 44

T.

Though when I lov'd thee thou wert fair 18
Think not pale Lover 19
Torment of absence and delay 20
That I might ever dream 34
Thine eyes (bright Saint) disclose 46
To set thy jealous soul at strife 49
'Tis no kiss my Fair bestows 55
The lazie hours move slow 62, 63, 64
The air with thy smooth voyce 65, 66
The silk-worm (to long sleep) 69, 70
That kiss thou gav'st me last 81, 82

V.

Vex no more thy self and me 76

W.

When cruel Fair one 3
When I lie burning 5
When dearest beauty 18
Why thy passion should it move 25
When deceitful Lovers lay 29
Wert thou by all affections 39
Wrong me no more in thy complaint 50
Whilest our joys in wine we raise, 54, 55
When I see the young men play 57
When on thy lip my Soul I breath 64, 65
When thou thy plyant arm doth wreath 73
With a whip of Lillies 74, 75
When my sense in wine I steep 75, 76
What if Night should betray us 79, 80

Y.

You that unto your Mistris eyes 22
You earthly souls 23
Yet ere I go, Disdainful beauty 73

AYRES
AND
DIALOGUES

For One, Two, and Three Voyces;

To be Sung either to the

THEORBO-LUTE or *BASSE-VIOL.*

Composed by JOHN GAMBLE.

Horat. Ode XI. lib. III.

Movit Amphion Lapides Canendo.

The Second Book.

LONDON,

Printed by *W. Godbid* for *Nathaniel Ekin* at the *Gun* in St. *Pauls Church-yard.* 1659.

633/2
19960312403
rcma489

To the Right Honourable *CHARLES CAVENDISH*, Viſcount *MANSFIELD.*

My Lord,

Know the little you have of Leiſure to be conſerned in Private Addreſſes: *But* Hecatombs *not alwayes ſo take up the* Altar, *but it may admit his* neceſſitous Devotion, *that can but* warm *it with a little* Frankincenſe. *I have therefore preſum'd (amongſt the* louder Solemnities) *to lay before you this* Sacrifice *of* Duty, *for the* Favours *(I have ſometimes received from your* Family) *exact the* Tribute *of all my Services.*

I have brought you (my Lord) a Variety *of* Voyces; *but all* Tun'd Uniſon *to implore your* Patronage: *If you vouchſafe them the* Honour *of* Protection, *they will not fear to fetch a* Pedigree *from Heaven, and find themſelves of* Kindred *with* Stars: *They are the* Younger Daughters *of* Muſick, *and may perhaps have an* Ayre *of the* Mother; *But however (my Lord) they are* Titled *as* Princeſſes, *they will not forget to* wait *your* Hand-mayds. *If I may have had* leſs Fortune *in* Choice, *I ſhall find a ſatisfaction in the* Endevour *of* Gratitude; *and I had rather be wanting in ſomething of* Circumſtance, *then not at all confeſs my* Acknowledgements.

Where theſe Compoſitions *appear not* Genuine, *they muſt not hope my* now Reconcilement; *the all that can contribute to their* Harmony, *is (my Lord) your* Voyce *in Pardon of*

Your Honours, with all obedience devoted Servant,

JOHN GAMBLE.

To his Good Friend Mr. JOHN GAMBLE on his COMPOSITIONS.

I.

EAch Poet now to his own words
(With merit) Admiration brings,
And as thou doſt divide the Chords,
Is led thy Captive in the Strings:
Rapt with a Muſick more then dwels
In Numerous falling Syllables.

II.

He thinks his Sonnet now a Charm,
And that 'tis ſafe to ſhut the Ear;
But that he fears the greater harm
Would be, to be debarr'd to hear:
Then doth the Antick Proverb mock,
And *Syrens* find without a Rock.

III.

Sure Harmony thee through hath Lin'd
And all thy *Organs* doth inſpire;
That (*Inſtruments*) one way inclin'd,
Do from their Functions breath in Quire:
At leaſt thy Breſt hath Tuned been,
And all the *Fibra*'s Chime within.

ELDRED REVET.

On the Excellent Compoſitions of his Good Friend

Mr. JOHN GAMBLE.

HOw are theſe *Lutes* ſcru'd up in every String,
And temper'd to our ready Fingering?
No Nerve is looſe here, nor no ſinew ſlack,
Nor any ſo ungently ſtretcht to crack:
Sure none could fit them to ſo juſt a Key
But *Phebus*, but the Nine would fit to Play:
Where all variety of Notes comply,
Lead in one ſilken thread of Harmony.

WILLIAM REVET.

× So in Tho. Jordan's Copy infra. ie fall in with, couple, unite complice.

where Word & Note in Complication roll —
and the Notes [illegible]
One with the Word; as Waters mix & flow."
Ib.

Who

A DEFENCE FOR MUSICK

In its Practique and Theorie, occasioned upon the Publication of these Poems Composed by Mr. JOHN GAMBLE:

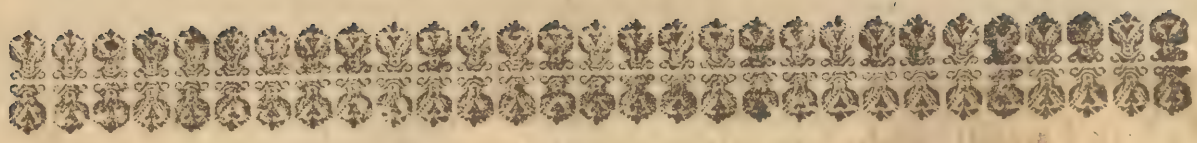
IMPLORATION.

EMpress of *Order!* Whose Eternal Arms
Put *Chaos* into *Concord*, by whose Charms
The *Cherubims* in *Anthems* clear, and Even,
Create a Consort for the King of Heaven:
Inspire me with thy Magick, that my Numbers
May rock the never-sleeping Soul in slumbers;
Tune up my *Lyre*, that when I sing thy Merits
My subdivided Notes may sprinkle Spirits
Into my Auditoty, whilest their fears
Suggest their Souls are sallying through their Ears.
What Tropes, or Figures can thy Glories reach,
That art thy self the splendor of all Speech?
Mysterious Musick! he that doth thee right
Must shew thy Excellence by thy own Light:
Thy Purity must teach us how to Praise,
As men seek out the Sun with his own Rayes:
What Creature that hath being, life or sense,
But wares the Badges of thy Influence?
Musick is *Harmony*, whose Copious bounds
Is not confined onely unto Sounds:
'Tis the Eyes object, for (without Extortion)
It comprehends All things that have *Proportion*:
Musick is *Concord*, and doth hold allusion
With every thing that doth oppose Confusion:
In Comely Architecture it may be
Known by the Name of *Uniformitie*;
Where *Piramids* to *Piramids* relate,
And the whole Fabrick doth Configurate
In perfectly proportion'd Creatures, we
Accept it by the title *Symmetrie.*
When many Men for some design Convent,
And all Concenter, It is call'd *Consent*:
Where mutual Hearts in Sympathy do move
Some few embrace it in the Name of *Love*:

But

But when the Soul and Body do agree
To ſerve their God, it is Divinitie:
In all melodious *Compoſitions* we
Declare and know it to be *Symphonie*:
Where all the Parts in Complication roll,
And every one Contributes to the *Whole*:
He that can Set and Humour Notes aright
Will move the Soul to Sorrow, to Delight,
To Courage, Courtezie, to Conſolation;
To Love, to Gravity, to Contemplation:
It hath been known (by its myſterious motion)
To raiſe Repentance, and advance Devotion:
It works on all the faculties, and why
The very Soul it ſelf is *Harmony*:
Muſick! It is the breath of ſecond Birth,
The Saints imployment, and the Angels Mirth;
The Rhetorick of *Seraphins*, a Gem
In the King's Crown of new *Jeruſalem*;
They ſing Continually, the Expoſition
Muſt needs inferre, there is no Intermiſſion.
I hear ſome Men hate *Muſick*, let them ſhew
In Holy Writ what elſe the Angels do:
Then thoſe that do deſpiſe ſuch ſacred Mirth
Are neither fit for Heaven nor for Earth.

THOMAS JORDAN.



To his Honeſt Friend and Old Acquaintance Mr. JOHN GAMBLE; upon his Muſical Compoſitions, on ſeveral Poems.

LEt the dull Drum *and ſhril* Fife *ſilent be,*
Whilſt we attend his Vocal Harmonie;
Where Word *and* Note *in Complication roll,*
Like twiſted Twylight, or the Senſe *and* Soul:
Here each inſinuating Note *doth grow*
One with the Word *as waters mix and flow;*
A well-form'd freeborn Fancy may from hence
Hear the Word *ſing, and every* Note *ſpeak ſenſe:*
They both conſent as Lovers *woo by* winks
When thoughts *agree,* One *ſpeaks what* th' other *thinks;*
The ſliding Notes *ſo intricately creep,*
Some times you'd think, they howl, ſing, ſmile *and* weep:
The lineaments of Paſſions *are here drawn*
As viſibly as pictures behind lawn;
In theſe few Amorets is all compact
The Senſe can ſuffer, or the Soul can act:
The Ayre *and language grow as much the ſame,*
As ſeveral materials make one flame;
With ſo much aptitude and prompt connexion,
As red *and* white *comply in a Complexion.*

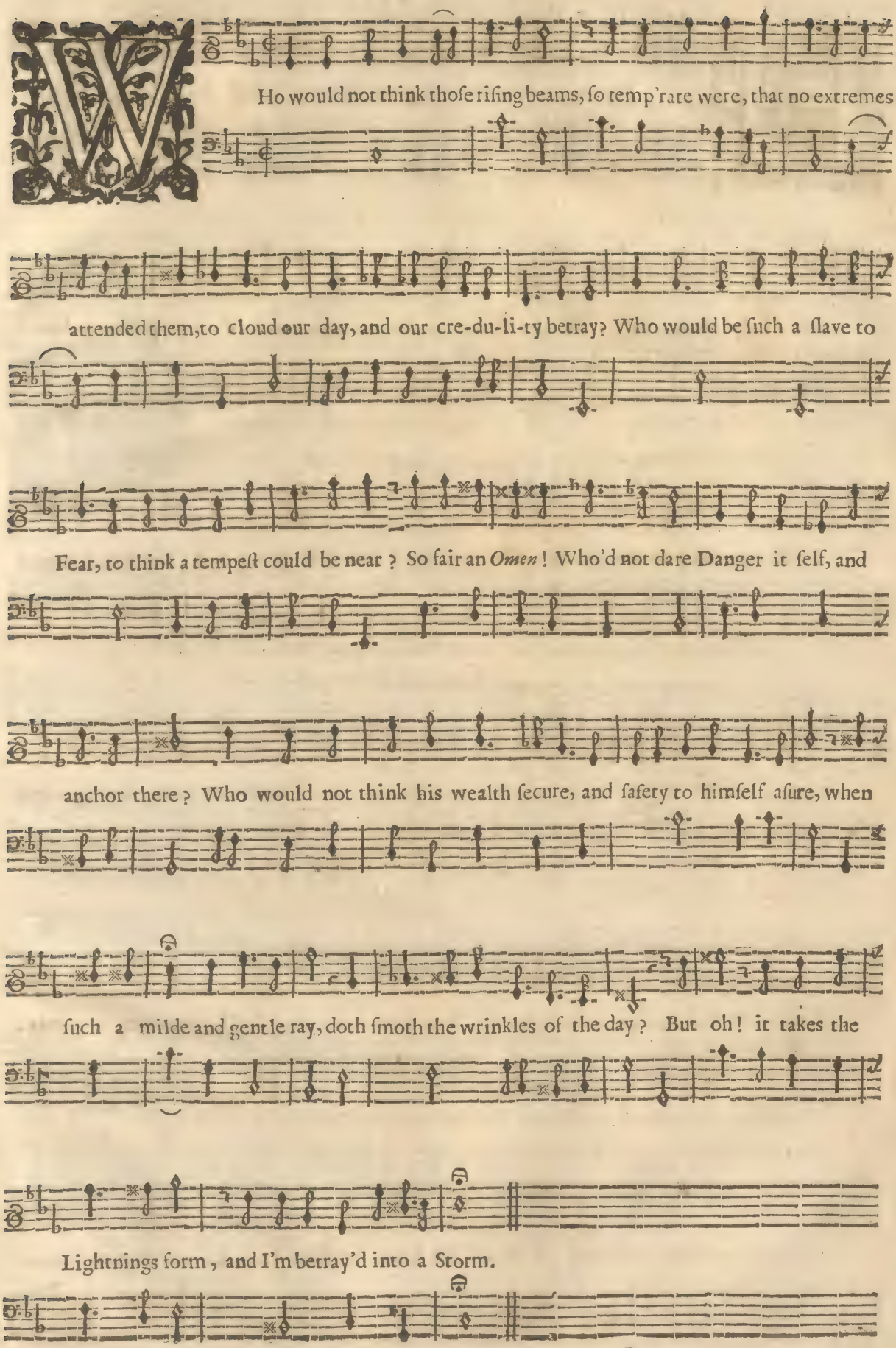
Love-Songs will make you ſigh when you come near 'em,
And Tavern Toyes make Creeples dance to hear 'em:
Where like ſome ſtraight, although indented border,
Each reeling Note doth ſtagger into order.

He *that diſlikes this Piece, muſt (it appears)*
Confeſs he wants both Intelect *and* Ears;
And may moſt properly be ranck'd with they
Who verily can neither Sing *nor* Say.

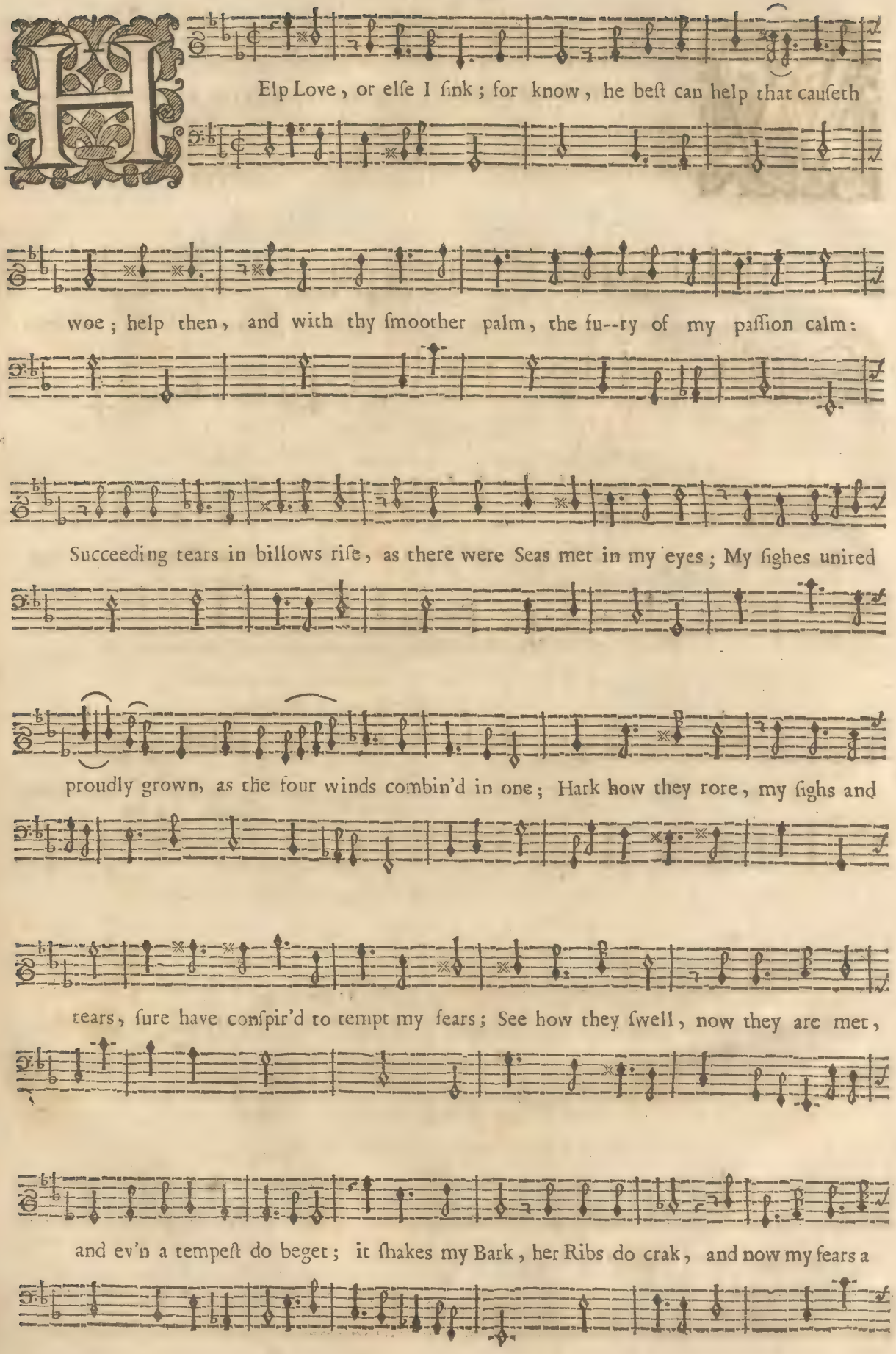
* So in Wm. Revet's copy supra

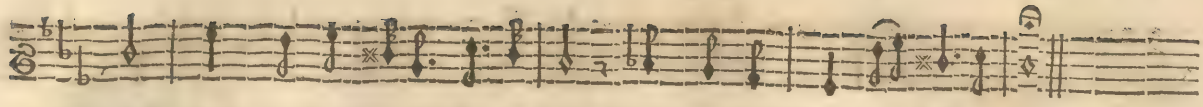
THOMAS JORDAN.

A Smile.


Who would not think those rising beams, so temp'rate were, that no extremes
attended them, to cloud our day, and our cre-du-li-ty betray? Who would be such a slave to
Fear, to think a tempest could be near? So fair an *Omen*! Who'd not dare Danger it self, and
anchor there? Who would not think his wealth secure, and safety to himself asure, when
such a milde and gentle ray, doth smoth the wrinkles of the day? But oh! it takes the
Lightnings form, and I'm betray'd into a Storm.

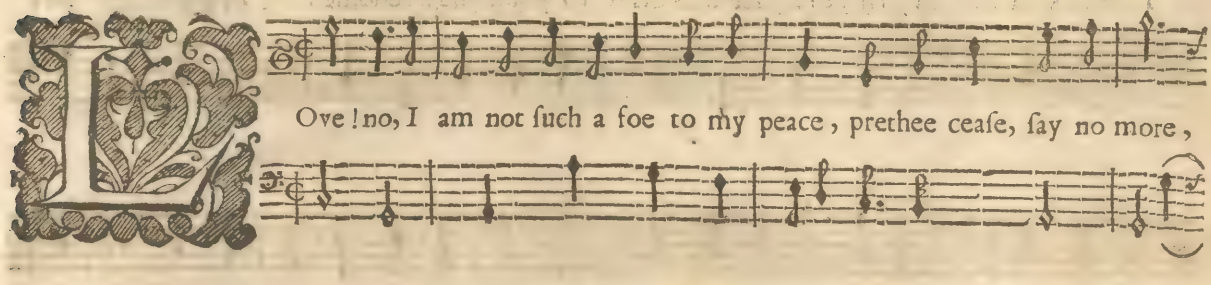
A Tempeſt.


Elp Love, or elſe I ſink; for know, he beſt can help that cauſeth
woe; help then, and with thy ſmoother palm, the fu--ry of my paſſion calm:
Succeeding tears in billows riſe, as there were Seas met in my eyes; My ſighes united
proudly grown, as the four winds combin'd in one; Hark how they rore, my ſighs and
tears, ſure have conſpir'd to tempt my fears; See how they ſwell, now they are met,
and ev'n a tempeſt do beget; it ſhakes my Bark, her Ribs do crak, and now my fears a

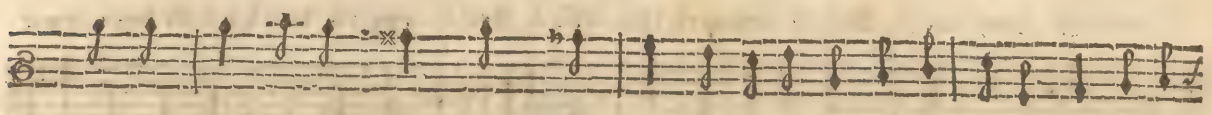


wrack: Help Love for pity then I pray, ere my poor heart be caſt away.

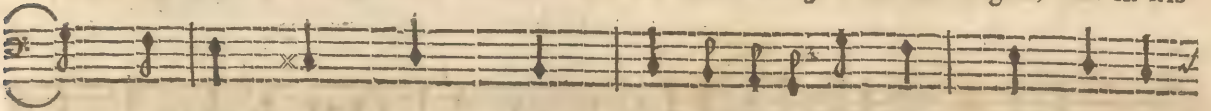
The Rebbel.



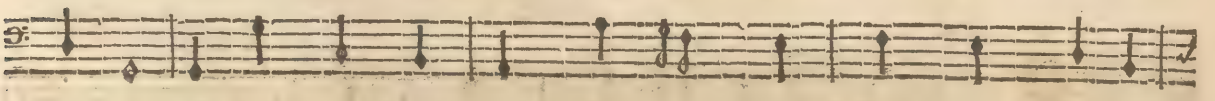
Ove! no, I am not ſuch a foe to my peace, prethee ceaſe, ſay no more,



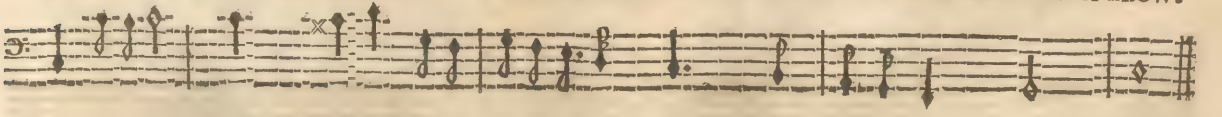
though her Eyes are the skies, where Love flies, and inveagles all the Eagles, that in his



aerie ſore: I dare not fly in her sky, tis too high, once her frown threw me down ſo



low, that I ſwore, never more, in a Sun beam to ſoare, Love and I will each other never know.



[Turn over.]

2 *Verſ.*

He brings ſuch woe with him, nought can exceed 'm; Souls do in ſorrow ſwim,

3 *Verſ.*

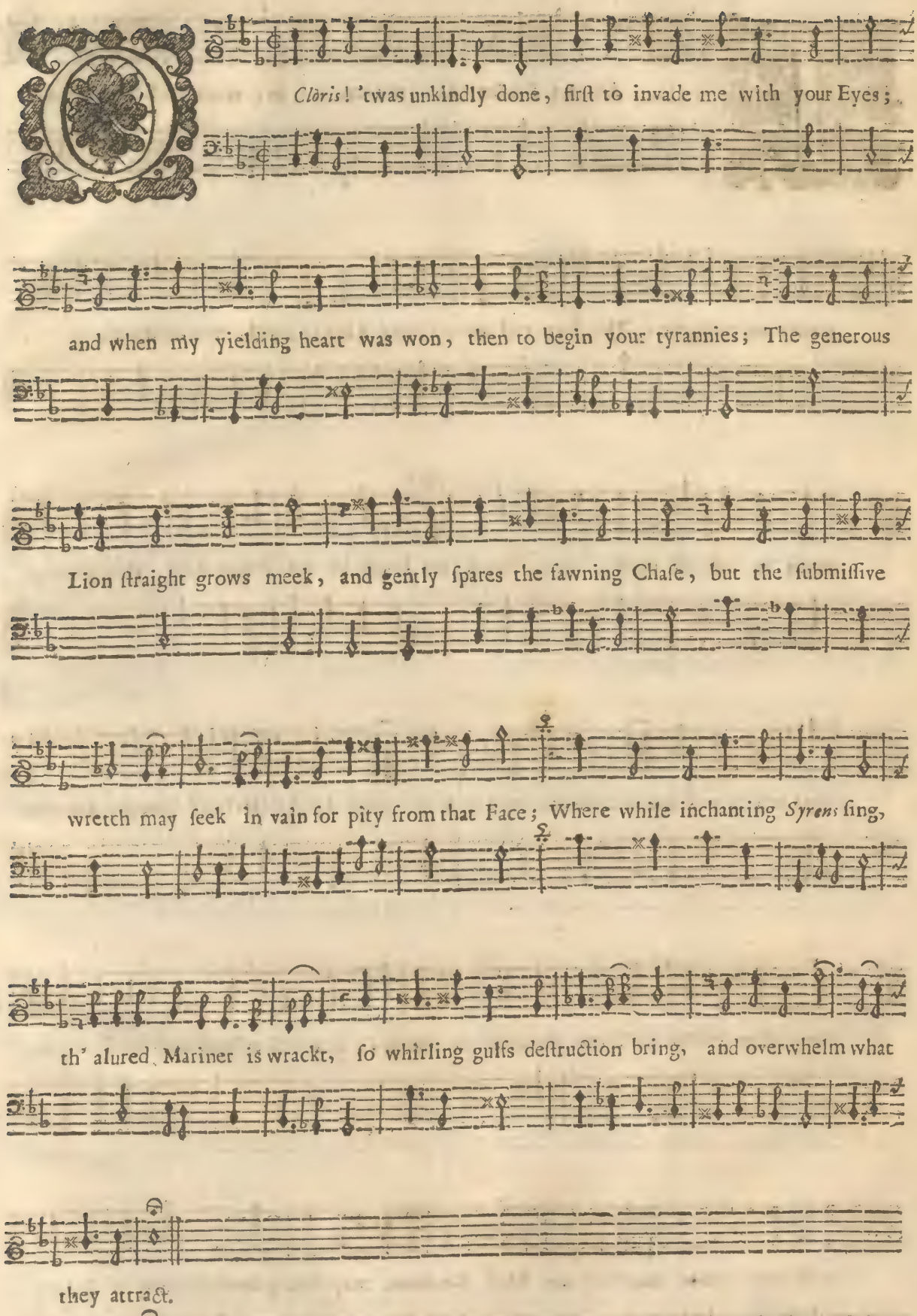
and tears do feed 'm; that every ſenſe is dim, to peace and freedome: Eye me, try me,

can you de-ny me? thus he betrayes the wiſe: But if you to his bow do bow, your

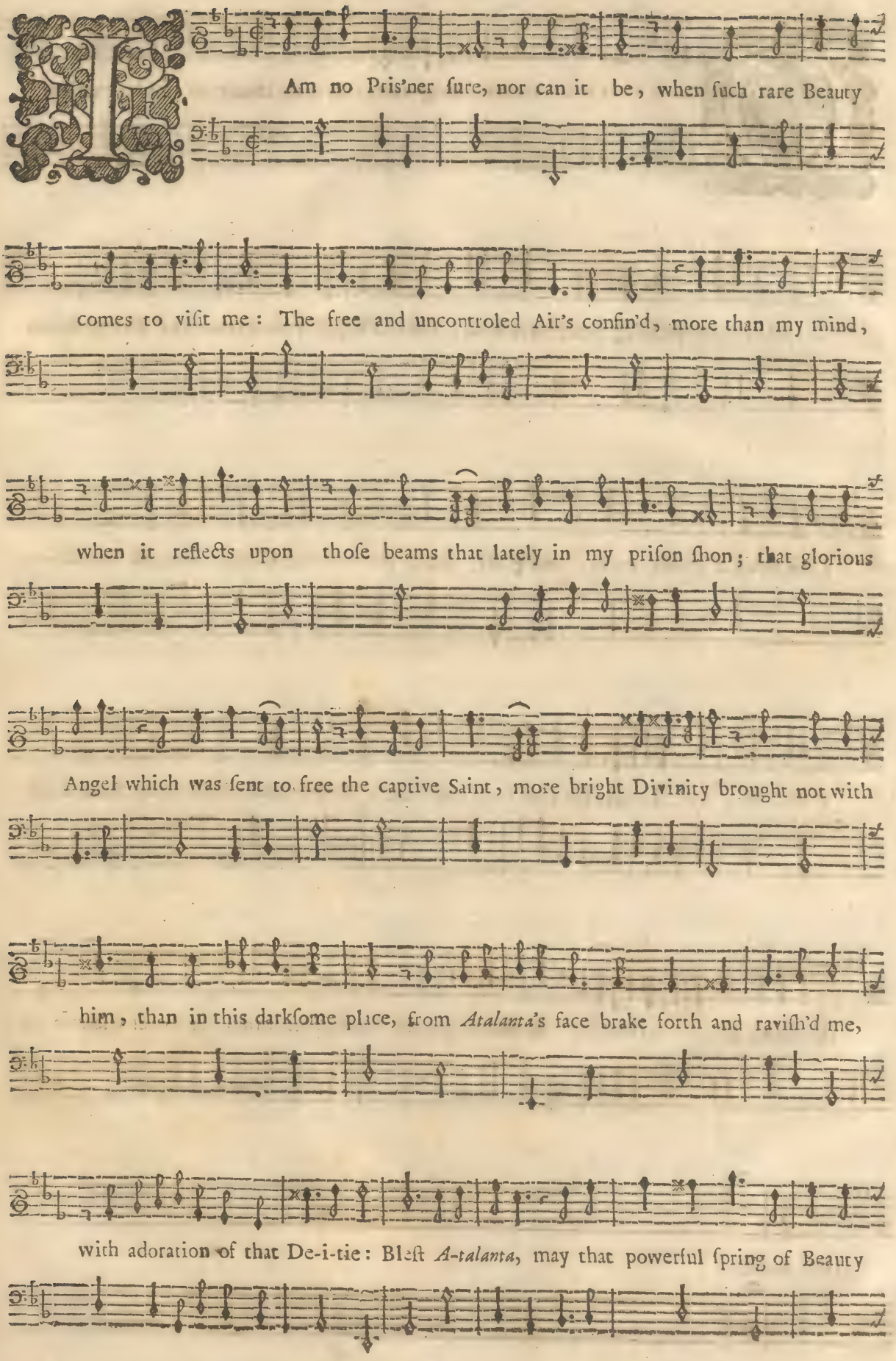
ſoul becomes a ſacrifice; Fiers, Miers, Brooks and Briers, kinder are than he: Then

ſhake him off with ſcorn and ſcoff, ſing and drink ſack with me.

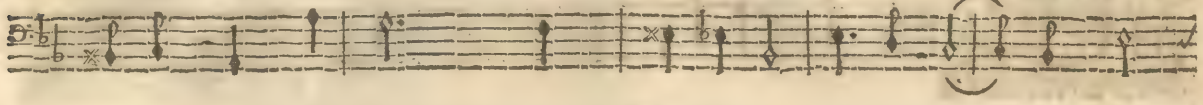
Love Surpris'd

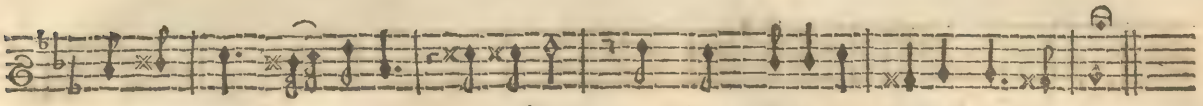


Admired Beauty.

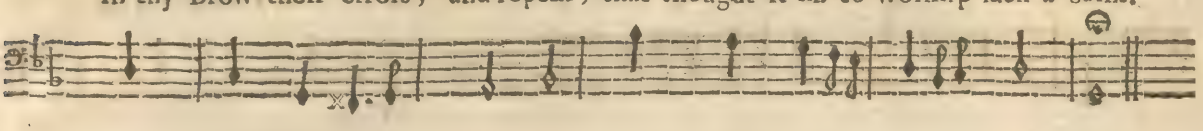


in thy Cheeks ne'r die, but bring thee more Idolaters: May the faction now see

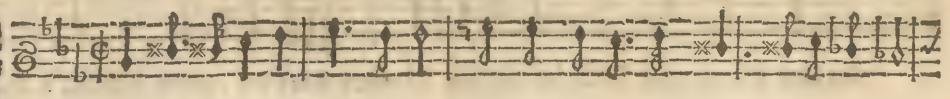




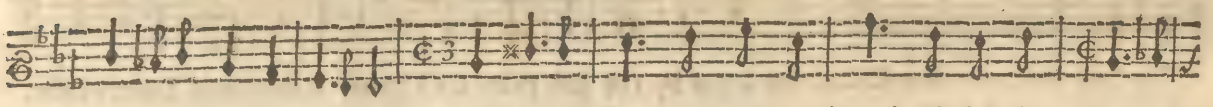
in thy Brow their errors, and repent, that thought it sin to worship such a Saint.



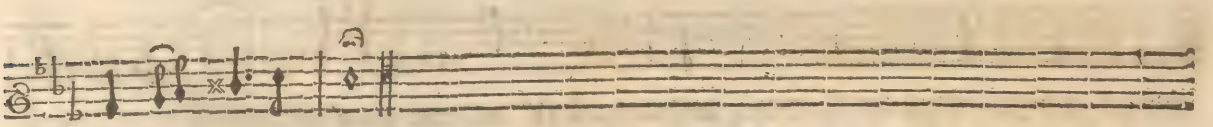
On Celia.



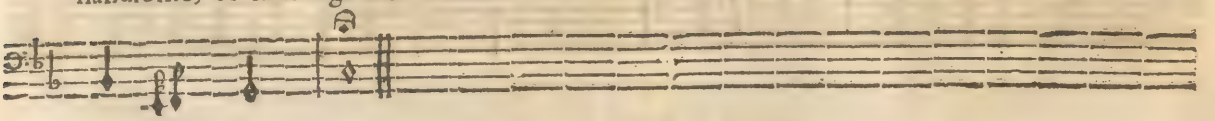
Ere *Celia* but as chaste as fair, how could I kiss the snare, and never be



weary of my Captivitie! But she's a Whore that cools my blood; Oh that she were less



handsome, or more good.



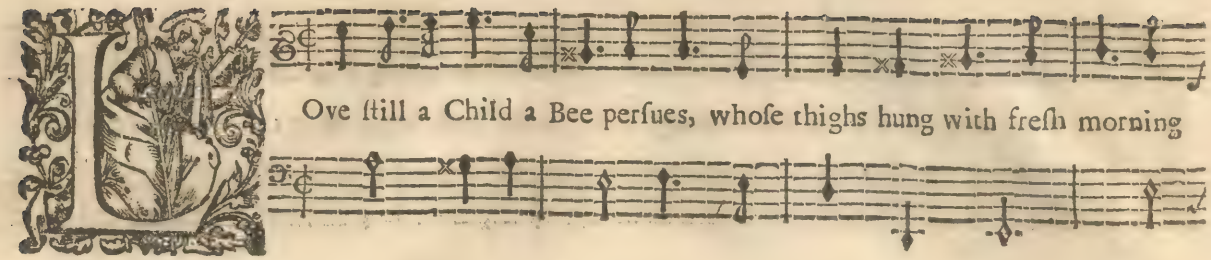
II.

Would you believe that there can rest
Deceit within that Breast,
Or that those Eyes
Which look like friends are onely spies:
But she's a Whore; yet sure I lie.
May not their be, degrees of Chastitie.

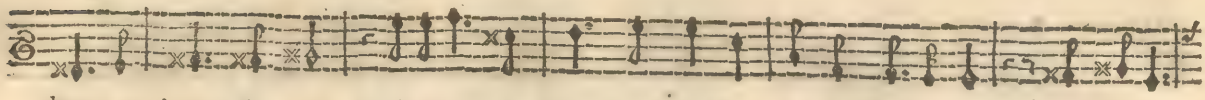
III.

No, no, what means that wanton smile,
But onely to beguile;
Thus did the first
Of Women make all men accurst;
I for their sakes give Women o're,
The first was false, the fairest was a Whore.

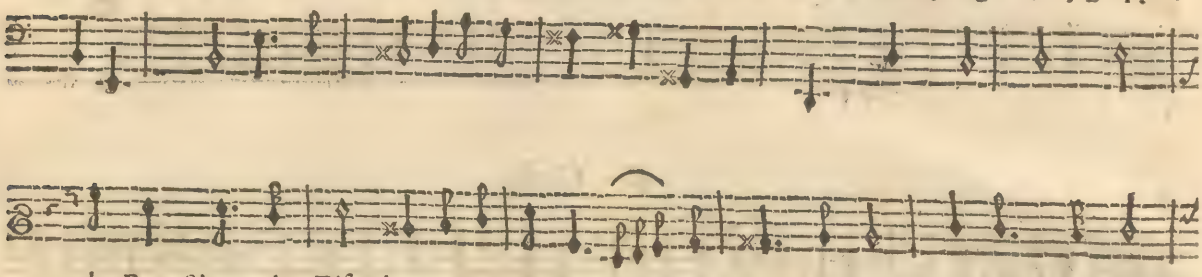
Loves Theft.



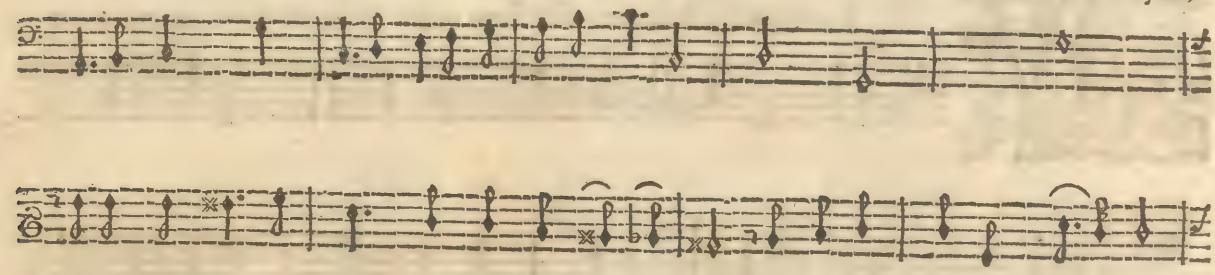
Ove ſtill a Child a Bee perſues, whoſe thighs hung with freſh morning



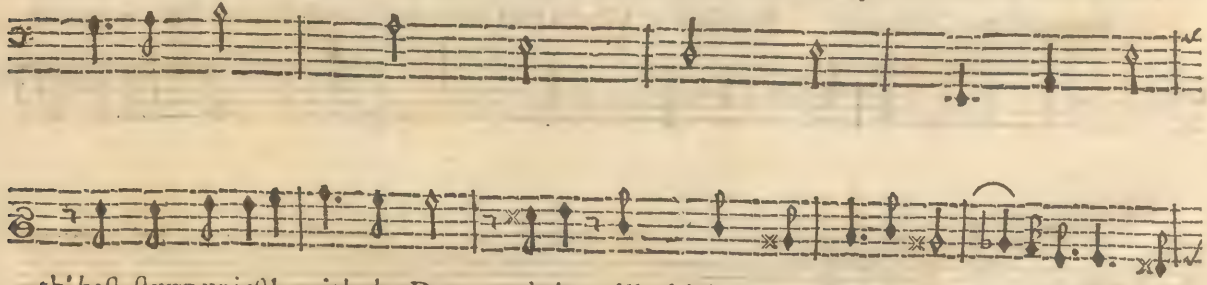
dews, perfumes the aire, and alures the Wag, to ſpoil him for his Honey bag; they grapple,



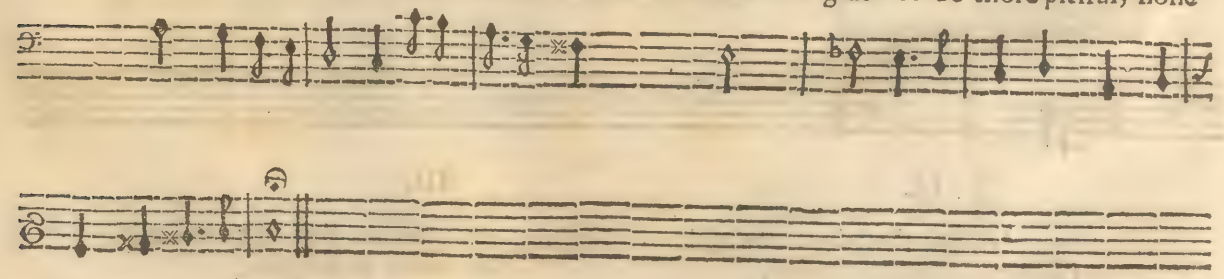
the Bee ſtings the Elfe, he to his Mother flies to moan himſelf: She ſmil'd and ſayes,



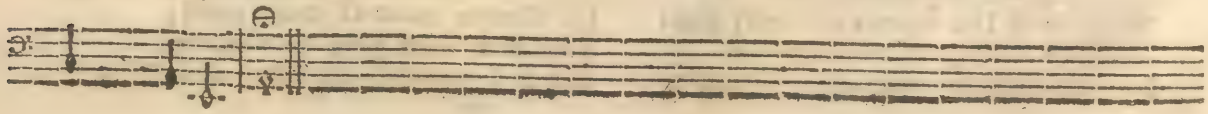
Do not complain my Child, but learn by thy juſt pain, how many a wretched Lovers heart



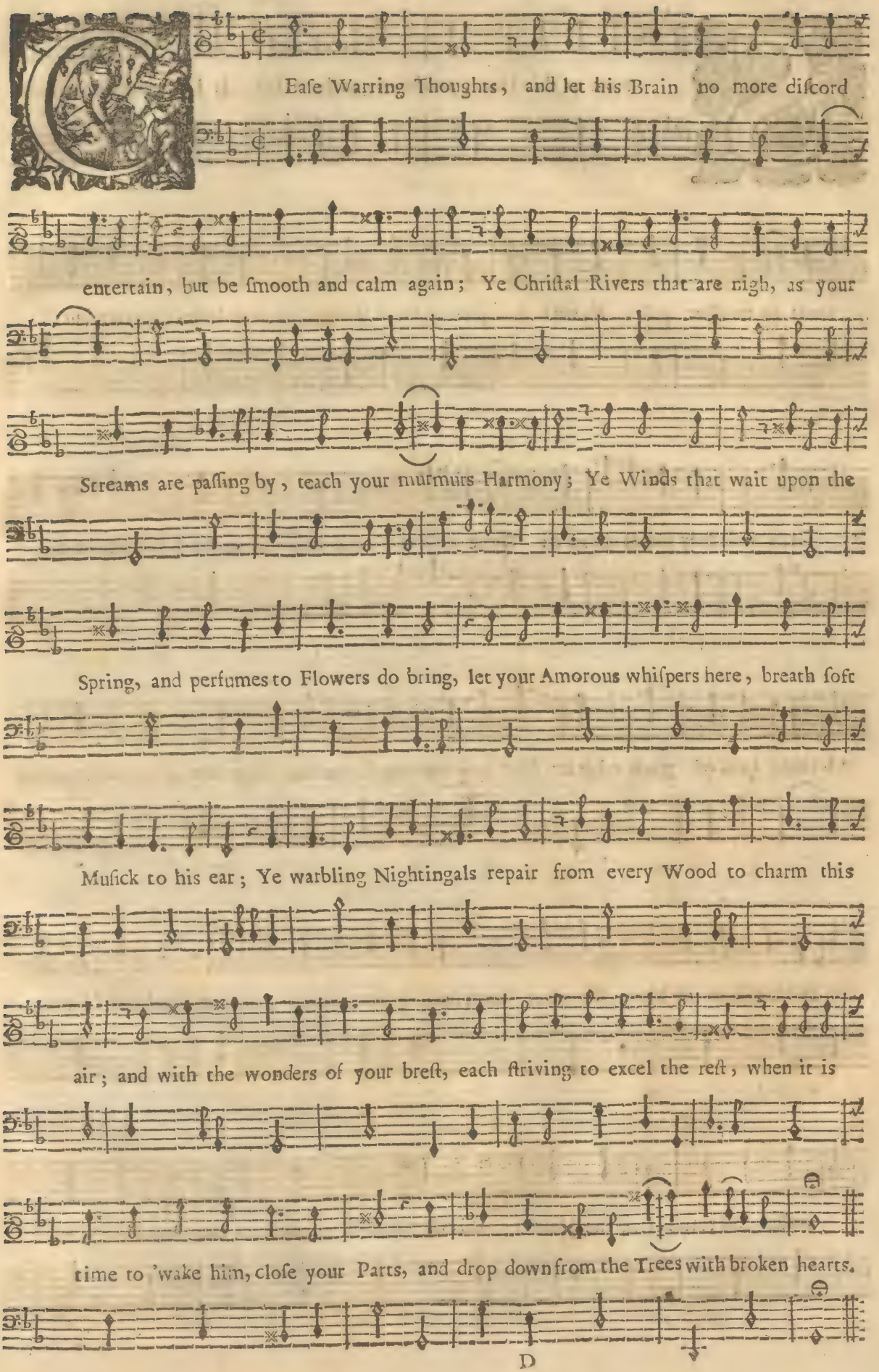
th' haſt ſtung unjuſtly with thy Dart; and that till th' haſt the grace to be more pitiful, none



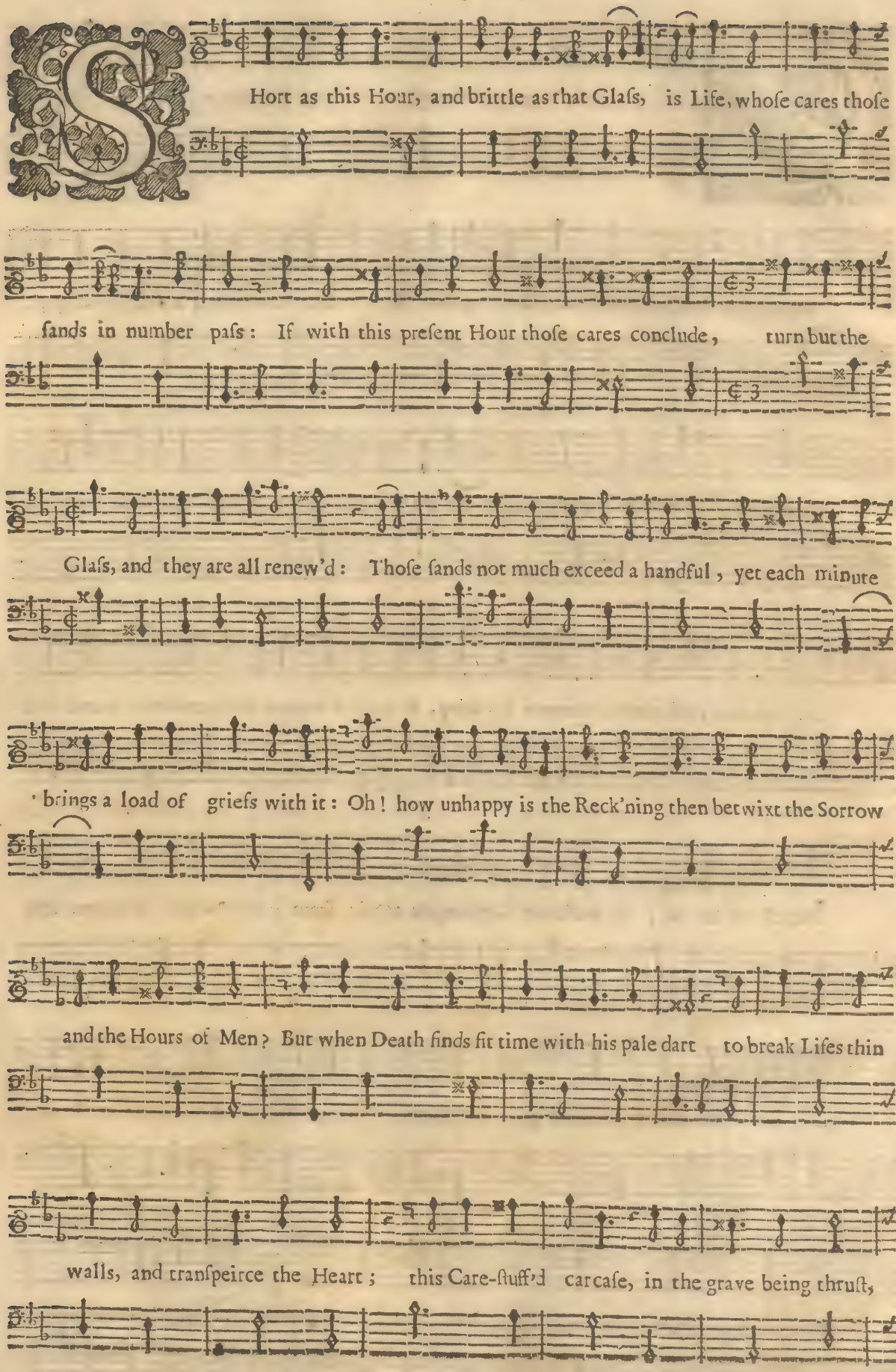
ought to pity thee.

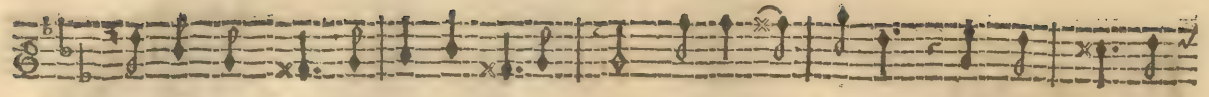


A Calme.

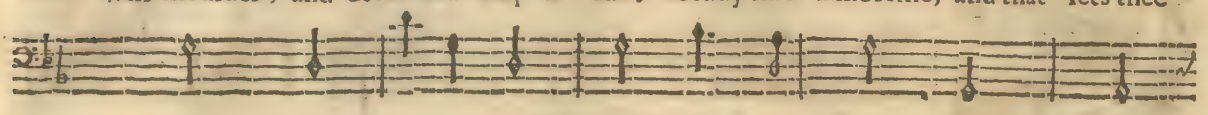

Ease Warring Thoughts, and let his Brain no more discord
entertain, but be smooth and calm again; Ye Christal Rivers that are nigh, as your
Streams are passing by, teach your murmurs Harmony; Ye Winds that wait upon the
Spring, and perfumes to Flowers do bring, let your Amorous whispers here, breath soft
Musick to his ear; Ye warbling Nightingals repair from every Wood to charm this
air; and with the wonders of your breast, each striving to excel the rest, when it is
time to 'wake him, close your Parts, and drop down from the Trees with broken hearts.

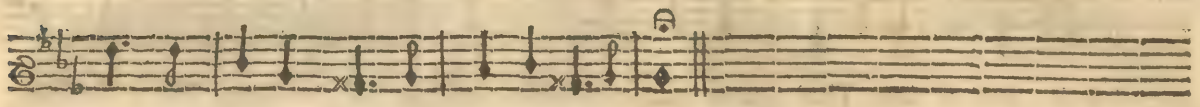
On Man's frailty.



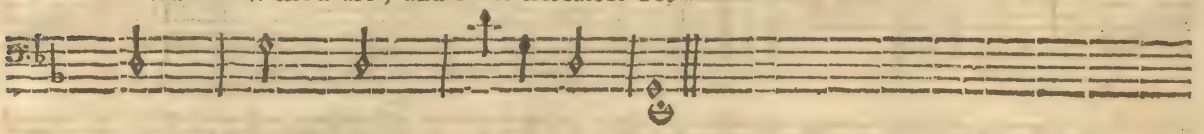


will moulder, and become a heap of duſt. Study this Embleme, and that lets thee



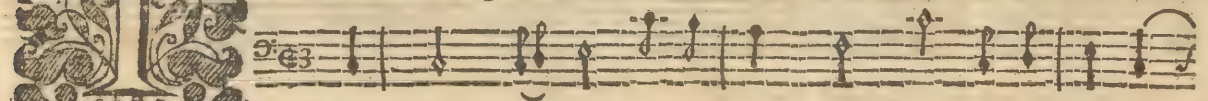


ſee what now thou art, and ſhalt hereafter be.

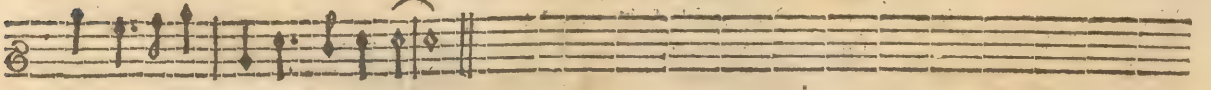


The Haymaker's *Song.*

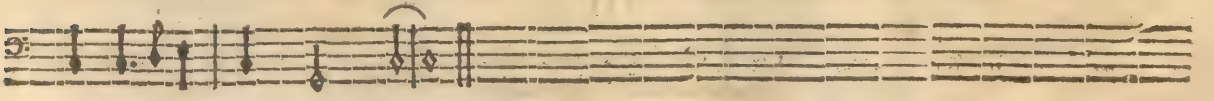
THe morning doth waſt, to the Medowes lets haſt, for the Sun doth



with glo--ry ſhine on them; the Maidens muſt Rake whileſt the Haycocks we make,



then merrily tumble upon them.



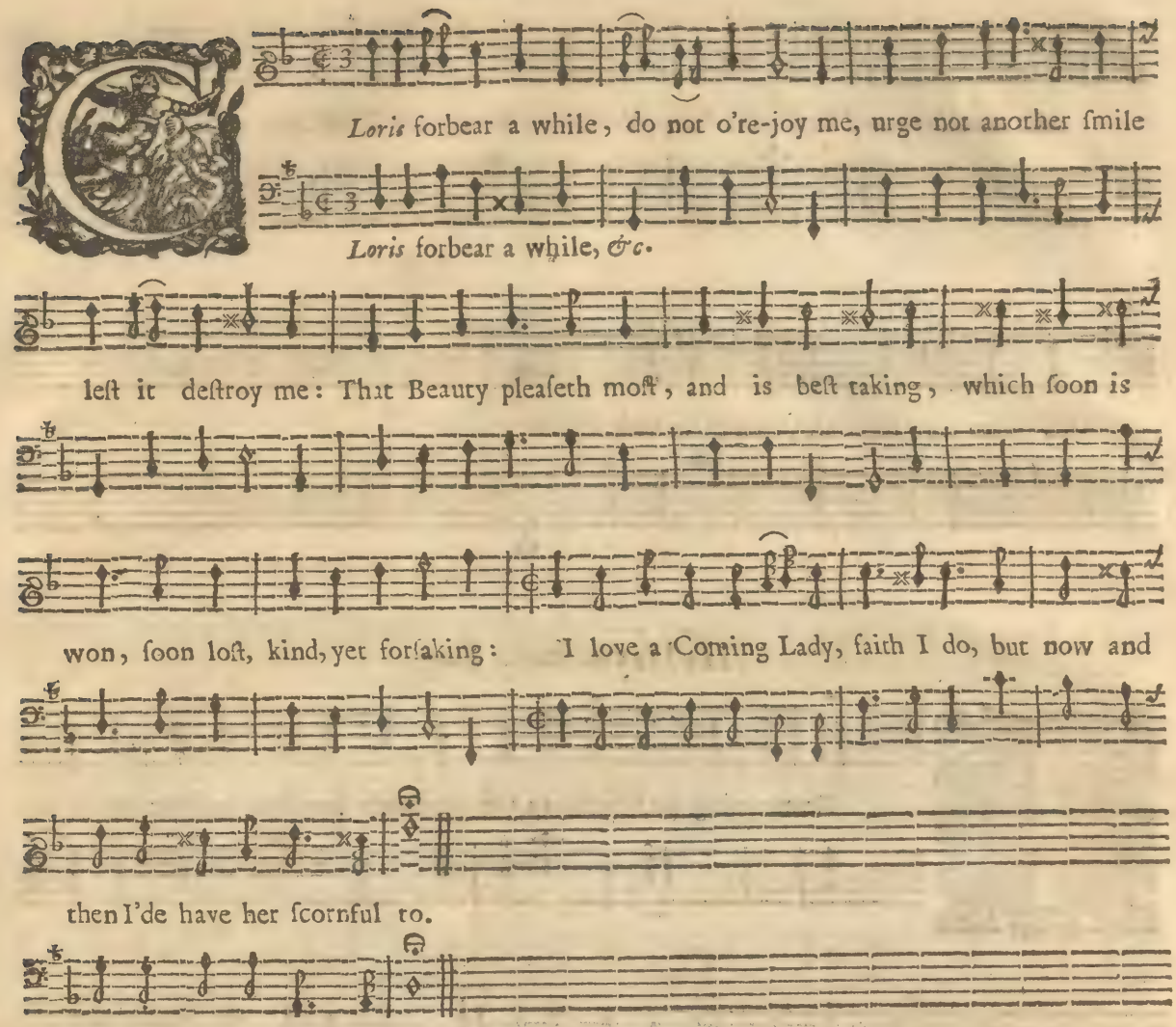
II.

The envy of Court
Ne'r aims at our ſport,
For we live both honeſt and meanly;
Their Ladies are Fine,
But to *Venus* encline,
And our Laſſes are harmleſs and cleanly.

III.

Then let us advance
Our ſelves in a dance,
And afterwards fall to our labour;
No meaſure ſo meet
Nor Muſick ſo ſweet,
To us as a Pipe and a Tabor.

Advice to Cloris.



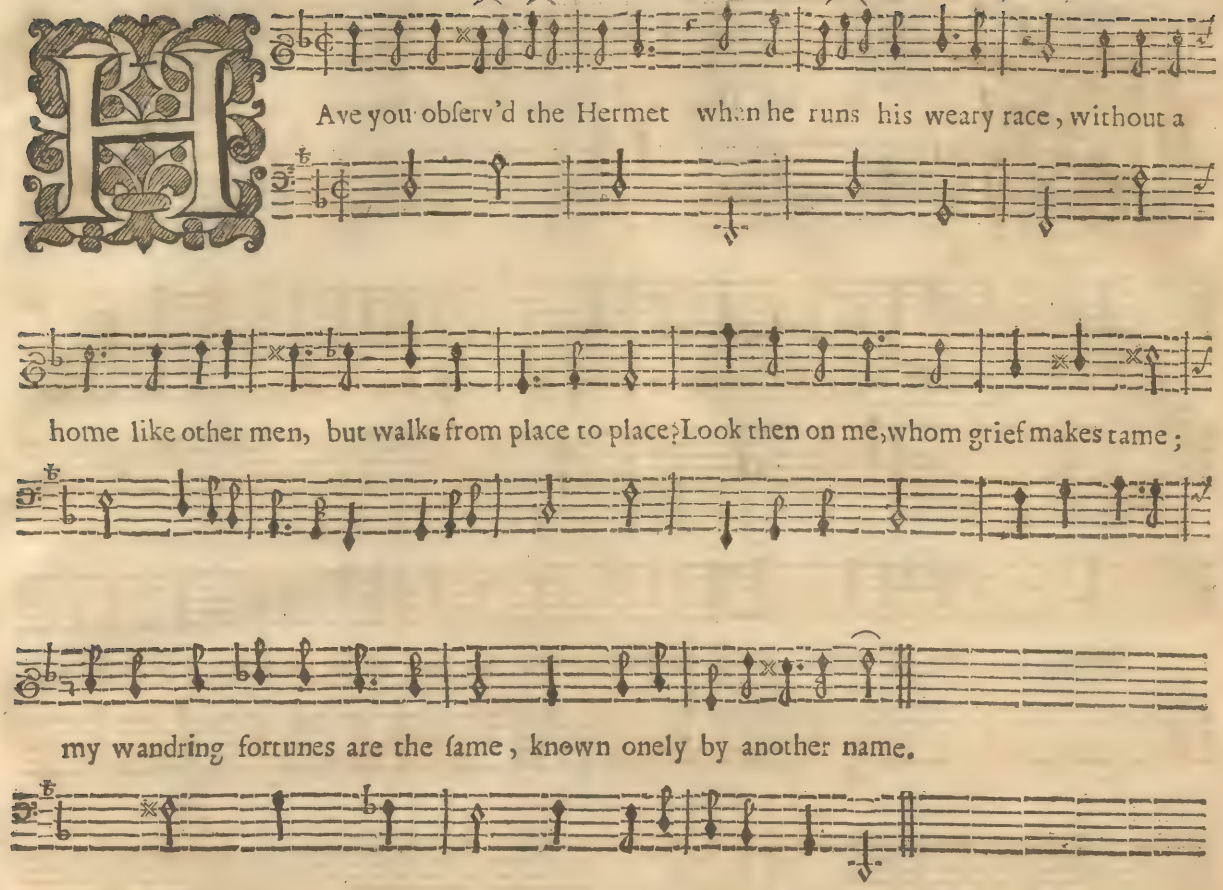
II.

O're-cloud thoſe Eyes of thine,
Boo-peep thy features,
Warm with an *April* ſhine,
Scorch not thy Creatures;
Still to diſplay thy ware,
Still to be fooling,
Argues how rude you are
In *Cupids* Schooling;
Diſdain begets a ſmile, ſcorn draws us nigh,
'Tis cauſe I would, and cannot, makes me try.

III.

Cloris I'de have thee wiſe
When Gallants view thee,
And Court do thou diſpiſe,
Fly thoſe purſue thee;
Faſts move an appetite,
Makes hunger greater;
Whoſe ſtinted of delight
Fals to't the better:
Be coy and kind by turns, be ſmooth and rough,
And buckle now and then, and that's enough.

The Exile.



II.

Or have you ſeen a helpleſs man,
Purſu'd from Town to Town;
Whoſe guilt from honeſty began,
And loyalty to th' Crown?
'Mongſt untrod Thorns have you bin lead,
Or ſeen a tumbl'd Sick-mans Bed?
Such places for ſuch faults I tred.

III.

Like him that is confin'd to be,
Cloſe Priſoner all his dayes;
Or cloy'd with too much libertie,
Or baniſh't ſundry wayes:
Although my patience ſcorns to grutch,
Yet my intemperate ſtate is ſuch
Plagu'd with too little, or too much.

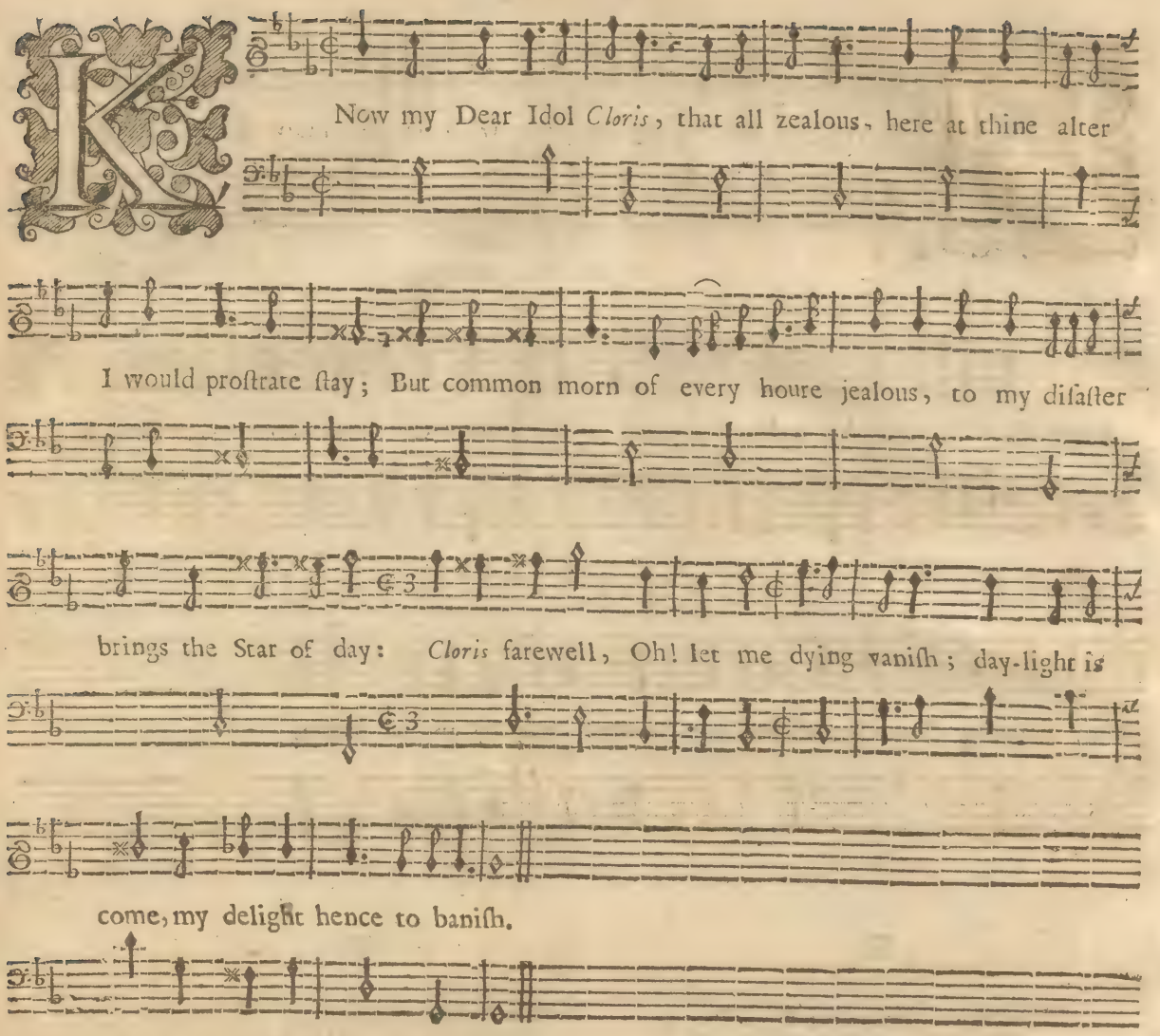
IV.

Have you beheld the ſick eſtate
Of ſeperated Doves?
So 'tis with mee, ſo with my Mate,
But crueller it proves:
Yet why ſo angry have I been,
Since in theſe latter dayes there's ſeen,
Such difference 'twixt the King and Queen.

V.

But ſince the Law alowes no Love,
And Tyranny ſo reigns,
We will implore the Powers above
To eaſe us of our pains:
Then let there be with one intent,
Petitions unto *Cupid* ſent;
Never to call a Parliament.

Loves Theft.



II.

Why with ſuch fi'ry ſpeed inceſſant driver,
Bring'ſt thou a light that obſcures Lovers Skyes,
Controul thy Race, keep back thy Beamie-Quiver,
What needs more day, then ſhoots from theſe fair Eyes.
Cloris farewell, *&c.*

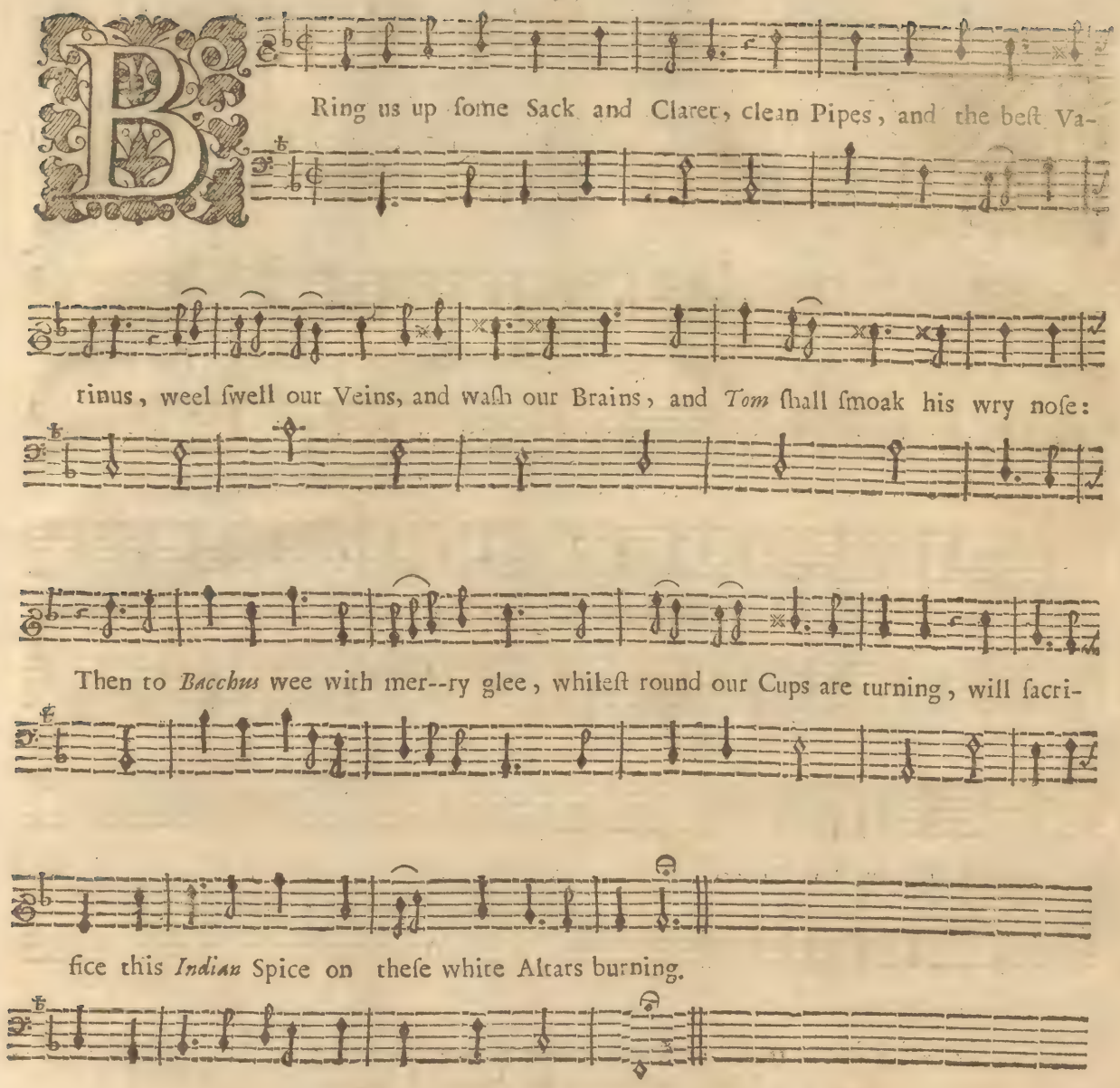
III.

Truſty Night that in favour of cloſe Lovers,
Friendly diſplayes thy ſecuring Veils,
Fright back pale Morn; tell her thy ſhady covers
Can light us back to Love's ſecret aſſails.
Cloris farewell, *&c.*

IV.

Can it be, ye gods, whom I importune,
That this dayes birth ſhould make Loves Morning dye?
And this firſt dawn of my yet tender fortune
Muſt it make wings, before fledg'd Night doth fly.
Cloris farewel, Oh! let me dying vaniſh,
Day-light is come, my delight hence to baniſh.

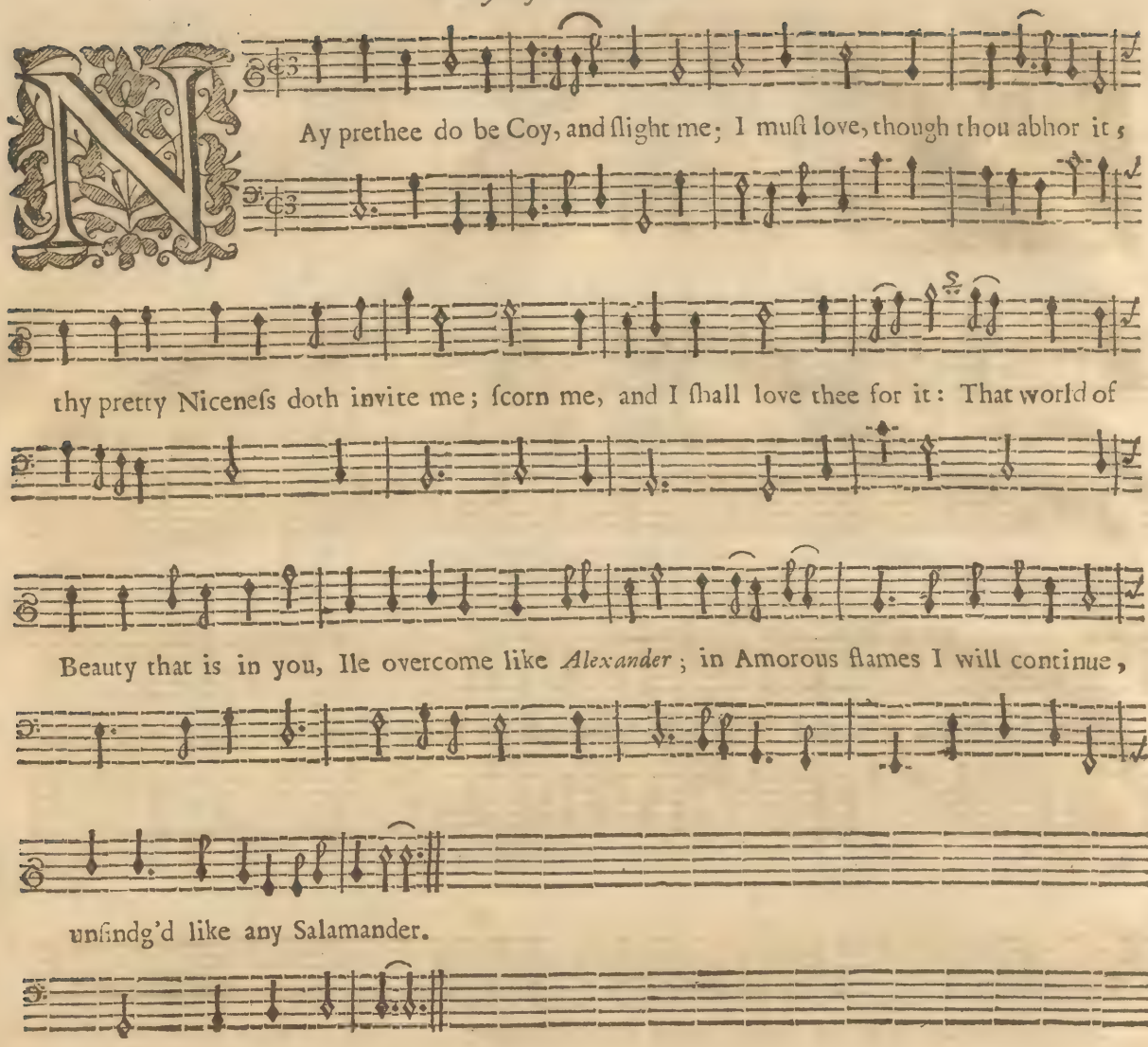
A Health to Bacchus.



II.

'Tis nought to Bleed to death Sir,
We'l therefore talk no treaſon;
But with this Proviſſion,
And Amunition,
Beat down the Fort of Reaſon:
Still will we drink,
Make our Arms cry clink,
Be free without Commanding;
Diſcharge the Can,
Till every man
Bid good-night too's Underſtanding.

Coyness in Love.



II.

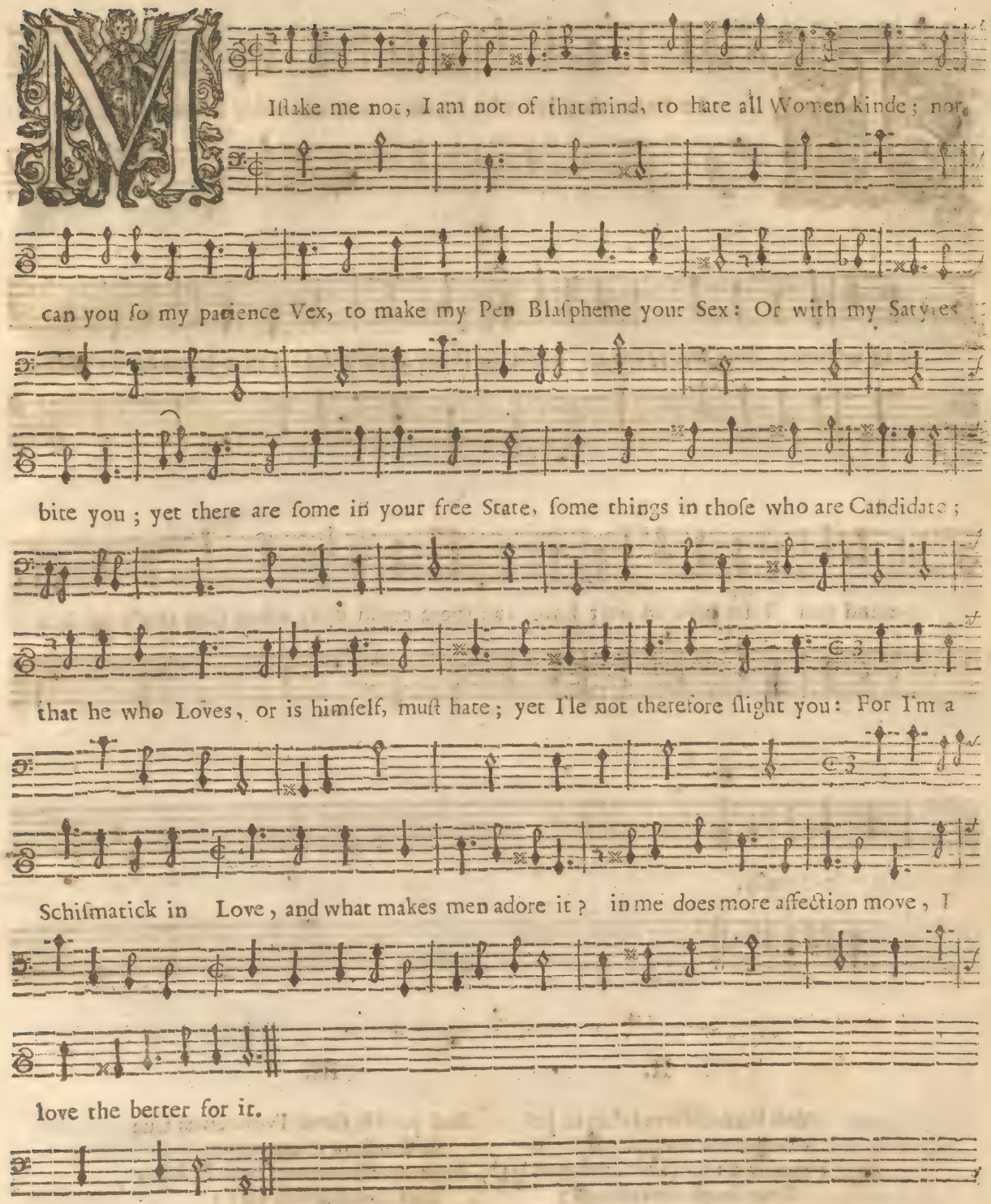
Do not be won too soon I prethee,
But let mee woe while thou do'st fly mee,
'Tis my delight to dally with thee,
I'le court thee still if thoul't deny mee;
I've fresh supplyes on all occasions
Of thoughts as various as your Face is;
No Directory for Evasions,
Nor will I woe by Common-places.

III.

My hearts with Antidotes provided,
Nor will I dye when you frown on mee;
I'm merry when I am derided,
Now laugh at mee, I think 'tis on mee:
'Tis fancy only makes your pleasures,
Nor have they being, but conceited;
And when we come to dig those treasures,
We see our selves, our selves have cheated.

Then if thour't minded to destroy me,
Love mee much, and love me ever;
I'le love the more, so thou may'st slay mee,
And I'm thy Martyr then or never.

A Schiſmatick *in Love.*



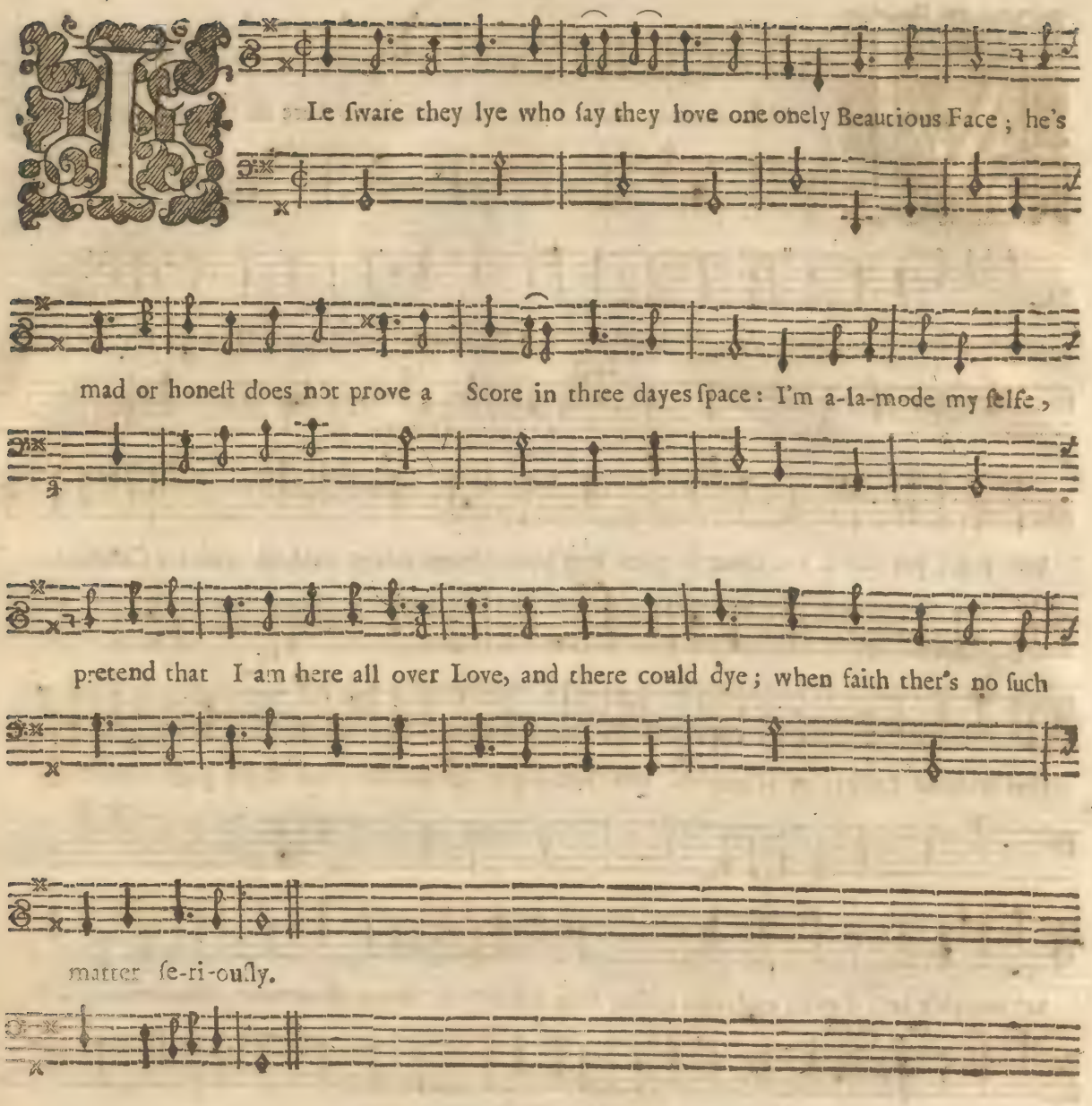
II.

I vow I am ſo far from loving none,
That I Love every one;
If Fair, or Neat, I muſt, if Brown ſhe be,
She's Lovely, and for ſympathie;
'Cauſe we're alike I love her:
If Tall, ſhe's Proper; and if Short,
She's humble, and I love her for't;
Small, Pretty; Fat is pleaſant; ev'ry Sort
Some gracefull good diſcover:
If Young, ſhe's plyant to the Sport,
And though her Viſage carry
Gray Hairs and wrinkles; yet I'le court,
And ſo turn Antiquary.

III.

Be her Hair Red, be her Lips Gray, or Blew,
Or any other hue;
Or has ſhe but the Ruins of a Noſe,
Or but Eye-ſockets, Ile Love thoſe;
Though Skales, not Skin doth cloath her;
Though from her Lungs, the Sent that comes
Does Rout her Teeth; out of her Gums
Ile count all thoſe for high Encomiums,
Nor will I therefore loath her;
There are no Rules for Beauty, but
'Tis as Fancy makes it,
Be you but kind, I'le ſay you're Fair,
And all for truth ſhall take it.

Love pretended.



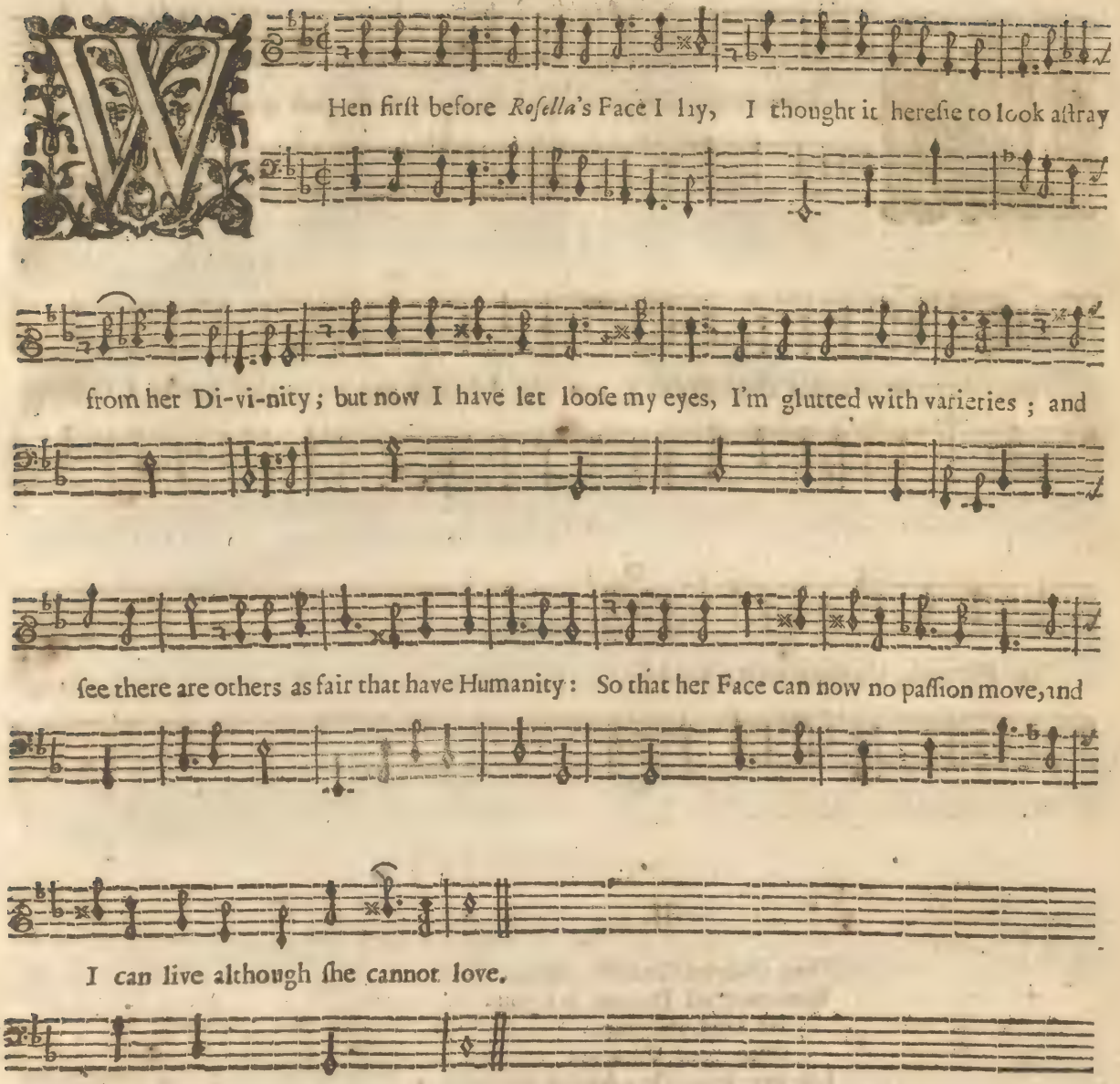
II.

Moſt Earneſt Love is but in Jeſt,
Ladies are cheated all ;
I've now a Thouſand Girdles at leaſt,
That do me Servant call ;
I've courted them alike , have vow'd and ſworn
My flames of Love for all did burn ;
But moſt for her , who beſt will ſerve my turn.

III.

And yet I'le ſwear I've been as true,
As Conſtant every way ;
As thoſe who colour for't in blew
And *Cupids* priſes play ;
Shew me the Lad who beſt Love feats can do,
I'le do as much as him, perhaps more too ;
Yet never Lov'd above an hour or two.

Love convinc'd.


Hen first before *Rosella*'s Face I lay, I thought it heresie to look astray
from her Di-vi-nity; but now I have let loose my eyes, I'm glutted with varieties; and
see there are others as fair that have Humanity: So that her Face can now no passion move, and
I can live although she cannot love.

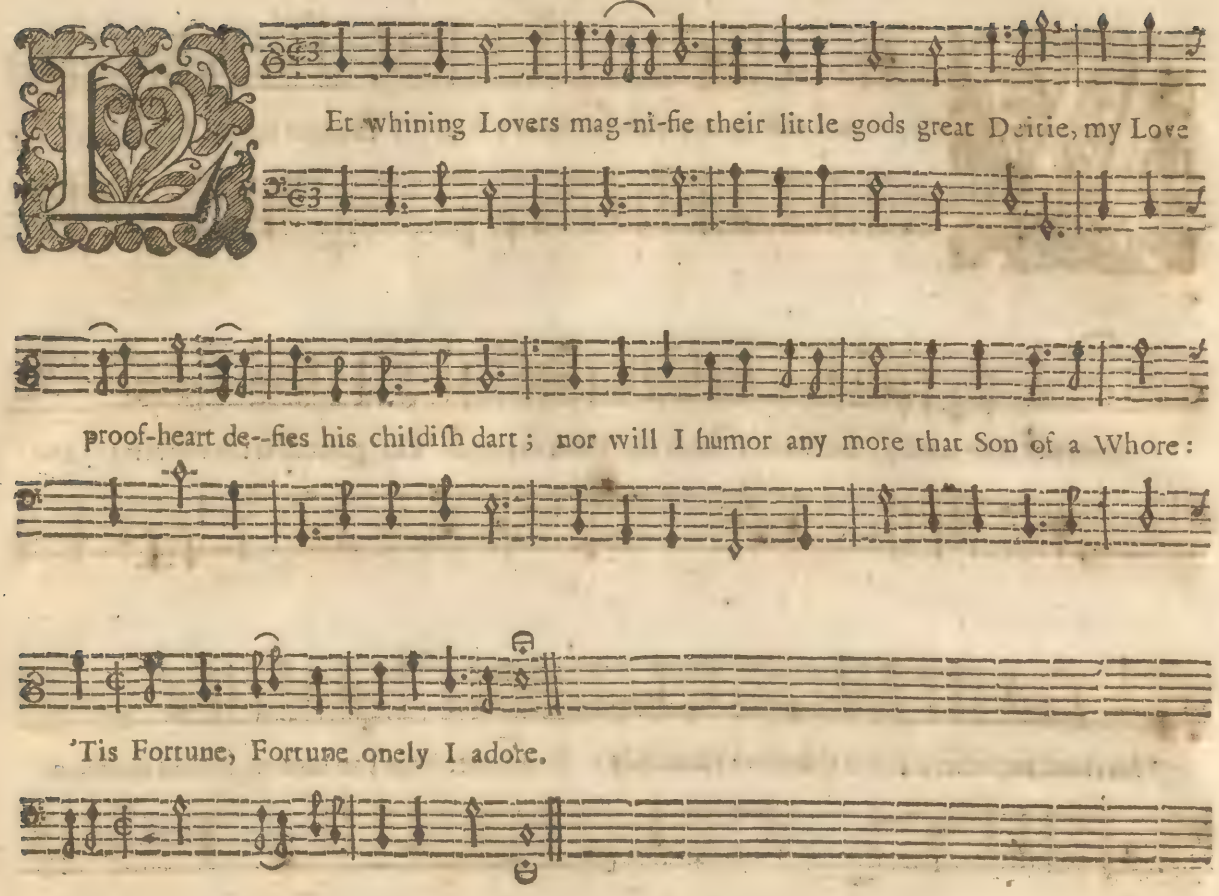
II.

That every Charter which hath given her power
To look upon two Servants in an hour
Doth grant the same to me;
Nature did many Beauties make,
That men may at their pleasure take
And he that's wise
Will take his choice
In her whole Nurseire;
As Women have the Freedome, so have we,
For *Cupid* hath his Equitie.

III.

Had I gaz'd on him still as heretofore,
And made a Conscience of Courting more,
How had I play'd the Sot,
I might have done as others do,
Received her Scorns and thank you too;
But now I see,
There are that be
Wretched, and know it not:
He that confines himself when he is Free,
Builds his own Jaol, and buyes his slavery.

Fortune Adored.



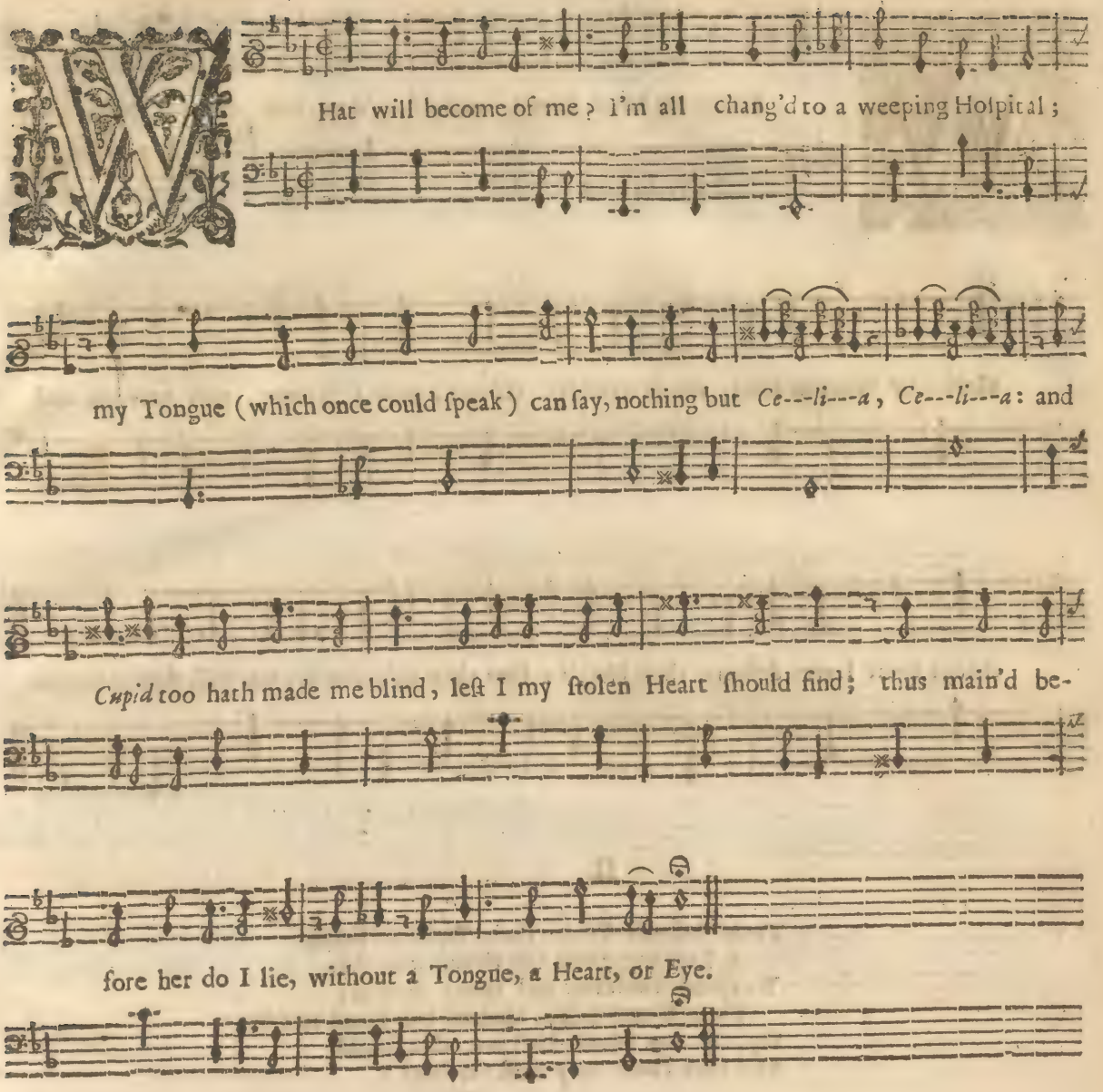
II.

Then (Sacred Godesse) since I do,
Renounce all Deities for you,
Be kind and free,
Unto your Votarie;
Let my condition happy prove,
And so much above
Men's pity, that it may their envy move.

III.

Or if I am decreed to be,
An Object of your Tyranie;
Let me not know,
What 'tis to Ebb and Flow:
Make me no more your Tennis-Ball,
But take away all,
That I may hope to rise, not fear to fall

Loves Passion.



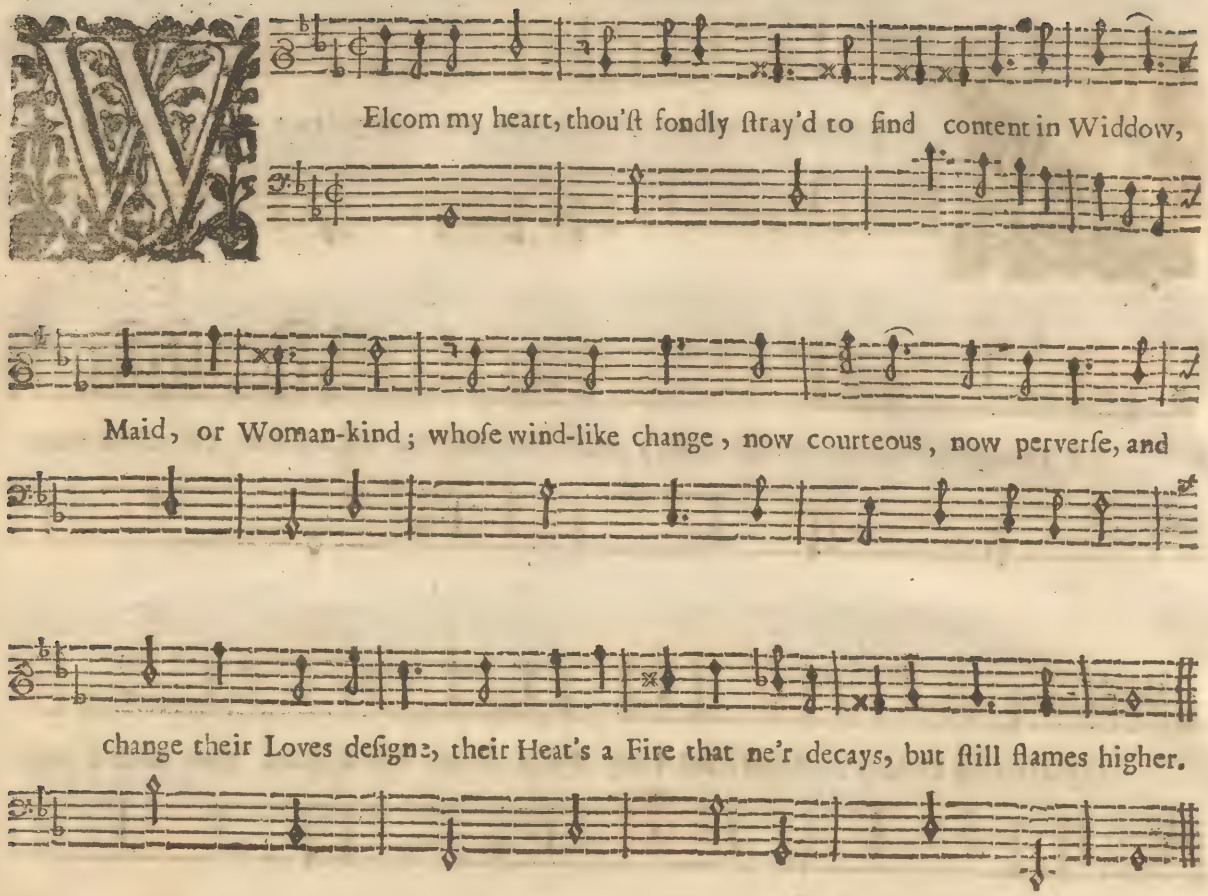
II.

But see the Miracle, She's kind,
And doth my fettered Tongue unbind;
The Sun-shine of her Smile doth quite
Dispell the Meteors in my Sight;
And in an instant I recover
Heart enough to serve a Lover:
Thus when She list, She can recall
My Tongue, my Eyes, my Heart and all.

III.

Then (Dearest *Celia*) let me pay
Rent-kisses to thee every day;
They are Loves Peppercorns, and shew
I'm Tenant of my self to you;
Your Favour only must confirm
My Title, and enlarge my Term:
'Twill me a vast Subsistance give,
And you the Honour that I live.

Love Enlightned.



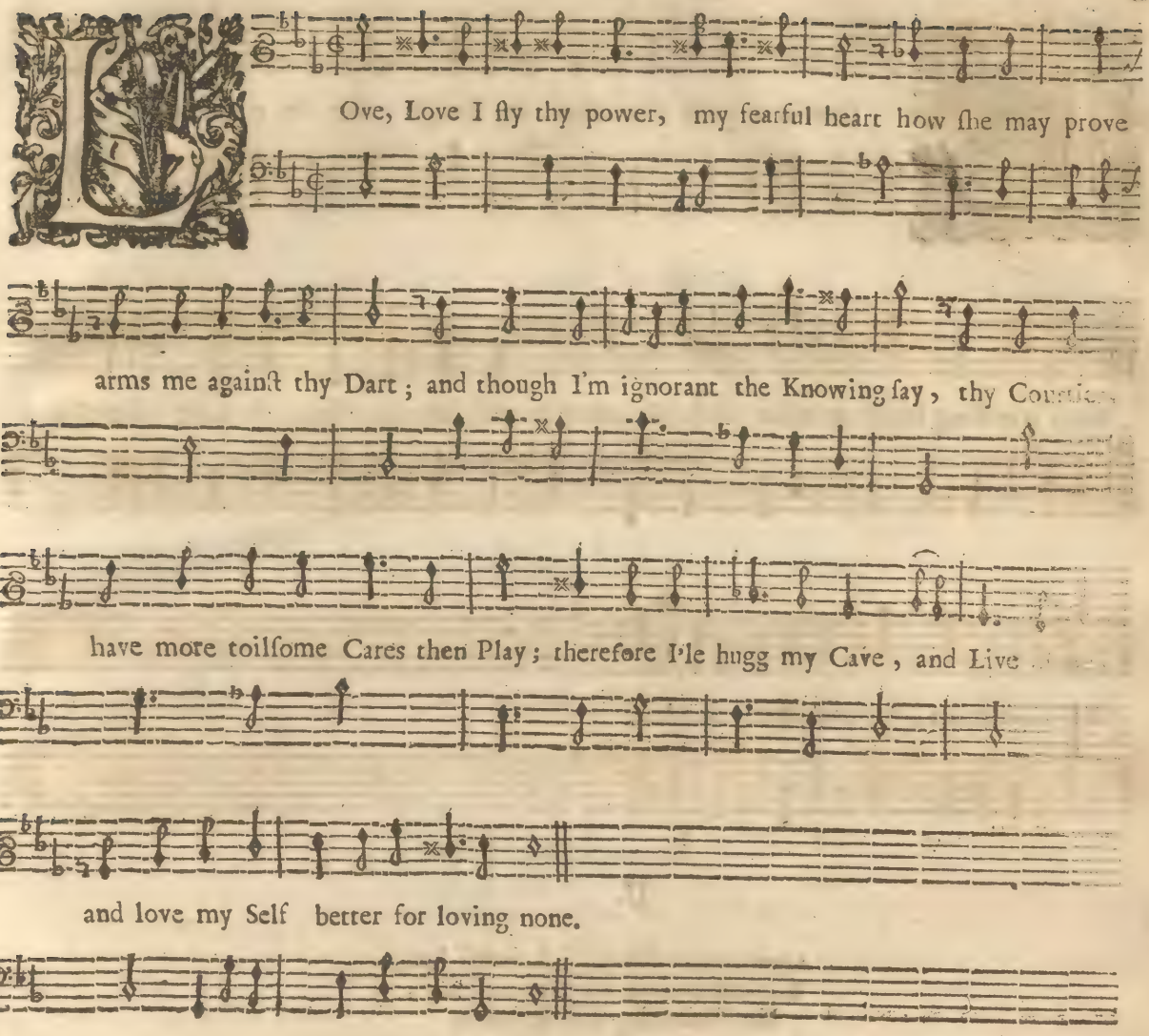
II.

Their Buſineſs Pride, their Beauties ſhape
A Looking-glaſſe for th'amorous Ape
To ſpend himſelfe, and Hours therein;
Their Court-ſhips, Garbes, but Fraud and Sin:
Say, ſay my Heart, Haſt not this found,
And that there very Kiſſes wound?

III.

Yes, yes, my Breſt thence (taught) I fly
Back from that Syrian Company;
Who not lov'd, hate; if lov'd, deſpiſe;
If had, inſult and tyranize:
Therefore I add, Bleſt is his Lot,
That will not know, and loves them not.

Love decyphered.



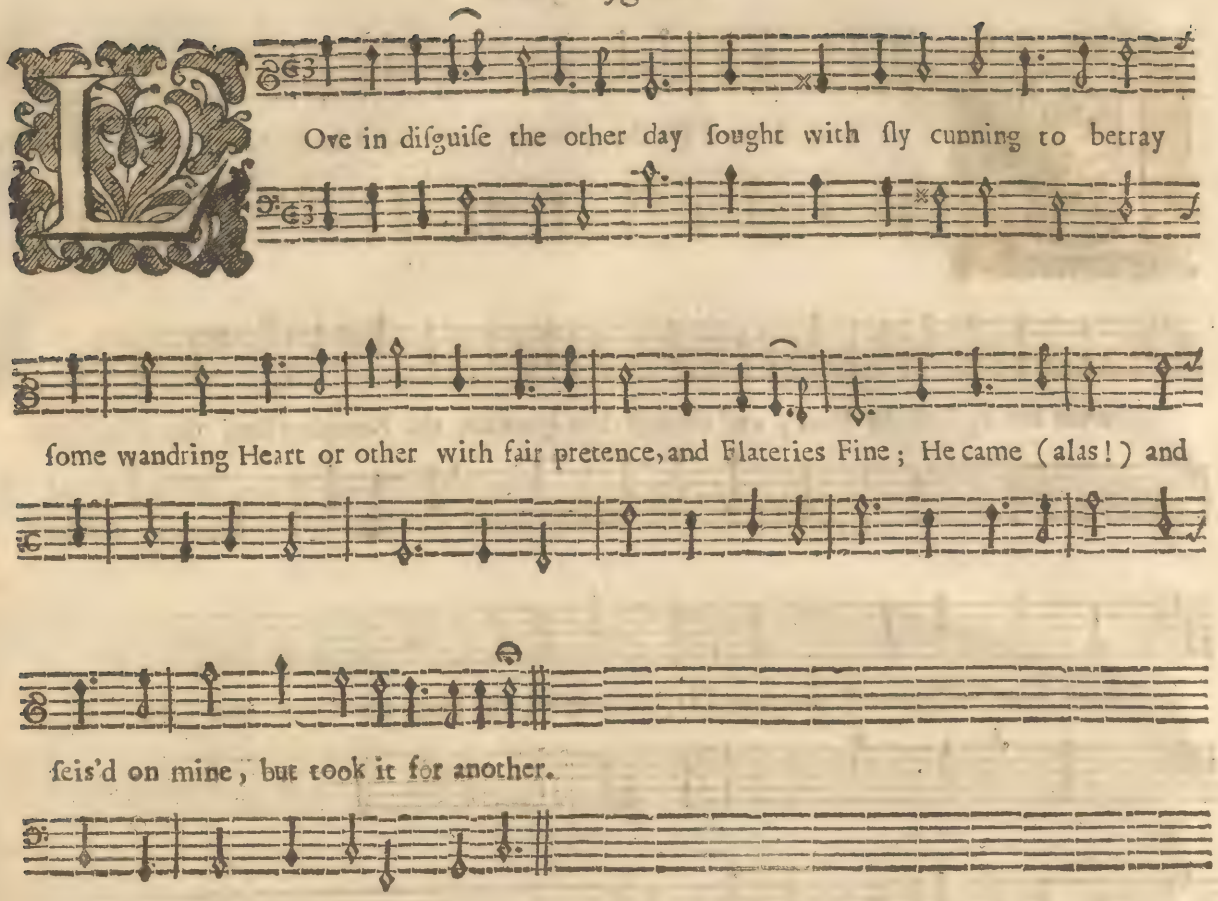
II.

For what is Love, but th'Brat of fond Conceit,
Buſineſſe, of Idleneſs a very Cheat?
They pay's our dream'd Eliziums, minutes Joys,
With years of perverſs Humours, Fear a noyes:
Then welcome Cave, where Prayers and Tears ſhall prove
My active Buſineſſe for Celeſtial Love.

III.

Here calmly penſive pious Thoughts ſhall be
With my good Angell, my choice Companie
And Contemplation of thoſe Joys above,
As the ſame fire ſhall dead the flames of Love;
The Spring my Drink, the Hearbs my Meat, this Cave
Shall be my Priſon, Pallace, Church and Grave.

Love disguis'd.



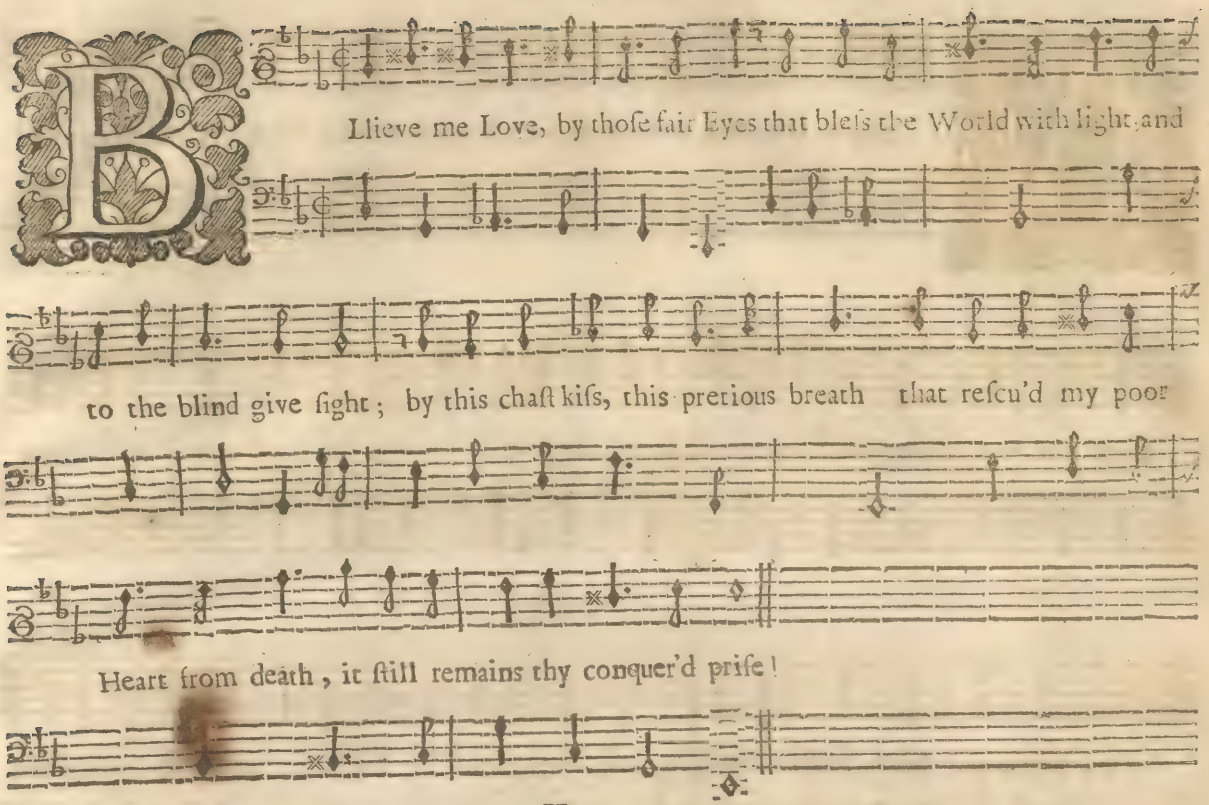
II.

Now in his Chains I fettered lye,
But cannot tell for what, or why;
No Plaintiffe will declare;
Imprisonment I must imbrace
For doting on some killing Face
That will not now appear.

III.

Clorinda too, soon as She heard
That I was Tain, had no regard,
But cast her Frowns to grieve me;
To satisfie her cold Disdain,
She lets me still live in my pain,
And will no more releive me.

Constancy.



II.

By Vertues self, Enthron'd in thee,
For other Beauties were
But th' Figure of what's Rare;
No thoughts of change disturb my rest,
Whose heats consume, not warm the brest,
There's no content like constancie!

III.

Yet should'st thou not continue mine
As firm as when I first
Love in my bosome Nurst;
I would the Bastard banish thence,
Though yet the Child of Innocence,
And prove him humane, not divine,

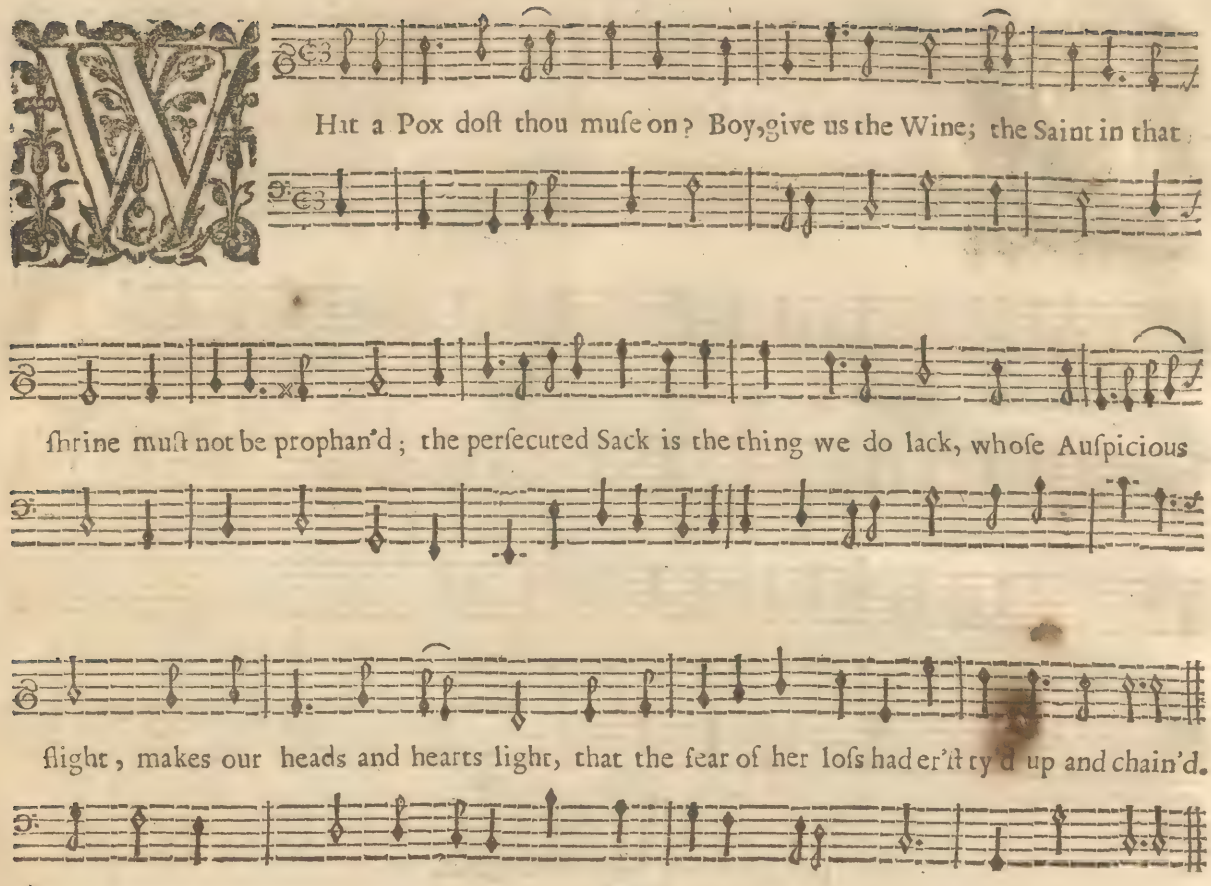
IV.

Did not thy fires preserve my flame,
It should dispersing fly,
Like sparks at every eye
With wanton liberty should range,
And every minute covet change,
Till it disolv'd Loves holy frame

V.

Then till thy fancy change thy minde,
If I without offence
May doubt such Innocence?
My love shall be so purely free,
From loose thoughts of disloyaltie;
It shall teach Turtles to be kind.

The Cheat.



II.

Not a Relique of her but we ought to adore,
And prize it before
Thoſe Tell-tales of Time;
True, *Ellen* and *Lucy*
Were Saints, but not Jucy;
And *Winifreds Well*
Bears no ſound of a Spell;
If it had, ſome had written her Acts more ſublime.

III.

Know the Time will come, Sirrah, as it was of yore,
A Dram and no more
Muſt ſerve ſuch a Clown;
Let's then her welcome ring-Boys;
Whoſe flight makes us ſing Boys,
Whoſe Patience is ſuch
She doth not care how much
We of her do conſume, be but true to the Crown.

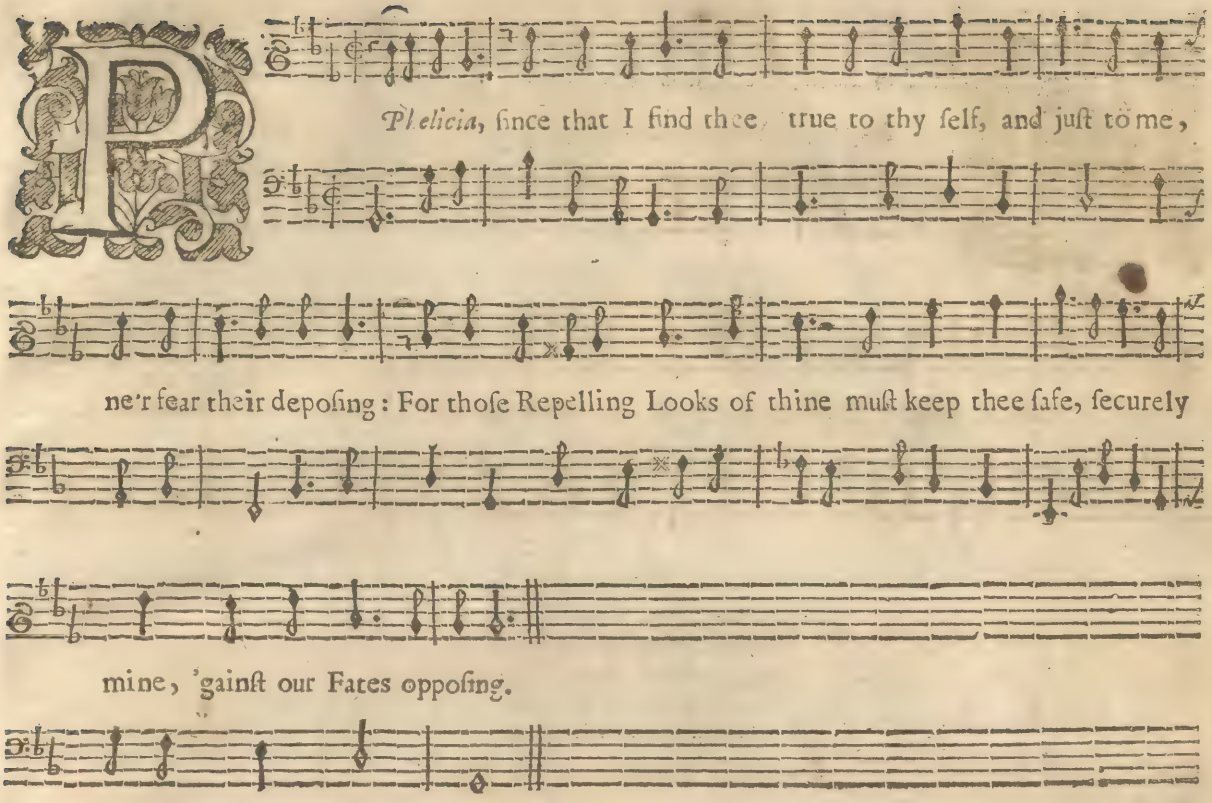
IV.

'Tis the flavour of this makes the Miter to ſtand,
The Crown to comand,
The Mare-maid to ſing;
Makes the Motes in the Sun
Like to Ganimeds run;
The Fleece-Coats with Gold,
And the Seaven Stars uphold,
'Tis her Influence makes the Twelve Houſes to ring.

V.

Then drink, fall, and adore her, 'tis fit we ſhoul be
More humble then ſhe
Hath travel'd for us;
Let's the Convoy then bleſs,
And the Merchant no leſs,
To'th Vintner a Health
Who from them got by Stealth
This Jem, with intenſion to barter with us.

To Phelicia.



II.

No matter though thy Votaries
Complain how thou dost tyranize,
And do resolve to storm
Thy Beauties Citadell; Be wise,
Thou art beyond their subtilties
Thus circled in my arme.

III.

Should they with factious force rebell,
Their faith and loyalties (too) sell;
'Tis what we must expect;
For when at first they did pretend
A duty, 'twas for their own end,
And treachery in effect.

IV.

So such as have desire of power
Think other goverment too sower,
And preach up libertie;
Till they into the stirrup get,
And mounted are by others wit
It'h place they did desie.

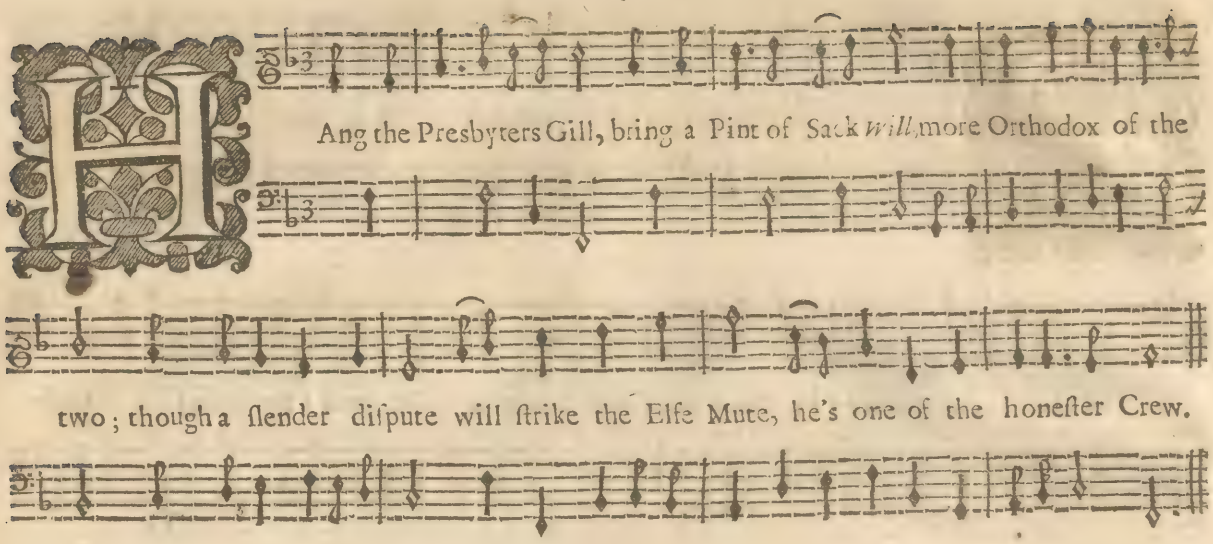
V.

Nay, though they swear they'l make thee far
More glorious then the Eastern Star,
Know, such as swear will lye;
And 't hath been prov'd in tricks of State
When they have got as they would ha't,
Now have at all, they cry.

VI

Then dearest, in thine own hands keep
That power that will preserve thy sleep
Against conspiracie,
Let thy majestick frowns repell
All trecherous hearts that would rebell,
But keep thy smiles for me.

The Presbyters *Gill.*



II.

In a Pint there's ſmall heart;
Sirrah, bring us a Quart;
Their's ſubſtance and vigour met,
'Twill hold us in Play
Some part of the Day,
But wee'l ſink him before Sun-ſet.

III.

The daring old Pottle
Does now bid us Battaile,
Let's try what his ſtrength can do;
Keep your Ranks, and your Files,
And for all his Wiles
Wee'l tumble him down Stairs too.

IV.

The Stout Breſted Lumbard
His Brains ne'r incumbred
With drinking of Gallons three,
Trycongius was named,
And by *Cæſar* Famed,
Who dubbed him Knight Cap-a-pe.

V.

If then Honour be in't,
Why a Pox ſhould we ſtint
Our ſelves of the fulneſs it bears?
H'has leſs Wit than an Ape
In the Bloud of the Grape
Will not plunge himſelf o're Head and Ears

VI.

Then Summon the Gallon,
A ſtout Foe, and a Tall one,
And likely to hold us to't;
Keep but Coyn in your Purſe,
The word is Disburſe,
I'le warrant he'l ſleep at your foot.

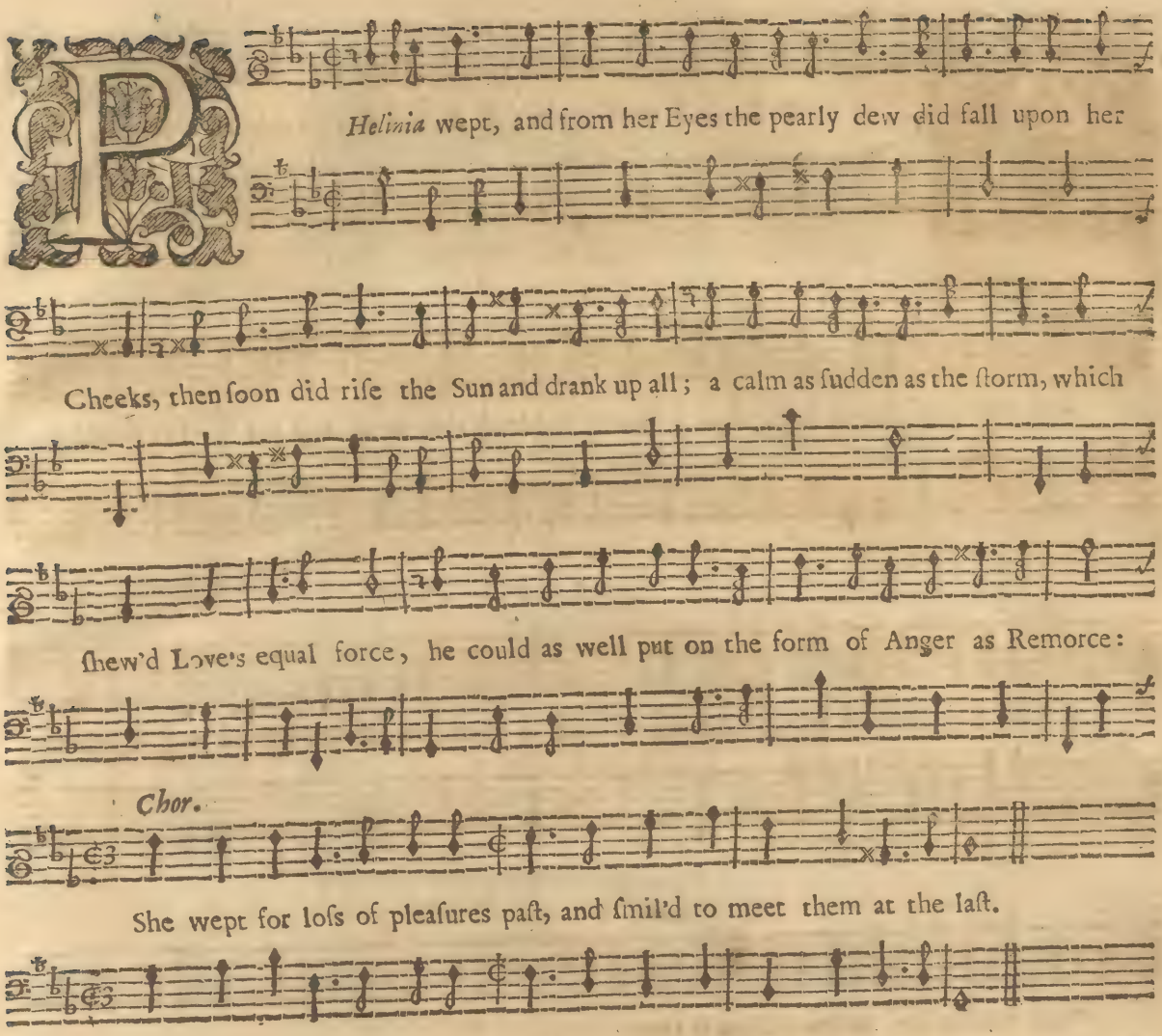
VII.

See the bold foe appears,
May he fall that him fears,
Keep you but cloſe order and then,
Wee will give him the Rout
Be he never ſo ſtout,
And prepare for his Railying Agen.

VIII.

Let's drain the whole Cellar,
Pipes, Buts, and the Dweller,
If the Wine flotes not the faſter;
Will, when thou do'ſt ſlack us
By Warrant from *Bacchus*
Wee will Cane thy Tun-belly'd Maſter.

Loves Power.



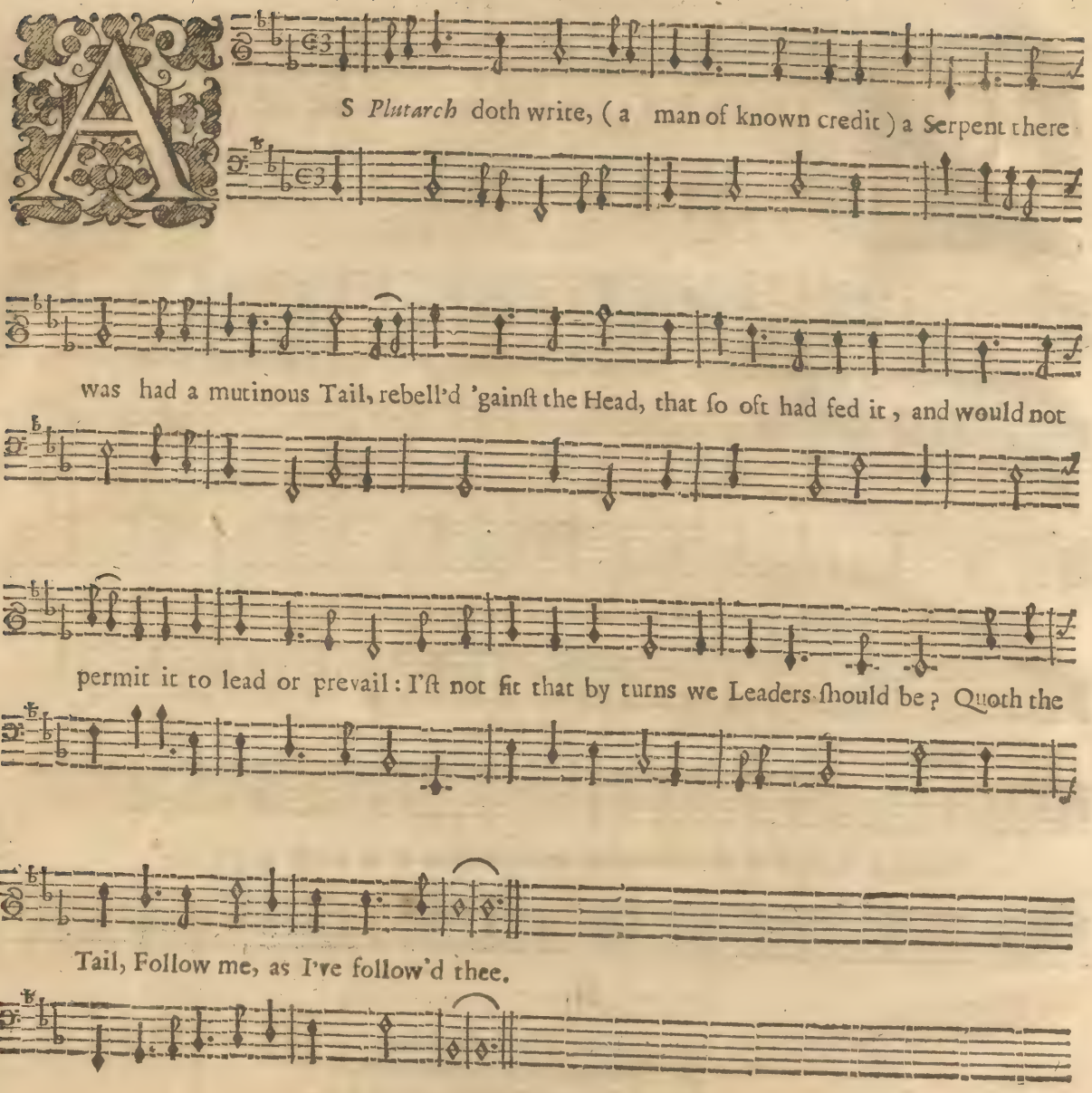
II.

Love so inspir'd her every part,
That shee could Spirits raise;
And lay them with more ease and Art,
Then Boys crack Nuts at Plays:
With various Sceans of fresh delight
We spent a Summers-day,
Thou art my Son, in spight of Night,
Whil'st thou art up I'le stay:
Chor.--- But th' fancy I could not maintain,
And then she falls to whine again.

III.

Oh fye, quoth she, can Love grow cold
In Thee, who's All-desire?
Or yet his Mother (never old)
In me want sprightly fire?
How can'st thou then so soon forsake
The Sweetness of my Love?
The Bare was straight brought to the stake,
But baited like a Dove.
Chor.--- With that she smil'd, and cry'd (my heart)
I wish that we may never part.

The Allegory.



II.

Now the Body being grown too strong for the Head,
Quoth the Head, Since it must be, then let it be so;
'Tis for quietness sake I yield to be lead,
Though I fear that from hence some danger will grow:
A thing so unnatural never was read,
As the Head to turn Tail, and the Tail to turn Head.

III.

The Tail takes precedence as blindly leads on,
As deaf to the Reason the Head had it given;
It blusters along, and ne'r thinks upon
The straights thorough which, th' poor Head had been driven:
At last by an accident a Scean of woe,
The Head was destroy'd and the Tail perish'd too.

IV.

A Monſter like this, but of ſtranger conditions,
Ingender'd there was in the year Thirty nine;
Rebell'd 'gainſt the Head, but with fawning Petitions;
To have it its right and its power to reſigne:
This Monſter, the truth on't to ſpeak, was begot
'Twixt a Mungrel Parſon, and that Witch the *Scot*.

V.

So large and ſo mighty this Tail grew in length,
That where ſo e'r it came, it ſwept all before it;
There was no reſiſting ſo powerful a ſtrength,
The Head at the laſt was forc'd to implore it:
All our Caſtles and Towns this Tail did ſubdue,
A ſad tale to tell, but believe me 'tis true.

VI.

Above ſeven years conflict this Head did indure
With that monſterous Tail, and the ſpawn it begot;
In which time ſcarce any mans life was ſecure,
Their Goods and their Cattle went all to the pot:
At laſt came a Champion with an Iron Flail,
And ended the ſtrife 'twixt the Head and the Tail.

VII.

The Head being departed, the Body began
To conſult with the Tail what beſt was to do;
Saint *George* (quoth the Body) 'tis ſaid was a man,
But what can this thing be that's called Saint *O*:
Why? he (quoth the Tail) was one of our rout,
And 'tis wondrous ſtrange, he ſhould turn Tail about!

VIII.

But while they thus argu'd, in ruſh'd brave Saint *O*,
With courage more keen, then the ſword that he wore;
Quoth he, You are vile things, not fit here to grow,
Such Fins in this place were ne'r known heretofore:
The blood and the fat of the Country doth feed you,
And high time it is I gueſs now to bleed you.

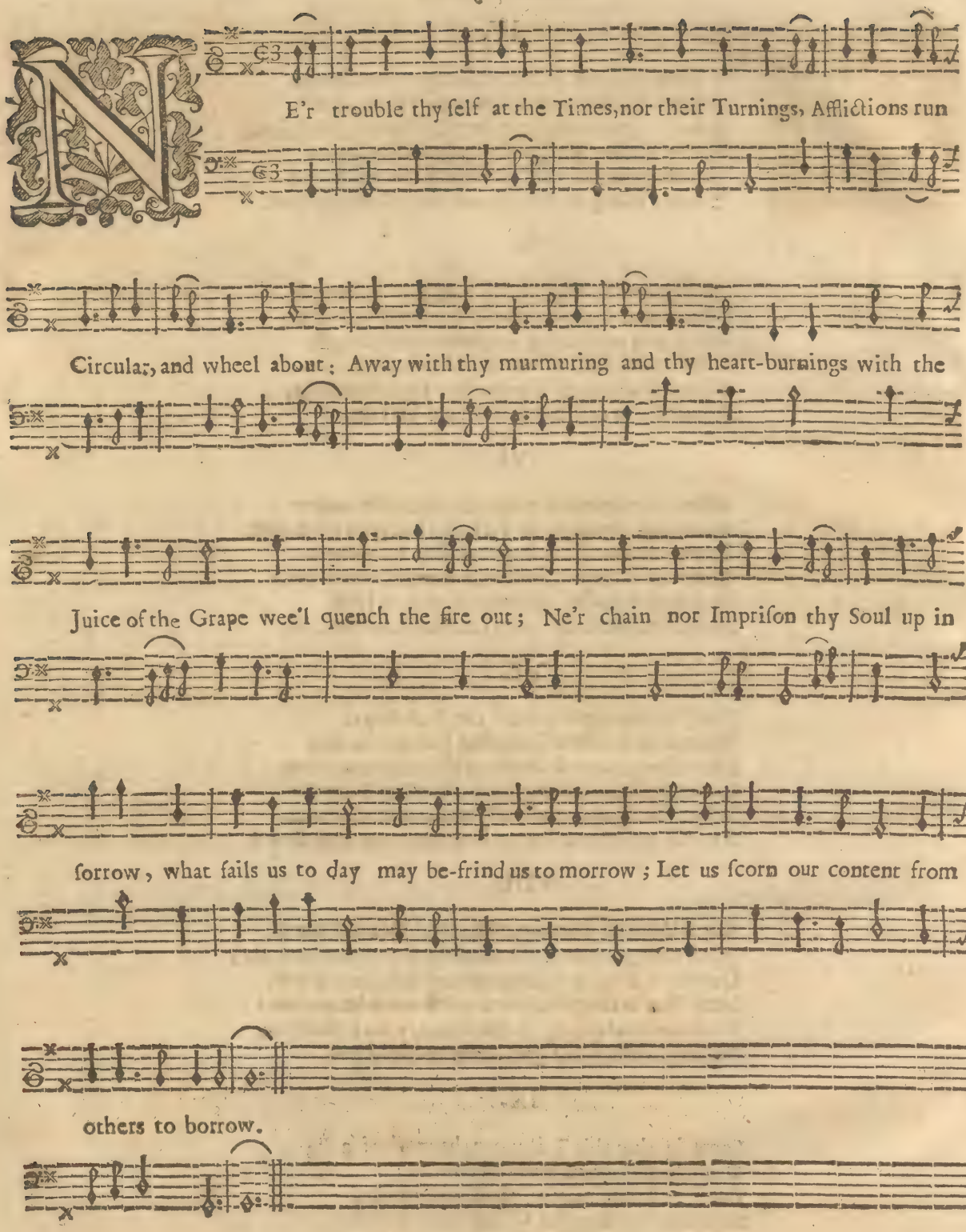
IX.

Some ſay that this Tail wore the mark of a *P*;
O is a letter in rank known before it;
But it makes no matter, 'tis all one to me,
Save this, I'm ſure the *O* had the more wit:
Their's no man ſo blind but may eaſily ſee,
H' has added unto his ſmal *O*, a tall *P*.

X.

My ſtory now ended, come, *viva* Saint *George*,
That old true blew Lad and Hoſpital Saint;
Bring a But of good Sack to fill up my gorge,
At this tale of Head and Tail I almoſt faint:
How e'r let it paſs, if you ſtudy upon't
I hope you will neither make Head or Tail on't.

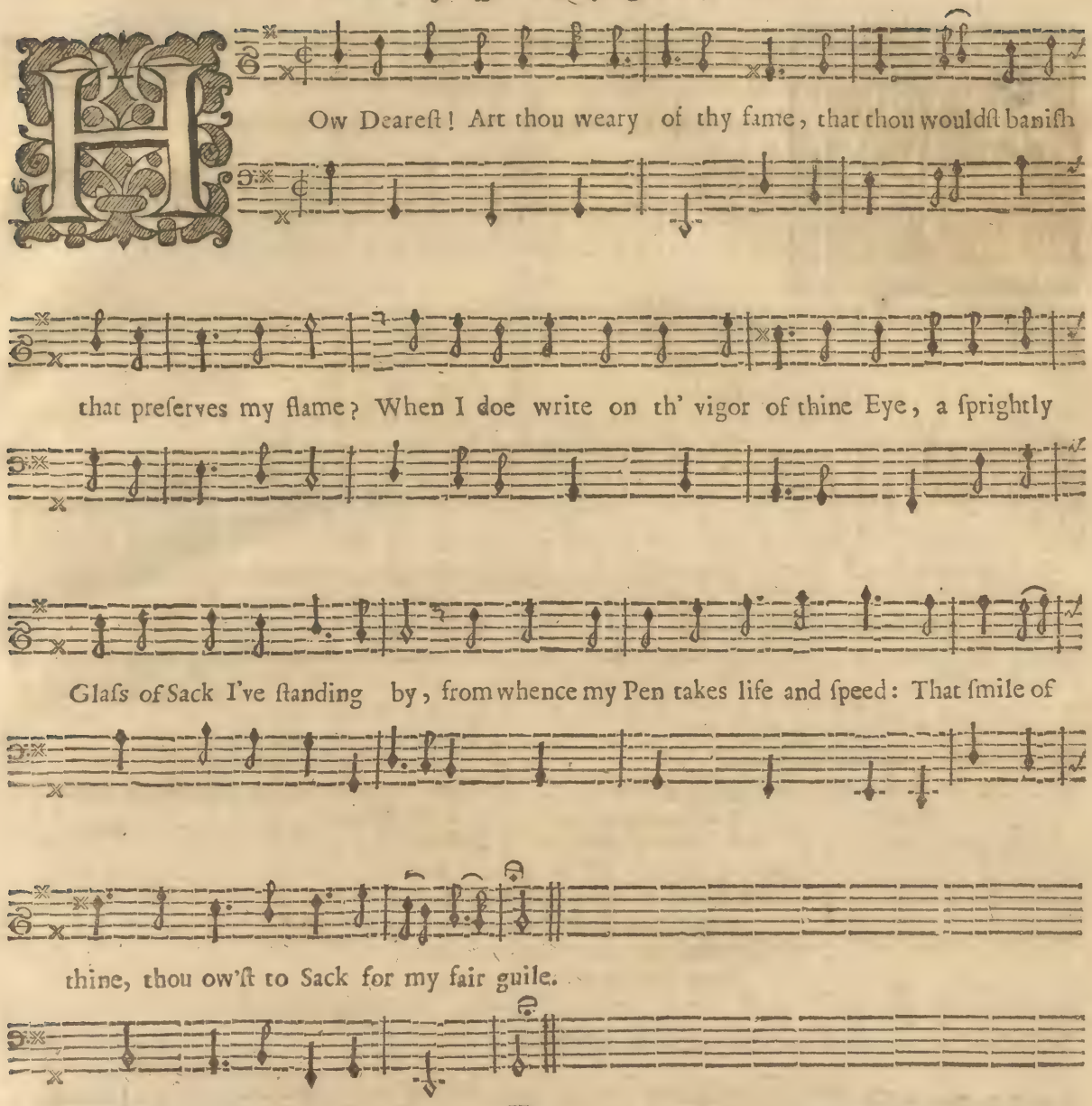
Sacks Vertue.



II.

Though Fortune hath left us, wee'l ſtrive to regain her,
And Court her with Cups till her Favouret come;
Then we with a Courage untam'd will maintain her,
And ſilence the noice of the Enemies drumb:
We will fix her unto the man moſt deſerving,
He'l keep her at work, as well as from ſtarving;
She ſhall not hereafter be at her own carving.

To his Mistresse advising him from Wine.



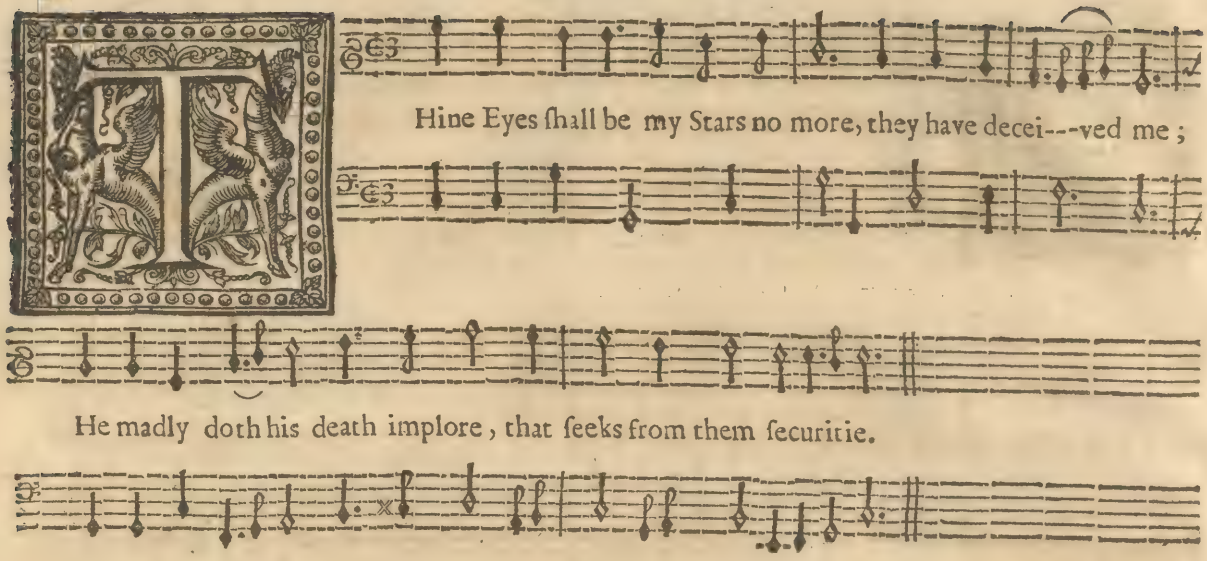
II.

That lively colour of thy Cheek and Lip,
From the rich Claret did my fancy sip;
And from the mantling sparks which thence arise,
I Metaphor'd those *Cupids* in thy Eyes:
From the Lov'd Grape I can create conceit
Enough to raise dejection to the ——— Seat

III.

Of Honour: ——— 'tis the *Nepenthean* Spring,
About the which the jolly Muses sing
Thy praises from my Verse: Oh! let me lack
All things else useful, so thou'lt give me Sack:
Thou may'st as well go bid me leave to live,
As have me leave the means which Life doth give:
Faith, leave my Wine, and Farewell Poetrie;
Forgetting which none will remember thee.

The Deceiving Mistress.



II.

I thought they had been fix'd on me,
But wandring Lights they prove;
The more they are admir'd in thee,
The more they love to gad and rove.

III.

As though they would out-vie the light
Contracted to the day;
Untill the glory of its sight
Some easie Hearts, (like mine) betray.

IV.

Yet boast not of that cruel Art
That so out-witted mine;
For know, thou ne'r hadst got my heart,
Had I not more then hop'd for thine.

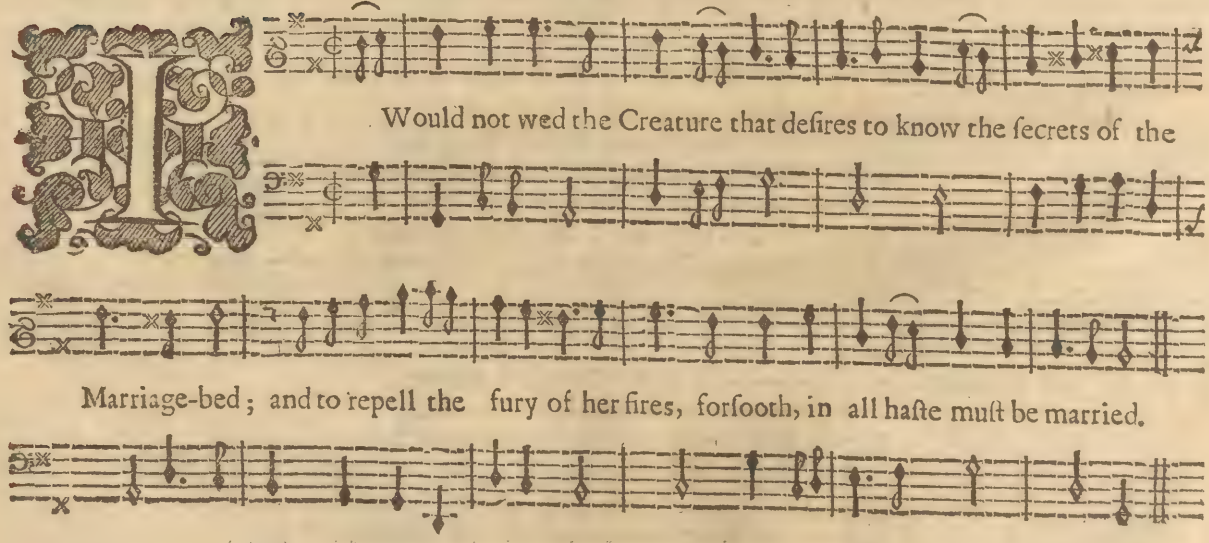
V.

I see their's policy in Love,
The slower men come on;
The faster your desires do move,
'Tis Madness you to dote upon.

VI.

For this sad truth I boldly tell,
Experience finds it such;
That had not I Lov'd half so well,
Thou hadst not hated me so much.

How to chuse a Mistress.



II.

Nor she who by her Parents cruelty
Is made to loath her self, and cares not how
She is bestow'd, to Joy or Misery:
Ne'r minding Love nor Mariages strickt Vow.

III.

Nor she who hath to any been a Stale,
And now with Frantick Resolution swears
The next that comes to Court her shall prevail,
Oh! such a peice would lug Love by the Ears.

Nor She that would be Wed to be made fine,
Thinking content should her attendant be;
Believing not to want what e're was mine;
Faith, such a Piece doth Love her self, not me.

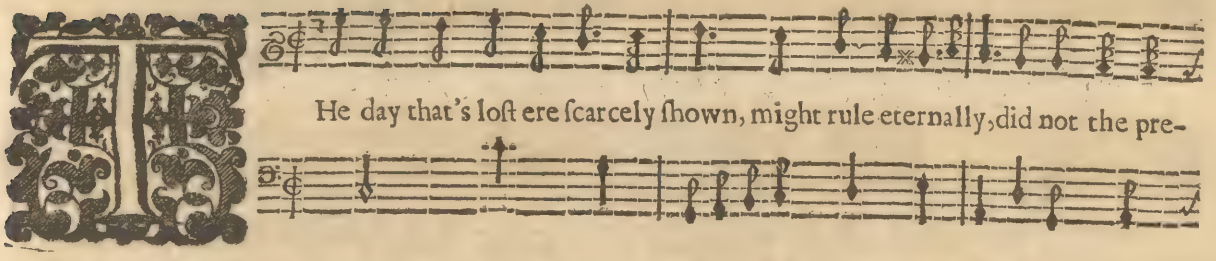
Nor your half Matron of some thirty five,
Whose in good-law and good-sooths have worn out
Her Lips and Teeth, whose heart is but a Sive,
As fast as Love creeps in it goeth out.

Nor the green piece that weds for the Rings sake,
And other pretty things belonging to't;
The man that hath her must her Babies make,
And have a Fool and thousand plagues to boot.

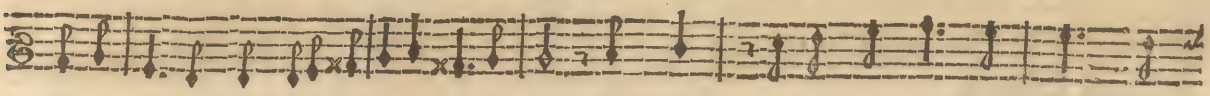
Nor yet the serious Soul that doth imploy
Her whole day at her work, or pries into
The Cooks Affairs, in her there is small joy,
She'l Love me when She'as nothing else to do.

Now some will say, I cann't find such an one,
That is from one or all these follies free;
To such I answer, that they are unknown,
Unto thy worth, and ignorant of thee.

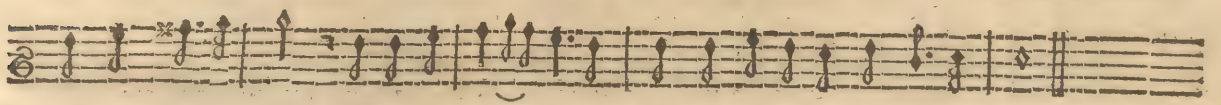
Jealousie.



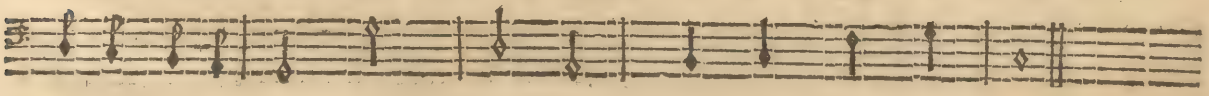
THe day that's lost ere scarcely shown, might rule eternally, did not the pre-



rogative of Night insinuate a sov'raignty: The Spring and Summer cropt ere blown, with



all their gaudy train, might ever season our delight, did not intruding Winter reign.

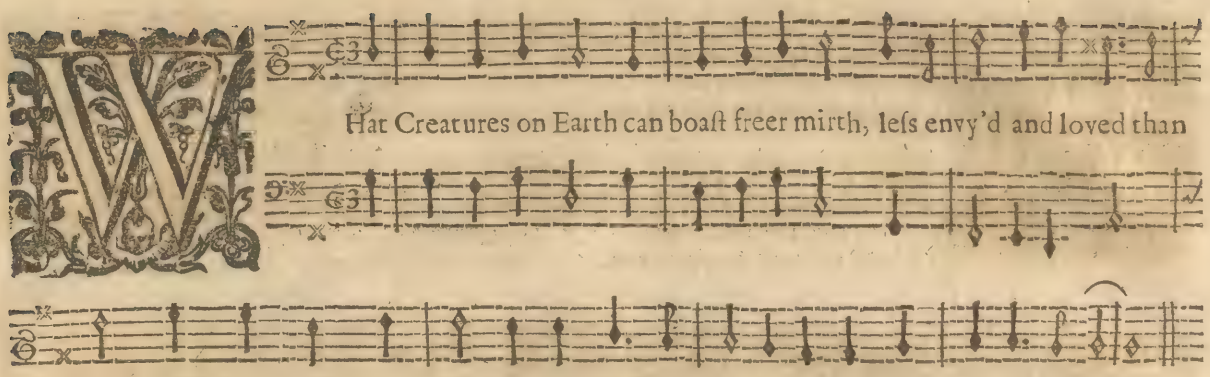


The Sea whose often Shipwracks strike
A fear into the Advent'rers mind,
Would safely harbour did no Storm
Engage its nature to the Wind:
All things in goodness would be like,
Did not their ills their differ'nce shew;
Beauty in freedome as in form,
And Nature no decaying know.

Youth dwell for ever on our Cheeks,
Did not the Iron hand of Age
Imprint a Ruine or disease,
Invade our healths and life Engage:
Man might possess as soon as seek,
The pleasures that do so entice;
But his own nature doth displease,
Else Earth had been a Paradise.

So, had not cruel Love crept in,
My heart had been from passion free;
And my content had been my own,
Not slav'd to sottish Jealousie:
But Love hath rais'd such war within,
It doth disturb my peaceful pores;
And Tyrant-like (Alas!) hath thrown
My Rest and Quiet out of dores.

The poor Scholar's *Song.*

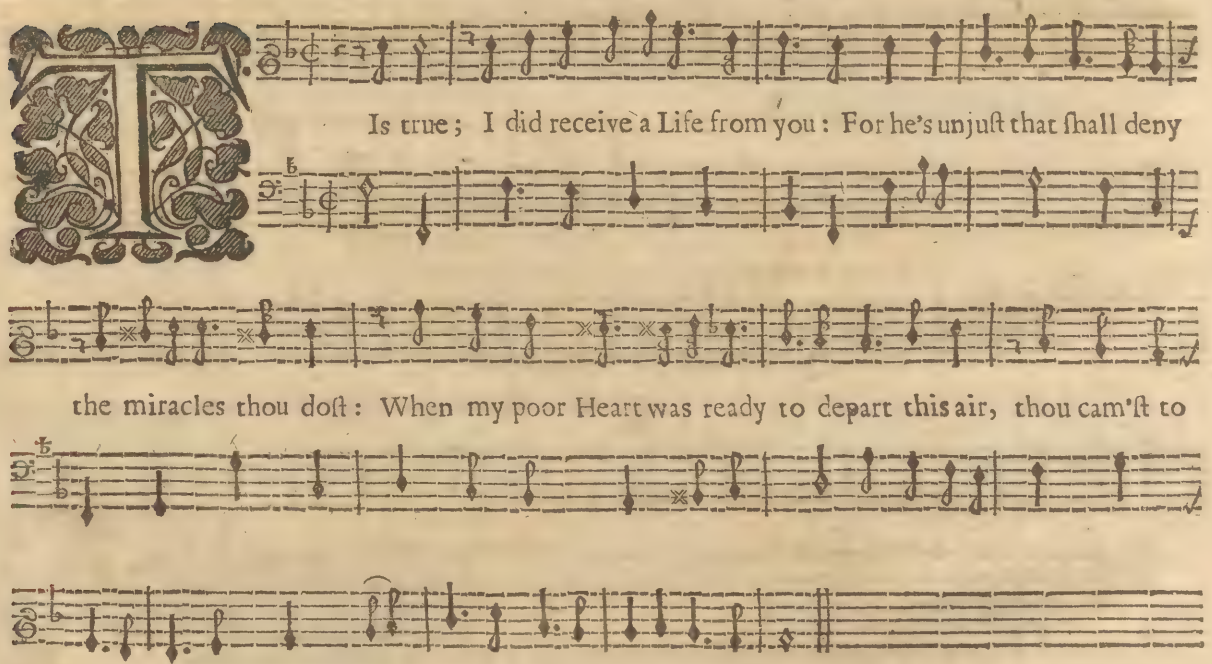


WHat Creatures on Earth can boast freer mirth, less envy'd and loved than wee; though Learning grow poor we scorn to implore a gift but what's noble and free.

Our freedome of mind
Cannot be confin'd,
With Riches we're inwardly blest;
Nor Death nor the Grave
Our worths can deprave,
Nor Malice our Ashes molest:

When such Moles as you
Your own Earth shall mue,
And Worms shall your memory eat;
Our names being read,
Shall strike Envy dead,
And Ages our Worths shall repeat.

Upon Recovery of a fit of Sickness.

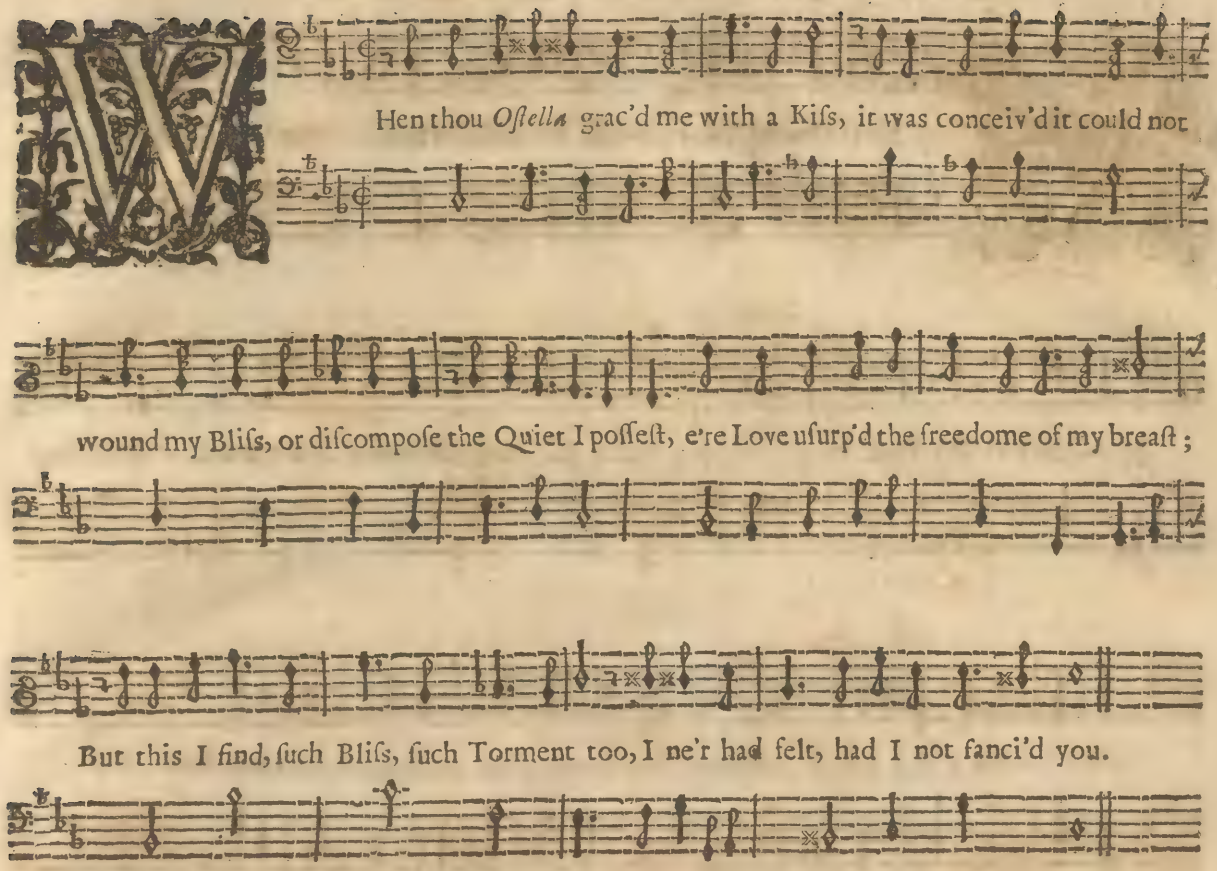


TIs true; I did receive a Life from you: For he's unjust that shall deny the miracles thou dost: When my poor Heart was ready to depart this air, thou cam'st to visit me, and brought'st me heavenly Surgerie in either Eye.

But see,
This mercy's full of crueltie;
For I had paid
But one poor Life, had then my frame decay'd:
When now to please
Your Pride is a Disease
Past cure; for with each minute I
Suffer a Death, yet cannot dye;
'Tis Tyranny.

My Heart,
Whereon you practise all your Art;
You'l say's your own,
So Surg'ons torture ere their skill be shown:
If you'l devise
Mine to Anotomise,
That so you may advance your skill;
First be so kind as throughly kill;
My wish fulfill.

A Kiſs.



II.

That welcom'd Kiſs ſhot fire at every part,
Till it had ſeiz'd the Chamber of my Heart;
And there ſurpriz'd the Virgin of Content
That ne'r knew Love before, or Detriment:
The Bee ſo leaves her ſting, yet doth not know,
Miſtaking thus where ſhee hath hurt or no.

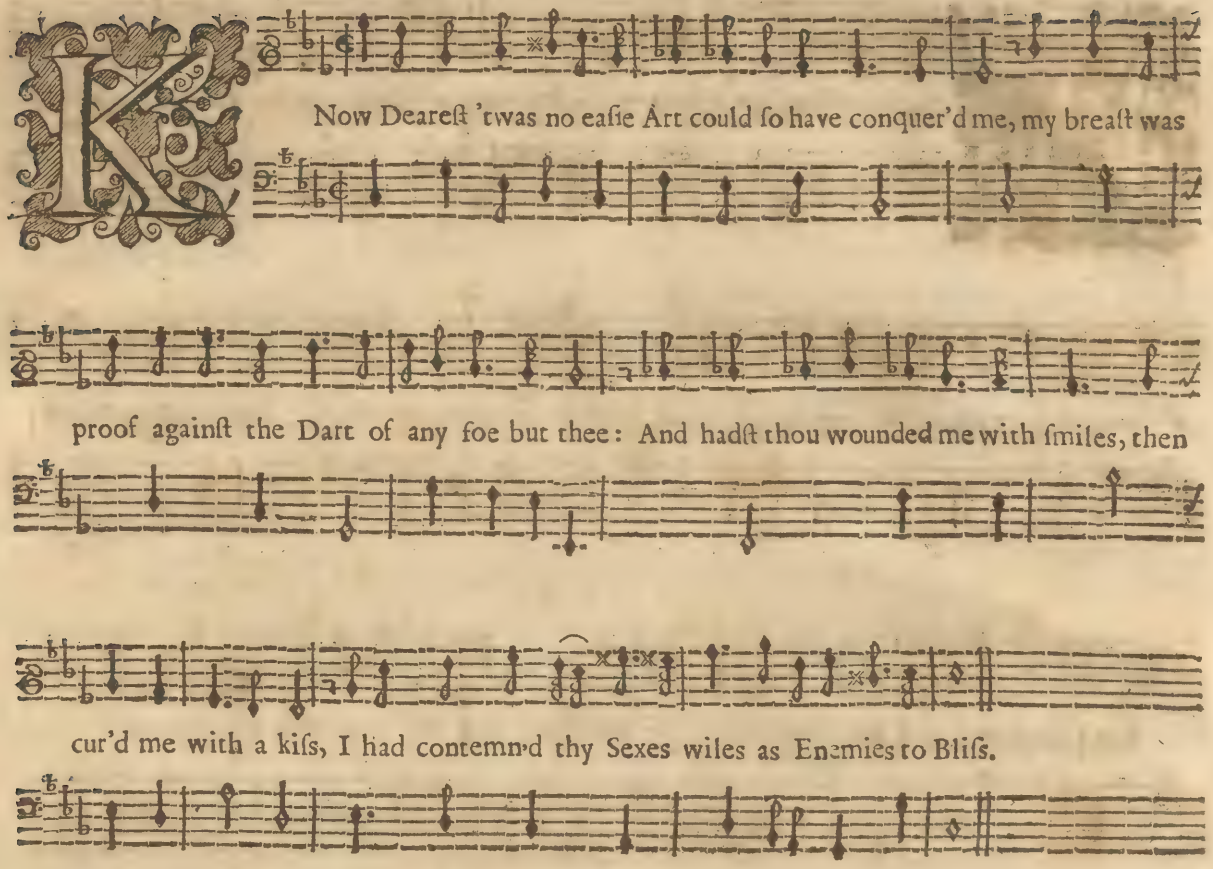
III.

Then when with Sighs and Tears I ſtrive to kill
The Raging Heat, they but augment my ill;
The more I breath, the more the Flames aſpire,
Love turns my Tears to Oyle to feed the Fire;
And when to you my Griefs I would impart,
Fear tyes my Tongue and Love enthrals my Heart.

IV.

Licenſe my love *Oſtella* then, and give
A Cure to that, elſe muſt not hope to live;
Nor glory in this conquer'd Heart of mine,
Pitie will make your Beauty more divine;
Soften your Heart like mine that doats on you,
Or teach me how to make mine Marble too.

His Mistriſs bidding him make another choice.



II.

But having caught me in the ſnare,
I cann't with eaſe return;
Had others harmes made me beware
I might have left to burn:
But greedy of my miſery,
I courted ſo my fate;
The Object ſpake all Love to me,
But the Effect on't hate.

III.

No Beauty but thy own ſhall make,
Me ſenſible of wo;
For when I do the ſame forſake,
I muſt my bliſs forego:
My heart ſhall never yield it ſelf,
A priſoner, but to thee,
For no reſpect to praiſe or pelf,
Shall bribe my conſtancie.

IV.

When thou ſhalt frame thy Throne of Bliſs,
Look down on my ſad heart;
And know for whoſe dear ſake it is
Appointed ſo to ſmart:
When thou ſhalt find I prize thy joy
More then my own content;
What heart but thine could ſo deſtroy
A heart ſo innocent.

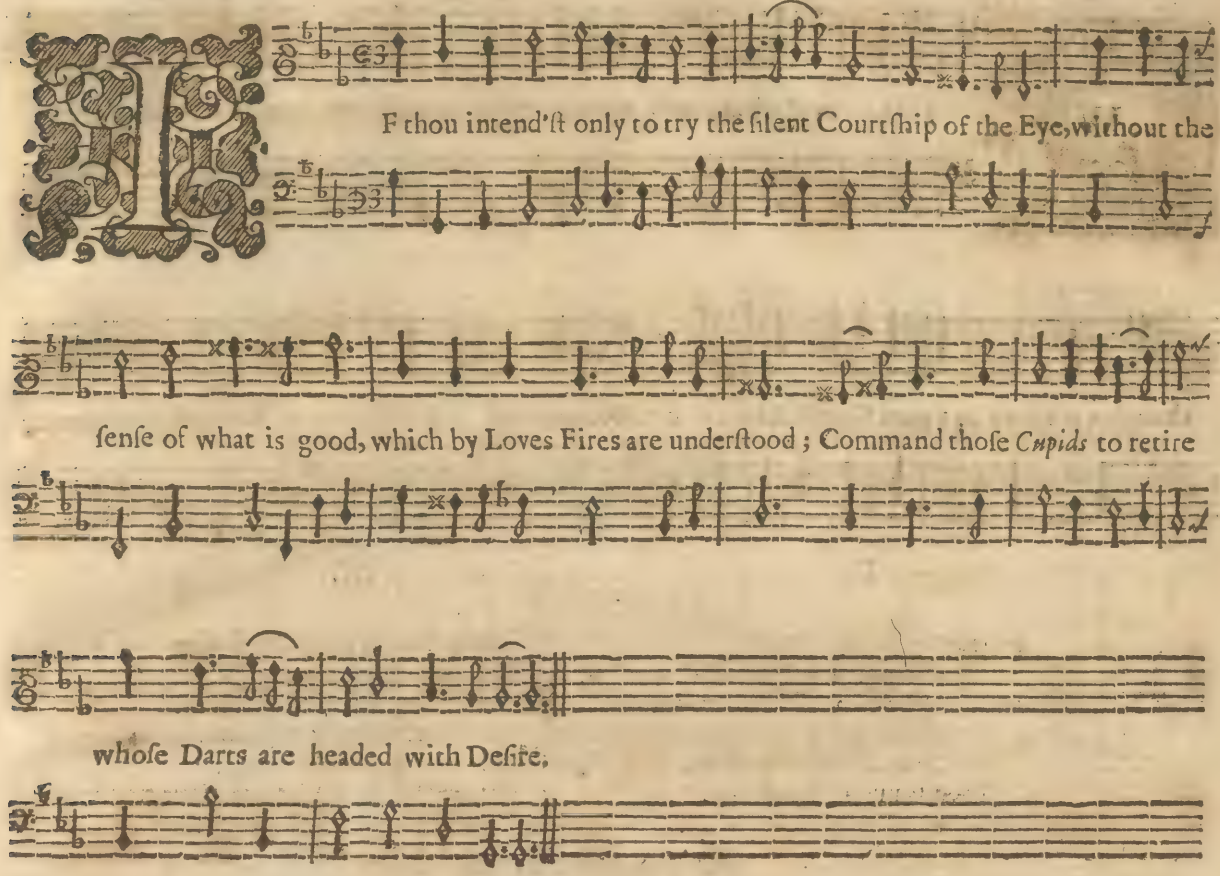
V.

When thou ſhalt find my youth to waſte,
My Loyalty indure;
And I no other joys do taſte,
Then what thy hate doth ſowre:
When thou ſhalt find I take delight
In nothing ſaving thee;
If pity would my Love requite,
Be kind to murther me.

VI.

Till when my ſoul when 'tis moſt ſad
Shall find the way to Sing
There is no comfort to be had,
But what thy Love muſt bring:
And if thy glories think it meet
I muſt thy Martyr be
When Natures watch hath left to beat,
Farewell Fair crueltie.

To a Mistress that thinks the Sight without other Injoyment is Love sufficient.



II.

Forbid the union of our hands,
Each Amorous touch a heat commands;
Forbid our lips to meet and melt,
Where the pure sense of Love is felt:
Forbid thy Tongue to whisper Love,
That very word hath power to move.

III.

Whose ardent breath infused, can
Raise courage in a dying man;
And through each Vein fresh heat restore,
That had been star'd with cold before:
So from thy Air such vigour came,
It curl'd my Heart into a flame.

IV.

Forbid thy Cheeks to shew their Spring,
Forbid thy Nightingale to sing;
Forbid thy All and every part,
To shew so much their Mistriss Art:
For 'less thou keep'st those baits within,
They'l tempt an Anchorite to sin.

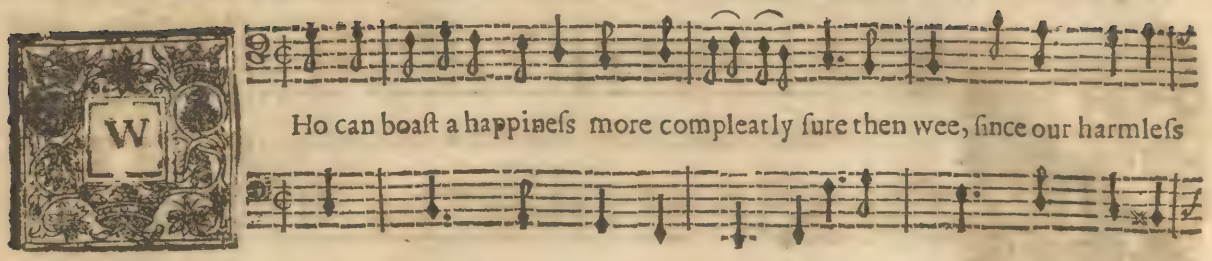
V.

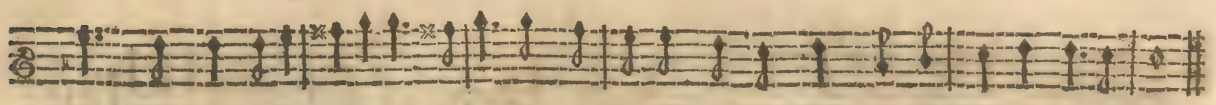
Yet should those excellences be,
Depriv'd their proper use in thee;
Men would be apt their faiths to pawn,
Th'art but a picture lively drawn:
One which each rude presumptuous Eye,
Admiring feasts as well as die.

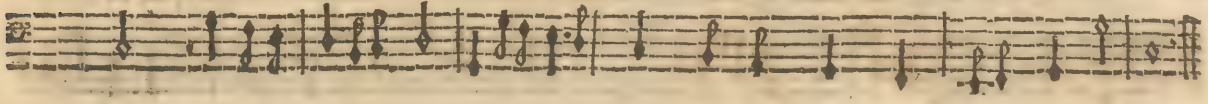
VI.

So I confess my flames may end,
And thou a shadow lose thy friend;
Unless thy fancy raise conceit,
Thou art my Mistriss counterfeit:
And so surveying each fair part,
I paint her figure in my Heart.

The Country Man's Life.







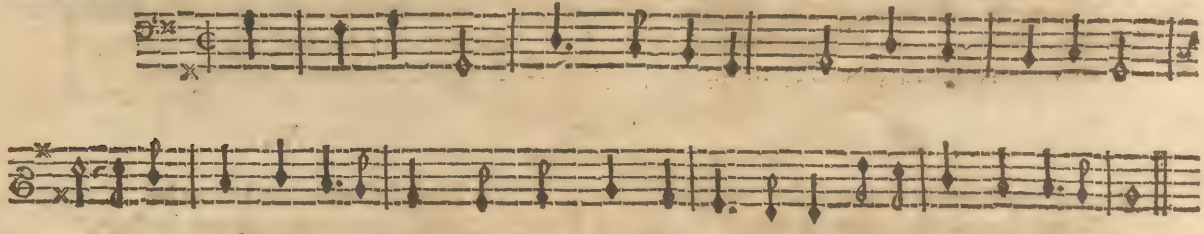
II.

Envie is a ſtranger here,
Bleſt Content our Boles do crown;
Let ſuch ſlave themſelves to fear
On whoſe guilt the Judge doth frown;
We from evill Actions are
Free as uncorrupted Air.

III.

With the Turtles whiſper Love,
With the Birds we practiſe Mirth;
With our harmleſs Kids we move,
And receive our food from Earth;
Nor do we diſdain to be
Cloath'd with the Lambs Livery.

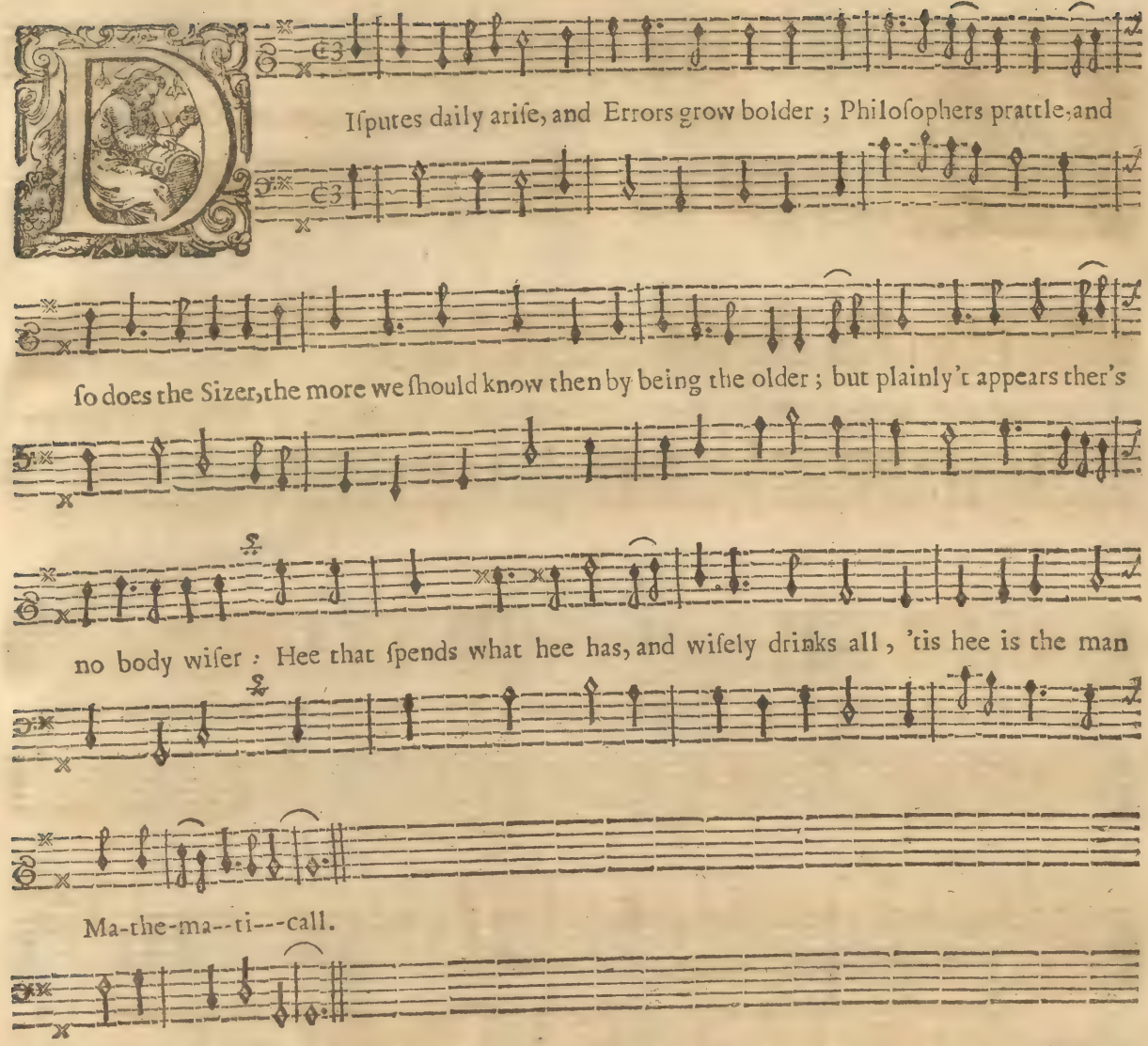
To a ſimple Coy Miſtreſs.



Though I you a Lilly ſwore,
Yet the Violets azur'd hue
Is for uſe more priz'd than you:
Nor will I thoſe Lips adore,
Since the Cherries trees do bear
Are far ſweeter than yours are.

Though I priz'd your ſwelling Breſt,
Yet the Grape, or Goosberry
Yield a juice more Savory;
Nor will I again proteſt
To an out-ſide, till I know
'Tis for Taſte as well as Show.

The Real Drinker.



II.

The sceptical Brain, 'tis that most men like best,
To appear subtile Wits , but live in suspence ;
Thus all their lives long they are but in Quest,
And never arrive at true Science or Sense :
Since the Schools then dispute about *Aristotle*,
Let us now agree in our terms o're a Pottle.

III.

Opinion it is that governs the World;
Why should not mine, and the Clubbs be as free,
As he that a hundred into Prison hurl'd,
And with his Horse and his Mace confutes poor mee ?
We have probable reasons our Tenets to back,
And what more pretend they that quarrell with Sack ?

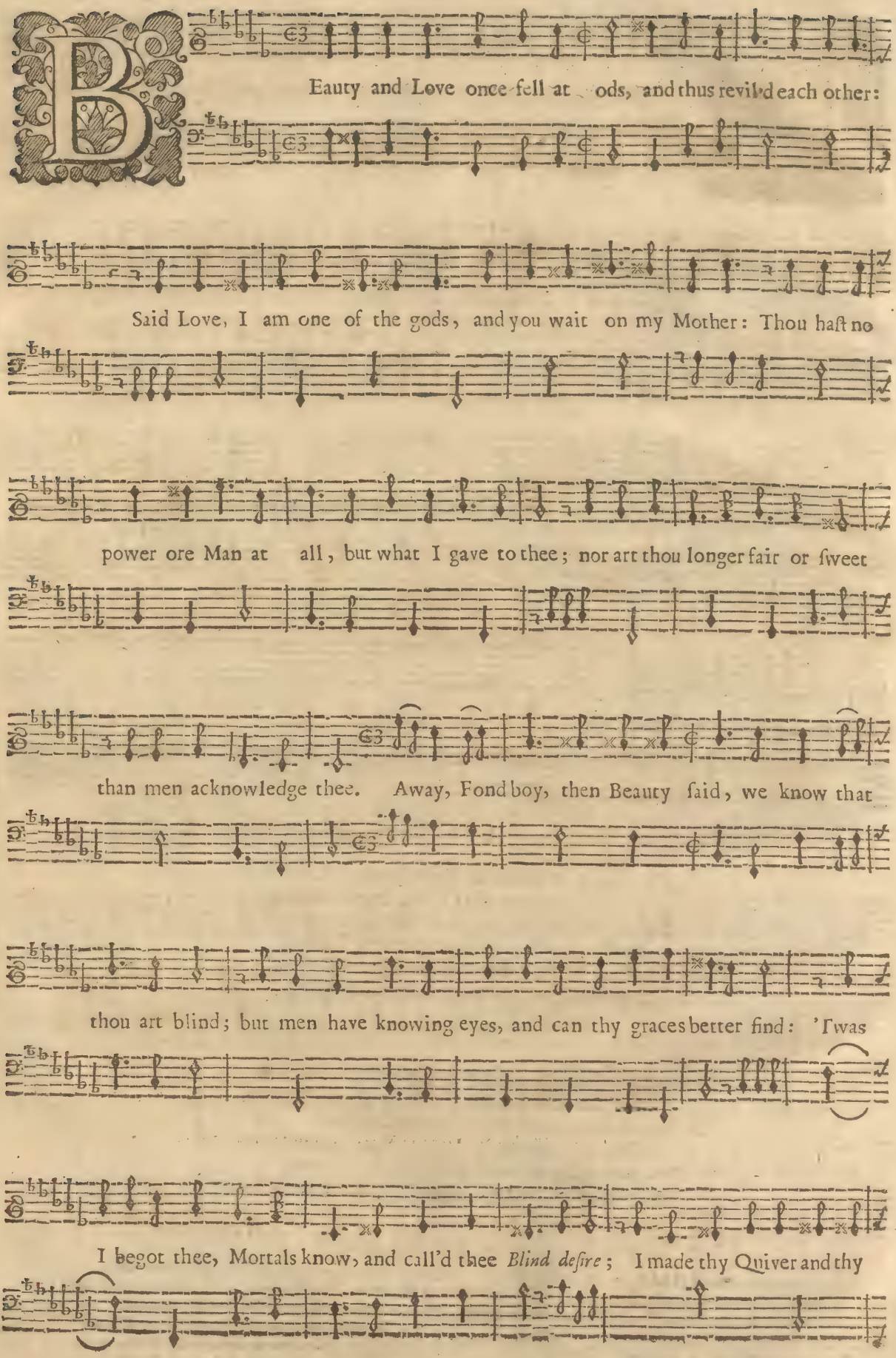
IV.

Since we now for mirth (Lads) our fancy disposes,
And ev'ry man thinks what he does is but reason ;
Let's tipple a Glass round, till our Cheeks and our Noses
Are deeper dy'd than the Rose in 'its season :
What is demonstrative is approv'd by all,
Then drinking Healths too, is Mathematical.

V.

To our Mistrisses then a full Glass be crown'd ;
He that will not pledge it, we'l count him a Sinner ;
Then freely cast all your Hats on the ground,
'Tis but what was done at a thanksgiving-Dinner :
They too had reason, being inspir'd by Wine,
To believe what they did was partly Divine.

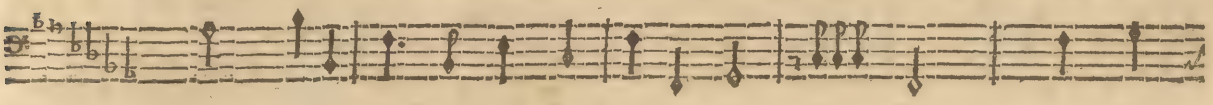
Beauty and Love at ods.



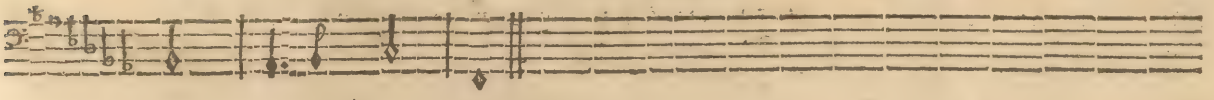
Bow, and Wings to kindle fire. Love then in an-ger flew away, and ſtraight to

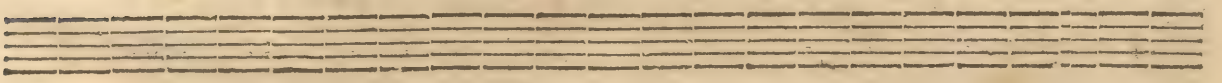
Vulcan pray'd, that he would tip his ſhafts with Scorn to puniſh this proud Maid.

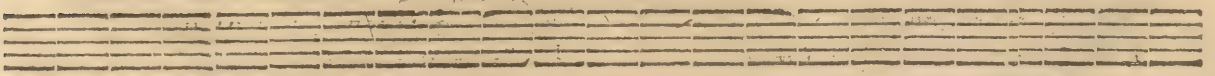
Thus Beauty ever ſince hath been but courted for an hour, to Love a day is now a

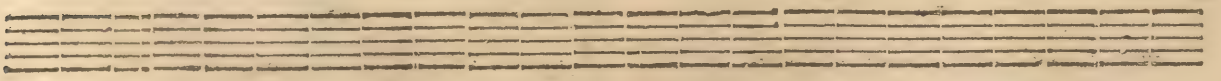


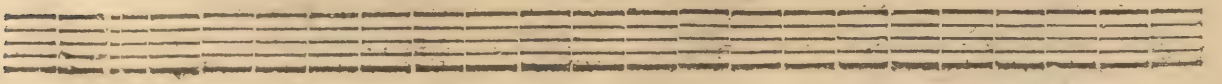
ſin 'gainſt *Cupid* and his pow'r.



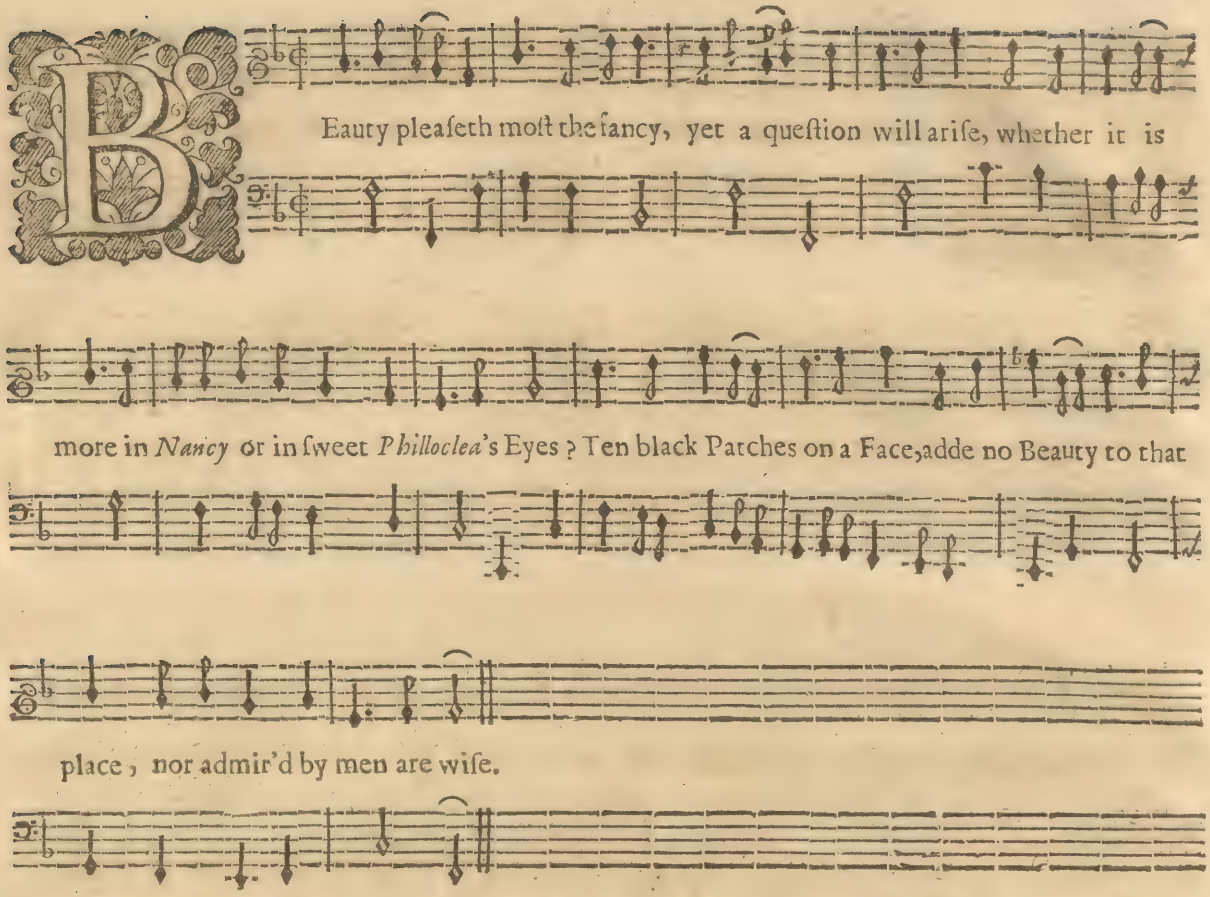








Natural Beauty best.



II.

Symitry some Beauty call,
And Colours some say base is;
What shall they do have none at all,
But are subject to disgraces?
The *Frenchman*'s Shop on *Ludgate*-Hill,
The Ladies there buy what they will
Both for their Hands and Faces.

III.

I wonder how to them't appears,
There beauty is so lasting,
That they should not at threescore years;
Nay, sooner find it wasting?
'Tis a Fort can't long hold out,
Light-foot time sure will it rout,
For after them he's hasting.

IV.

Paint Ladies therefore whilst you live,
Alluring 'tis to plaister fair;
Purchase this art what ere you give,
It makes you appear not what you are:
If your house chance once to fall,
Ruines fatall to you all,
And yee are past all repair.

V.

That's perfect Beauty when the Mind,
(And's longer liv'd then babling Fame,)
To Wit and Wisdome is inclin'd,
The Face and Body Natures frame:
Not patch'd up with Exchanging Shops,
Or devising Taylors props;
Art and Ornament they shame.

VI.

Such a Mistris I have found,
With adoration her admire!
With all these Graces She is crown'd,
And I have my own desire:
Aged Time shall Poets raise
More worthy far to sing her praise
In a strain that is more higher.

Liberty breeds Presumption.

Hen the unfetter'd subjects of the Seas, the Rivers, found their silver

feet at ease; no sooner summon'd, but they swiftly went, to meet the Ocean at a Parliament:

Did not the petty Fountains say, their King, the Ocean, was no Ocean but a Spring? As now some

do, the power of Kings dispute; and think it less, 'cause more is added too't.

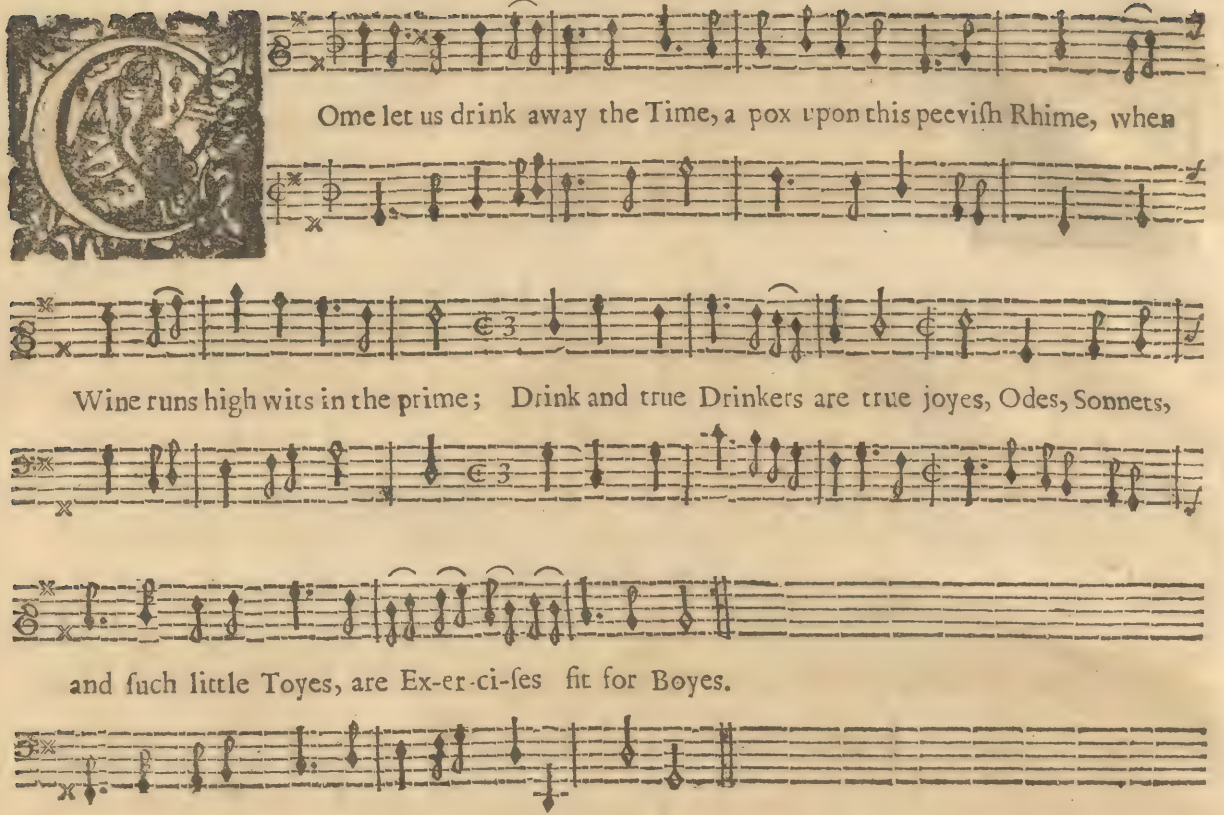
II.

Pale Ignorance, can the excess of Store
Make him seem poorer than he was before?
The Stars, the Heavens Inferior Courtiers, may
Govern the Nights darkness, but not rule the Day:
Where the Sun Lords it, though they all combine
With *Lucia*, in her Vulgar dress, to shine
Brighter than they; nor can He be subdu'd,
Although but one, and they a multitude.

III.

Say Subjects, are you Stars, be it alow'd,
You justly of your Members may be proud;
But to the Sun inferior; for know this,
Your Light is borrow'd, not your own, but his:
And as all Streams into the Ocean run,
You ought to pay your contribution:
Then do not such Ingratitude oppress,
To make him low that could have made you less

The true Sack-drinker.



II.

The whyning Lover that does place
His wonder in a painted Face,
And wasts his Substance in the Chace,
Could not in melancholy pine,
Had he affections so Divine
As once to fall in Love with Wine.

III.

Then to our Liquor let us sit,
Wine makes the Soul for Action fit;
Who bares most Wine has then most wit:
The Gods themselves their Revels keep,
And in pure Nectar tipple deep
When sloathfull Mortals are asleep.

IV.

They fudl'd once for Recreation,
In Water which by all Relation,
Did cause *Ducalions* Innundation:
The spangled Globe, as it held most,
Their Bole was with Salt-water dost,
The Sun-burnt Center was the Tost.

V.

In Wine *Apollo* allwayes chose
His darkest Oracles to disclose;
'Twas Wine gave him his Ruby-nose:
The gods then let us imitate,
Secure of Fortune and of Fate;
Wine Wit and Courage doth create.

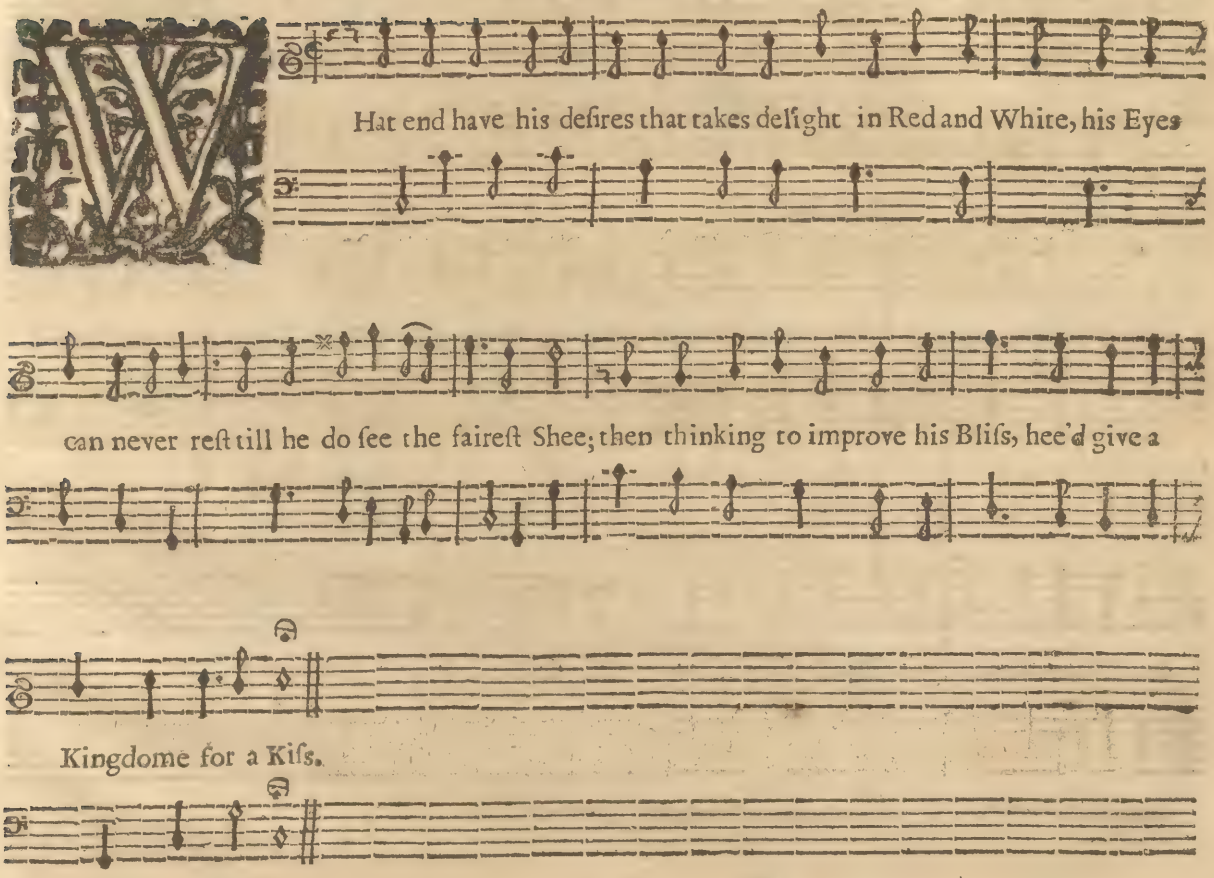
VI.

Who dares not drink's a wretched Wight,
Nor do I think that man dares fight
All day, that dares not drink all night;
Fill up the Goblet till it swim
With Foam that over looks the Brim;
He that drinks deepest, Here's to him.

VII.

Sobrietie and Study breeds
Suspition in our Thoughts and Deeds,
The Down-right Drunkard no man heeds:
Let me have Sack, Tobacco store,
A drunken Friend a little Whore,
Provided, I will ask no more.

Love Insatiable.



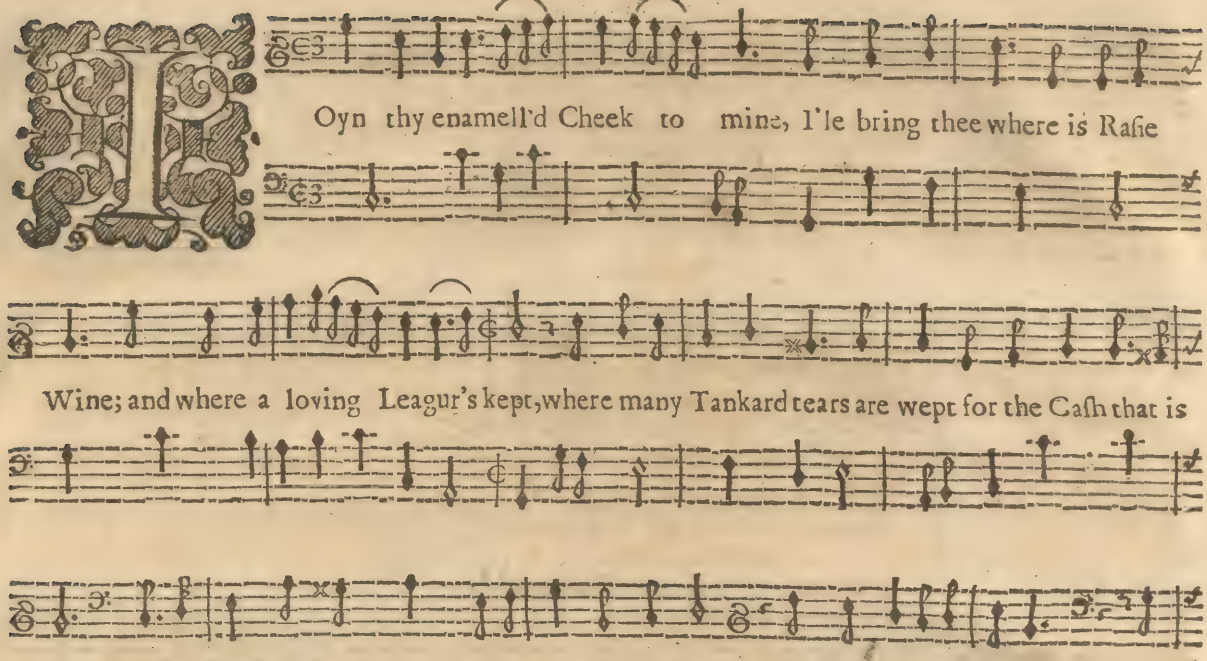
II.

If he in time obtain the Charitie
Of a kind Kiss,
The touch of the warm Snow-balls on her Brest,
And all the rest;
Such Favours heighten his desire,
And do increase, not quench the fire.

III.

If she yield up her honnour to his will,
He'l covet still;
Another Face inviteth him to trie
Varietie,
No sweets of love can satisfie
A wanton Curiositie.

Sacks Flavour.



II.

There with a Sack-incensed Face,
In speckled State and flaming Grace,
With dabbl'd Doublet doth appear
The Corall front of Caveleer
With a Bole:
Full of Sack, such as can
In the most dying man
Raise a Soul.

And forbids any venter
The Leagure to enter,
Or neer it commit ſuch a Treſpaſs;
If his Cheeks do not ſhine,
With the blood of the Vine,
And his Noſtrils do look like a Reſpaſs.

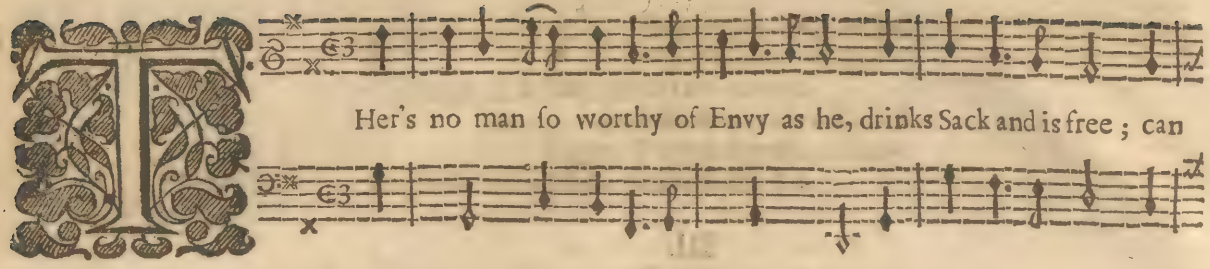
III.

In *Fletcher's* Wit, and *Johnſon's* Style,
There we will ſit and fret a while;
Curſing the puddle of their Brains
That pull'd down Grapes, and put up Grains;
They are Foes
Who with Bag-pipes for Shalmes,
Deal in ſmal Beer and Pſalmes
Through the Noſe;
May want of drink grieve them,
And no man releive them,
Till ſcorhing inform them what Hell is;
May *Hewns-ditch*, and *Tower-ditch*,
With *Shore-ditch*, and *More-ditch*,
Be empt'ed to fill up their Bellies.

IV.

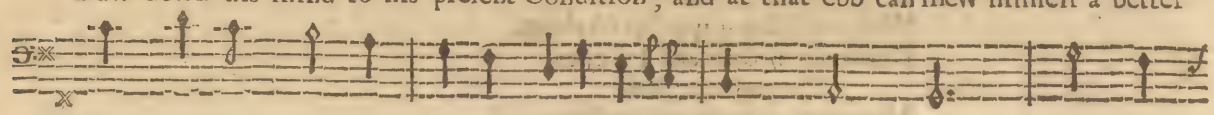
May all the Ills that can be thought
Either to heavy or to hot
Light on his Belly and his Back,
That envies us the joys of Sack:
Let him dye;
Or let him live with ſo much ſtrife,
That he may beg to loſe his life,
Till he cry
Good fellows forgive me;
If you will beleive me,
I ſwear by the Sword of a Lay-man,
I'le draw out my Whyneard,
And ſet up the Vineyard,
In ſpight of the Devil and Drayman.

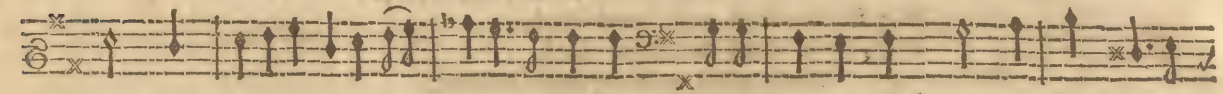
The Resolve.



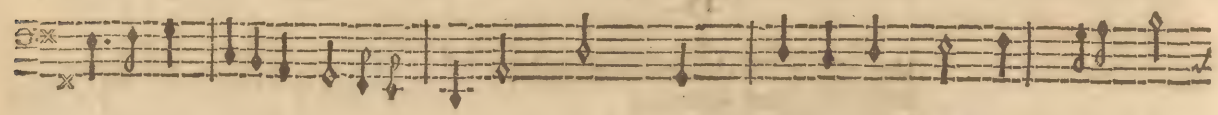
THer's no man so worthy of Envy as he, drinks Sack and is free; can

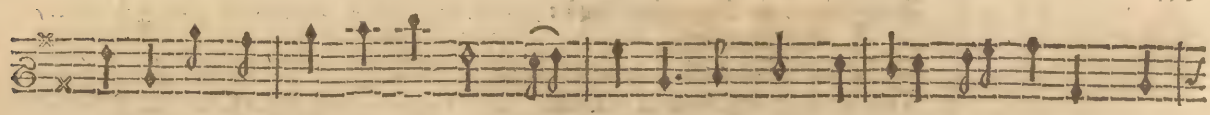
draw down his mind to his present Condition; and at that ebb can shew himself a better



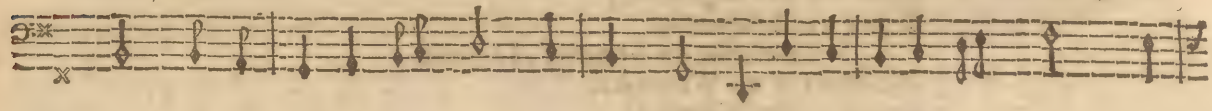


man then's Enemy at his full tide of Ambition: H'as a breast so well man'd he fears not the

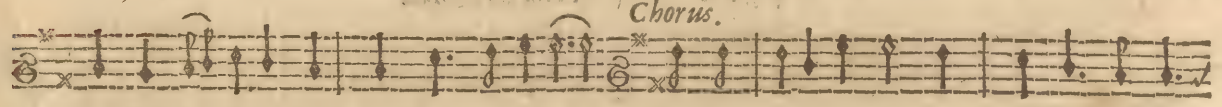




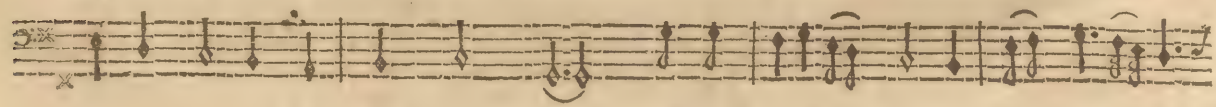
thunder of those Bastards of Fame that have got a Name by rapine and plunder; but



Chorus.

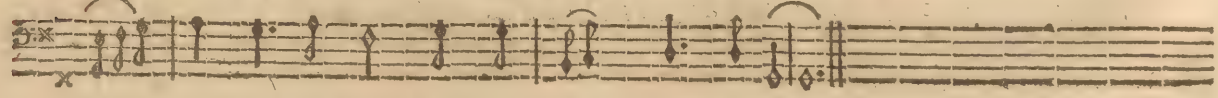


bravely despiseth the mock Sun that riseth. He that's quiet within, what need he to care?



He that's quiet within, what need he to care?

though not worth a Groat, hath the whole World to spare.



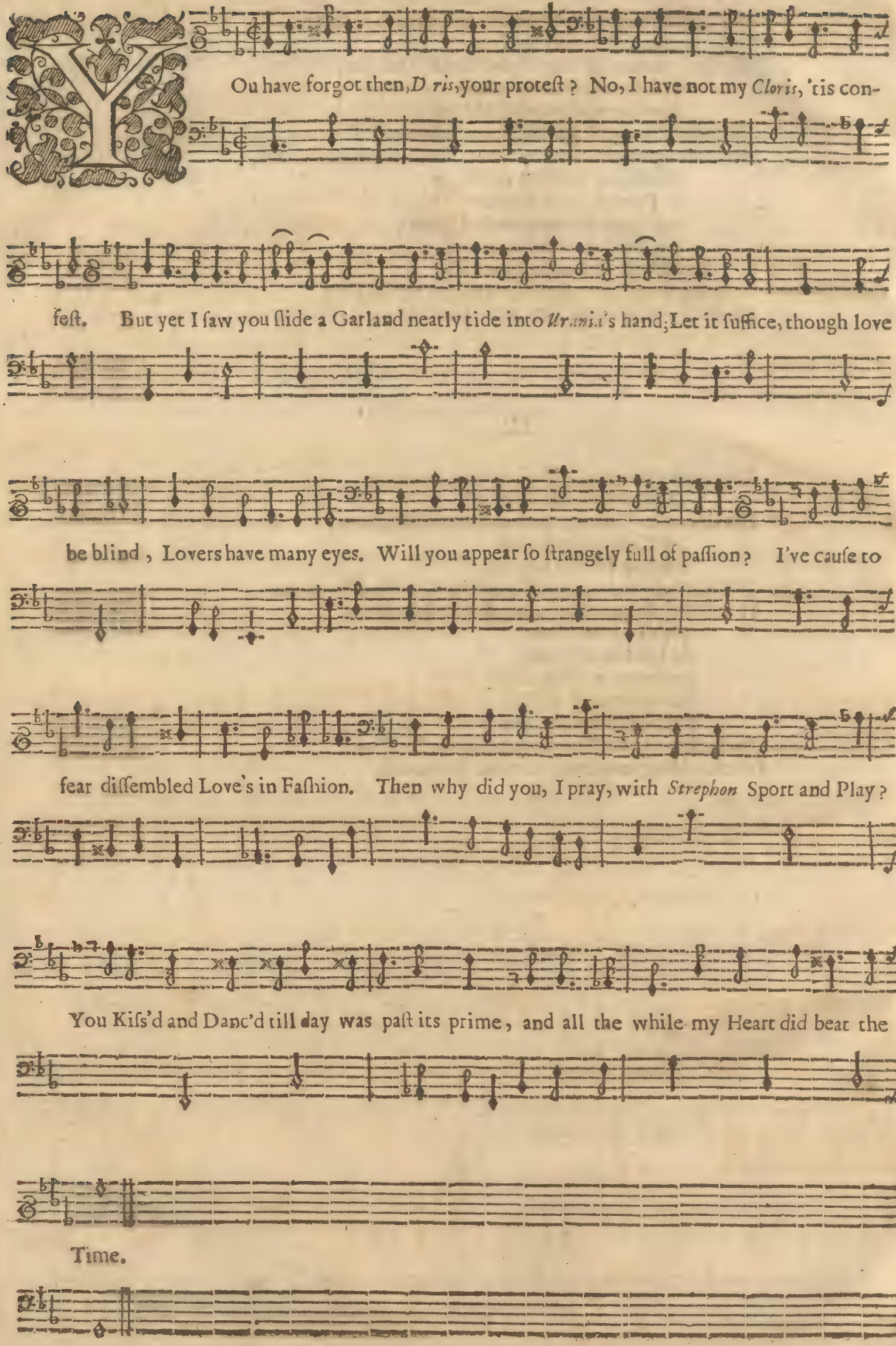
though not worth a Groat, hath the whole World to spare.

He's arm'd 'gainſt the Chances and Changes of State,
And ſtill meets his Fate
With a conquering Cup of the ſtouteſt Canarie;
Drinks healths to the beſt,
And he wreſtles with the reſt,
Yet never is foyl'd, leſt his liquor miſcarry:
His Thoughts are more free then the Bed that he lyes on;
Who puts his Cares to flight
A Prince is o're Night,
And next morning doth riſe one;
Let Fates do what they will
He's the ſelf-ſame man ſtill.
Chorus.——Scepters have Palſies, and Crowns too are ſhaking,
He that ſoundly doth ſleep, need not keep others waking.

III.

Then give us the Sack, let the Hen-hearted ſit
Drink Whey and ſubmit,
His Cucumer-Courage nere does well till beaten;
He Camel-like kneels,
And his burden ne'r feels
Till his Back becomes gall'd, and his Carcaſe near eaten:
Ha's a ſpirit ſo poor that every Knave rides him;
He's ſoul-leſs alone,
At beſt but a Drone,
And no man abides him;
He's a compact of Clay
That will turn any away:
Chorus.——'Tis Sack and good Company makes the Soul free,
Like the Muſique of that there's no Harmonie.

A Dialogue between Cloris *and* Doris.

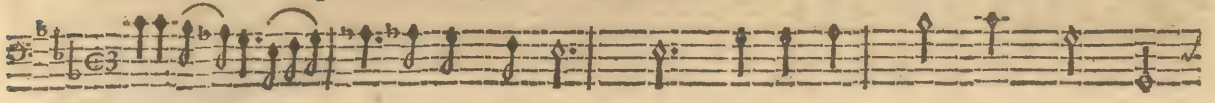


II.

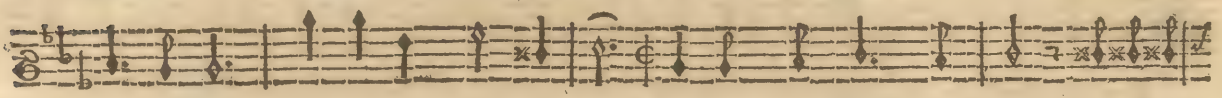
Clo.——May I not dance, or harmlesly be kist?
Do.——So I may chance give Garlands, if I list.
Clo.——But when you are so free,
Me thinks you steal from me
For every Lover, will this Text approve
There's Charity in all things, but in Love?
Do.——That day the storm fell to be true you swore.
Clo.——But when the Sun did shine, you vow'd much more.
Do.——Those constant vows I made,
Were by your self betray'd;
For I am taught to know, it is my due
To be no faithfuller in Love than you.

Chorus.

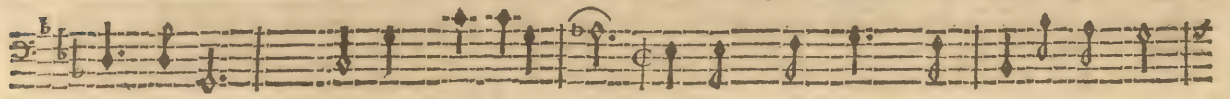
Then jealousies be gone, and keep our sheep, lest that the Wolfe should make their



Then jealousies be gone, and keep our sheep, lest that the Wolfe should make their

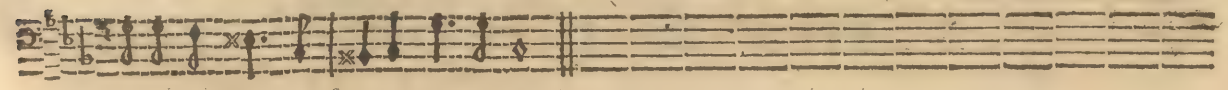


number Small; but of our Loves our Loves no thing Command shall keep, but *Cloris*



number Small; but of our Loves no thing Command shall keep,

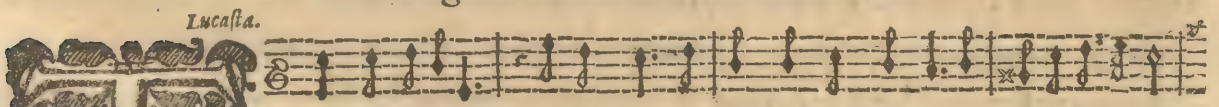
will, and *Cloris* will is all.



but *Cloris* will, and *Cloris* will is all.

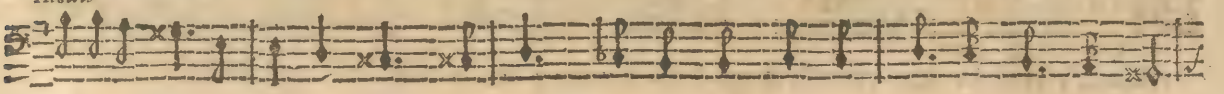
A Dialogue between Lucasta *and* Alexis.

Lucasta.



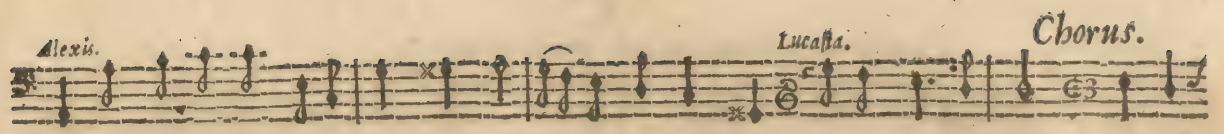
Tell me *Alexis* what this parting is, that so like dying is, but is not it.

Alexis

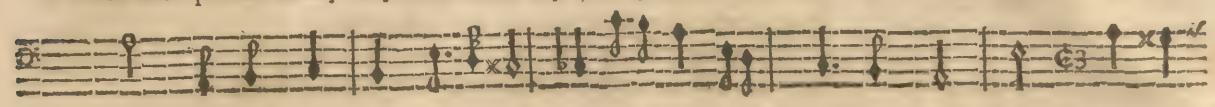


It is a sounding for a while from bliss, till kind how dee'you, calls us from the fit:

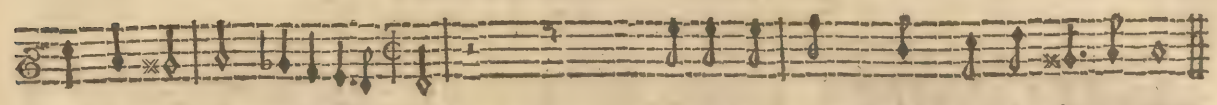
If then, &c.



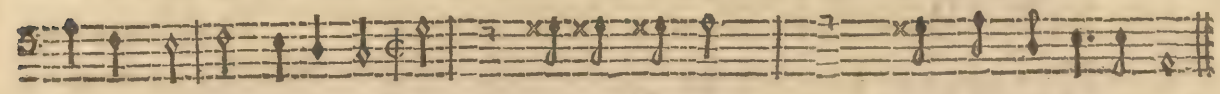
If then the Spirits onely ſtay, let mine fly to thy Boſome. And my Soul to thine. Thus in



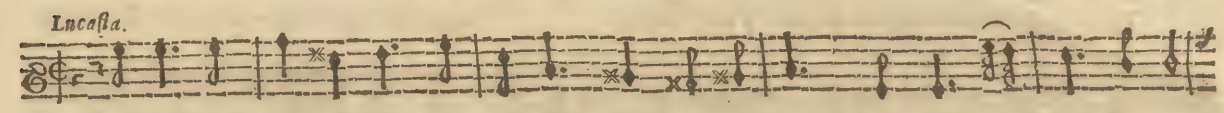
Thus in



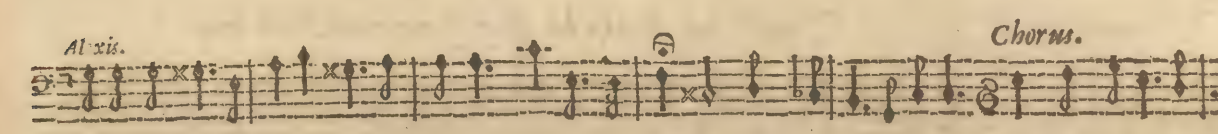
our Native Seat we gladly give our right for one where we can better live.



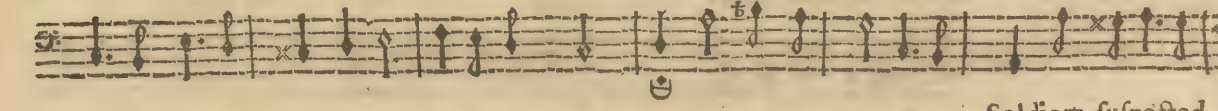
our Native Seat we gladly give our right for one where we can better live.



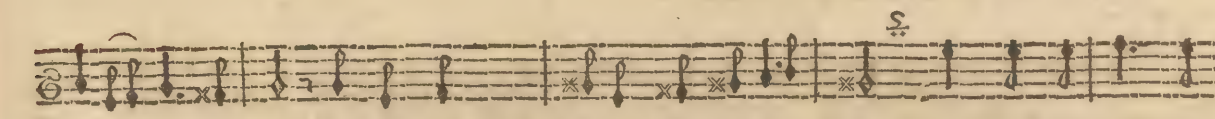
But oh! this Lingring Murdring Farewell Death quickly wounds; and wounding cures the ill,



It is the glory of a valiant Lover, ſtill to be dying, ſtill for to recover. Soldiers ſuſpected

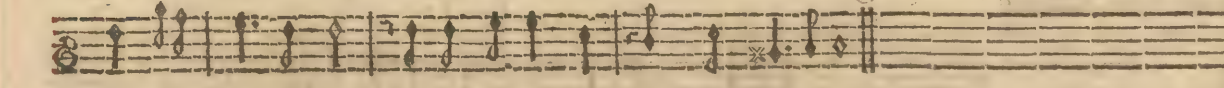


Soldiers ſuſpected



of their courage go, that Enſignes and their Breſts untorn ſhow; Love neer his Standerd,

of their courage go, that Enſignes & their Breſts untorn ſhow; Love neer his Standard



when his Hoſt he ſets, creates alone freſh bleeding Bannerets.

when his Hoſt he ſets, cre----ates alone freſh bleeding Bannerets.

Alexis *Lucasta.*

But part we when thy Figure I retain, still in my Heart, still strongly in mine Eye. Shadows no

Chorus.

longer then the Sun remain; but when his Beams that made them, fly, they fly. Vain dreams

Vain dreams

of Love, that onely so much bliss allow us as, to know our wrechedness;

of Love, that onely so much bliss allow us, as to know our wretchedness; and deal a

and deal a larger measure in our pain, by shewing joy, then hiding it again.

larger measure in our pain, by shewing joy, then hiding it again.

Alexis

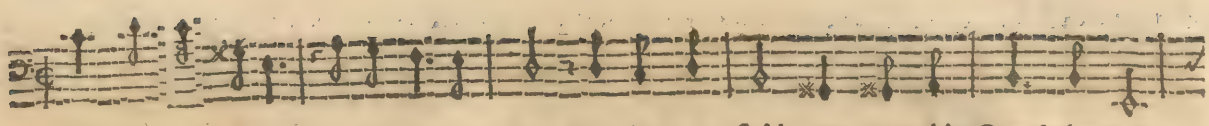
No, whilest Light reigns *Lucasta* still rules here, and all the night shines wholly in this Sphere.

Lucasta.

I know no Morne, but my *A-lex-is* Ray, to my dark thoughts the breaking of the day.

Chorus again. Vain dreams, &c.

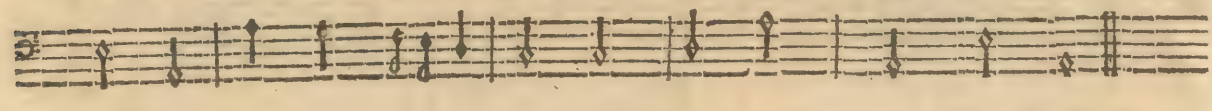
Alexis.



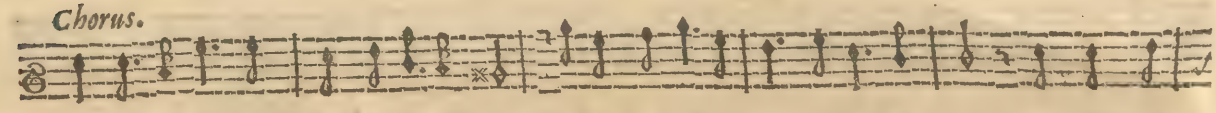
So in each other, if the pitying Sun thus keep us fix'd, ne'r may his Course be run.

Lucasta.

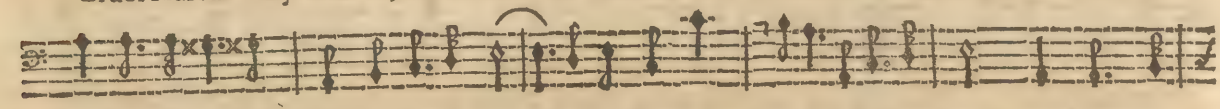
But oh! If Night us undivided make, let us sleep still, and sleeping never wake.



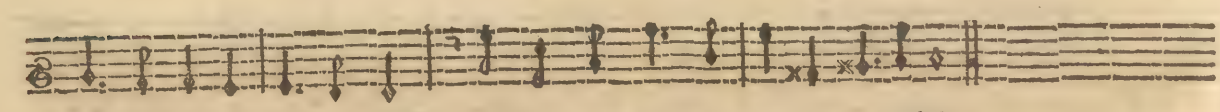
Chorus.



Cruel Adieus may well adjurn a while the Sessions of a Look, a Kiss or Smile; and leave be-



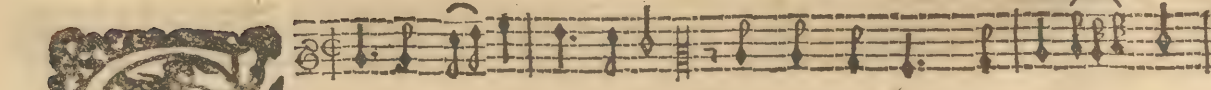
Cruel Adieus may well adjurn a while the Sessions of a Look, a Kiss or Smile; and leave be-



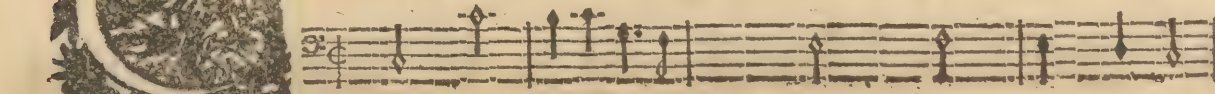
hind an angry grieving blush; but Time nor Fate can part us joyned thus.

hind an angry grieving blush; but Time nor Fate can part us joyned thus.

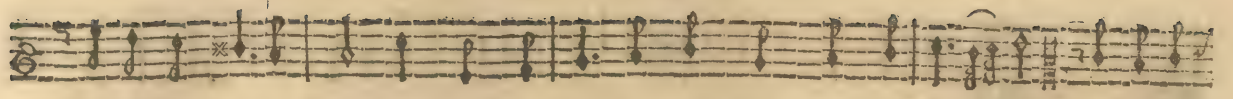
A Pastoral Dialogue.



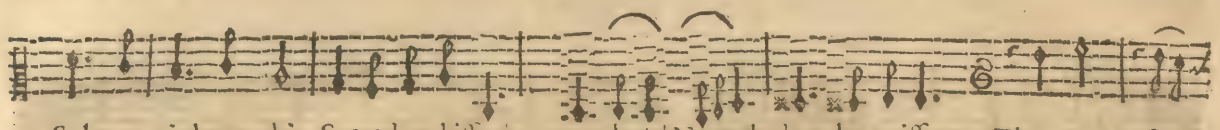
Ome yee Graces, come away; you pleasant, hours why do you stay?



Upon

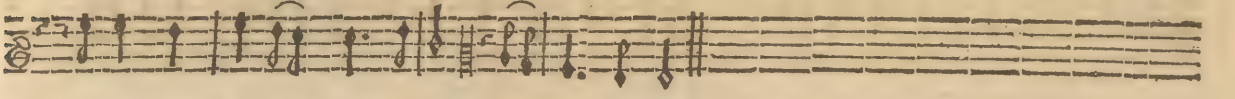


Upon your Mistrifs wait, see where in State the Queen of Love and Beauty is. On such a



Solemn night as this, Sacred to kissing, what bold Nymph dare be missing? They come, they

come, behold the modest graces. For Loves sake mend your paces, and blush not to be bold;

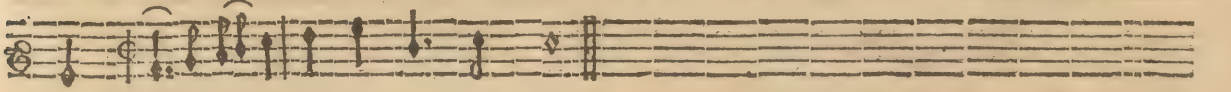


the hours have lost their wings, I fear. No, they appear.

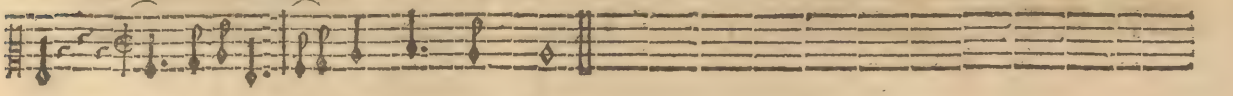
Chorus.

And *Ida* green is now the Court of *Passas* Queen: when every one doth wel-

And *Ida* green is now the Court of *Passas* Queen: when every one doth wel-

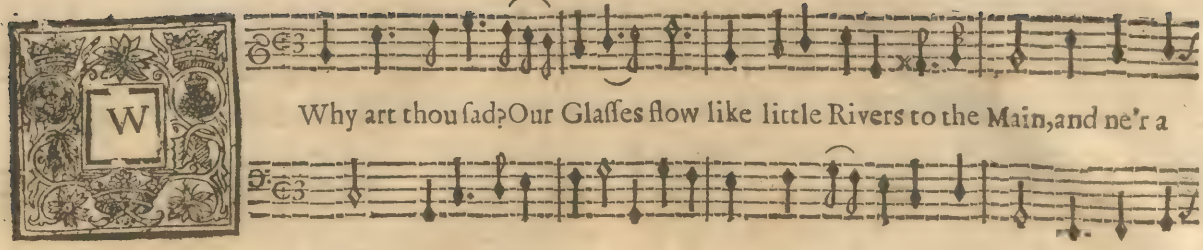


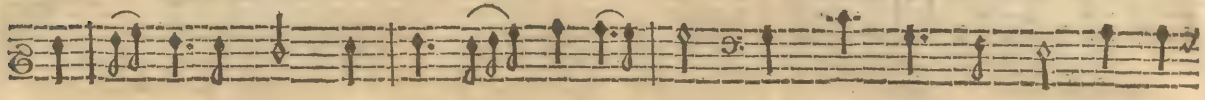
come sing to *Venus* and their new made King.



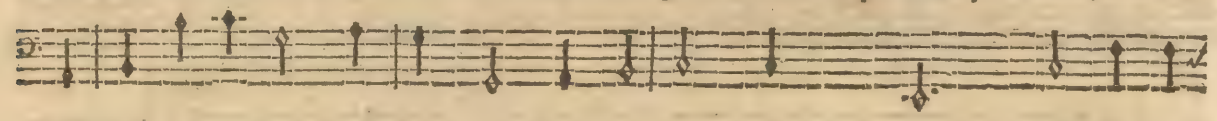
come sing to *Venus* and their new made King.

Lilly *Contemn'd.*

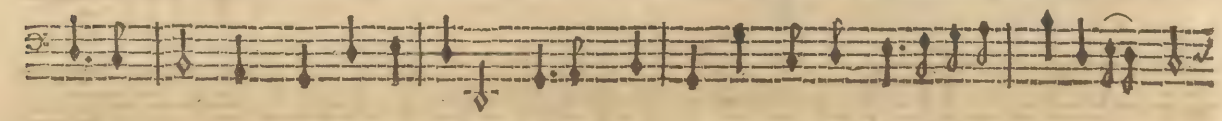




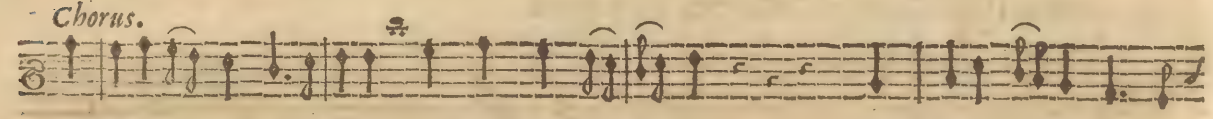
man here hath a Shrew, what need'ſt thou then complain? Then Boyes mind your Glaſs, and let



all News paſs, that treats not of this our Canary. Let Lawyers fear their Fate. In the turn of the State.

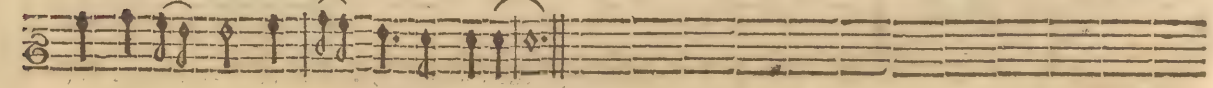


Chorus.



We ſuffer if this do miſcarry: 'Tis this will preſerve us 'gainſt *Lilly*'s predictions, and

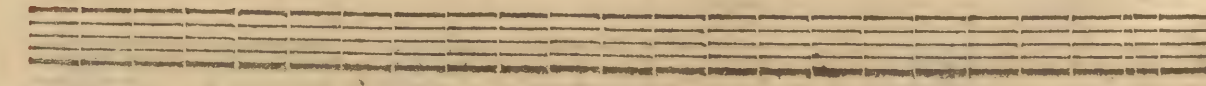
We ſuffer if this do miſcarry: 'Tis this will preſerve us 'gainſt *Lilly*'s predictions, and



make us contemn our Fate and his Fictions.

make us contemn our Fate and his Fictions.

'Tis



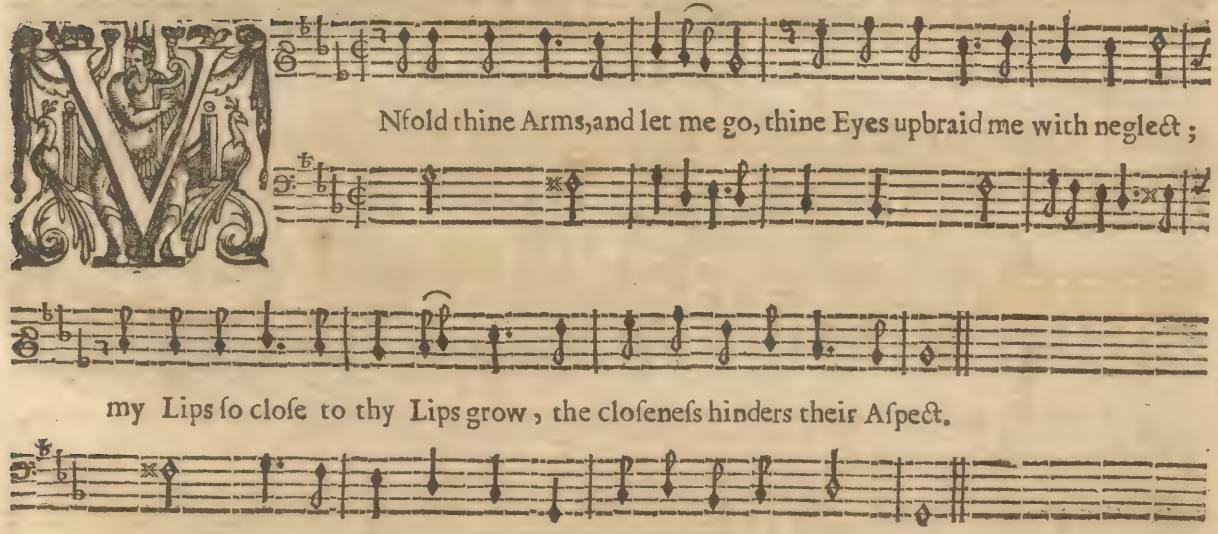
II.

'Tis this maintains the City Ruff,
And lines the Aldermen with Furr;
It makes the Watchmen ſtiff and tuff
To call, Where go you Sir?
'Tis this doth advance
The Cap of Maintenance,
And keeps the Sword ſleeping or waking;
It Courage doth raiſe
In ſuch men now a dayes,
That heretofore cry'd at Head-aching.
Chorus.——'Tis this doth infuſe in a Miſer ſome pity,
And is the Genius and Soul of the City.

III.

Then why ſhould we deſpair, or think
The Enemy approacheth nere?
Let ſuch as never uſe to drink
Sack, be enſlav'd to Fear:
Then to get Honour,
And that waits on her,
Strange Titles Illuſtrious and Mighty,
We'l have a ſmart Bout,
Shall ſpeak us men and ſtout,
And I'le be the firſt that ſhall fight ye.
Chorus.——He that ſtifly can ſtand to't, and hath the beſt Brain;
Shall be ſtyl'd Son of *Mars*, and God of the Main.

Loves Charm.



II.

We firſt ſay they found out her face,
And to thy wandring heart made known
The purchaſe of ſo ſweet a place,
To make a dwelling of its own.

III.

When men a building do erect,
They give not Drudges ſo much pay
As they do to the Architect,
Who did the firſt foundation lay.

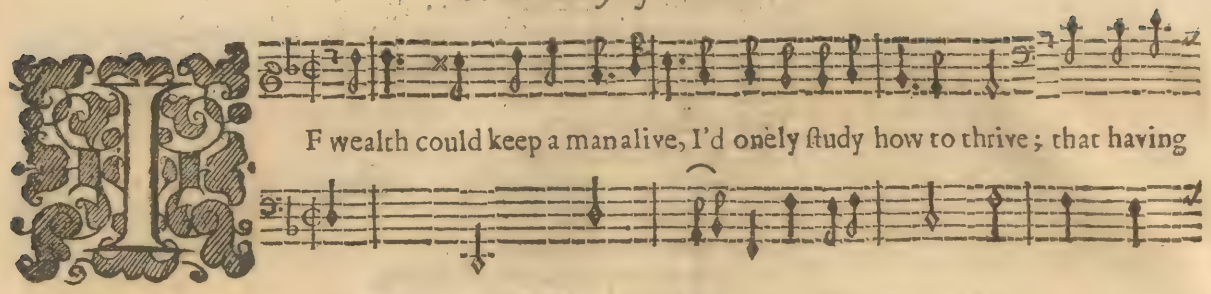
IV.

Compar'd with us, what vertue hath
Each other ſenſe; ſince if it muſt
Alwayes rely upon our faith
To take Beauty upon truſt.

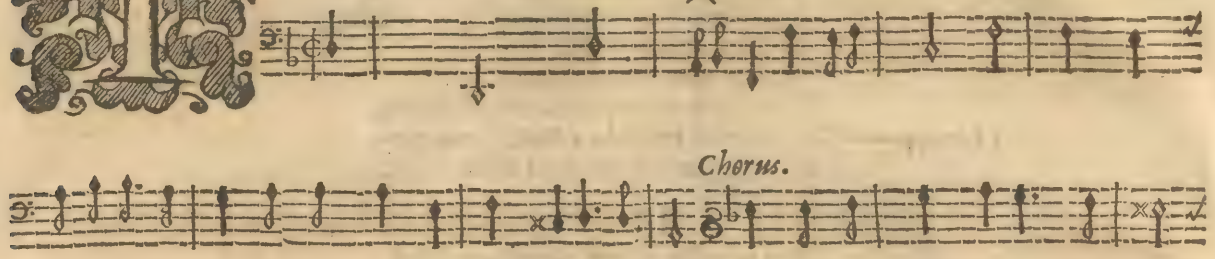
V.

Oh! Eyes; why do you thus complain?
We dare not rob you of your due;
For our Imbraces onely aim
To humble every ſenſe to you.

The Vanity of Wealth.

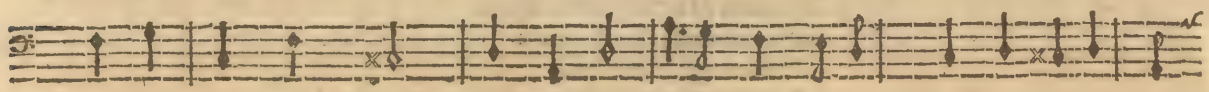


F wealth could keep a man alive, I'd onely ſtudy how to thrive; that having

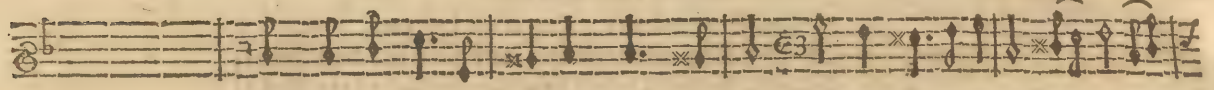


Chorus.

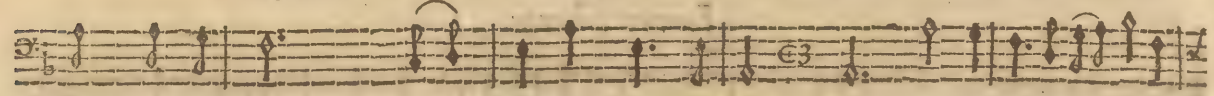
got a mighty maſs, I might bribe the Fates to let me paſs: But ſince we cann't prolong our years,



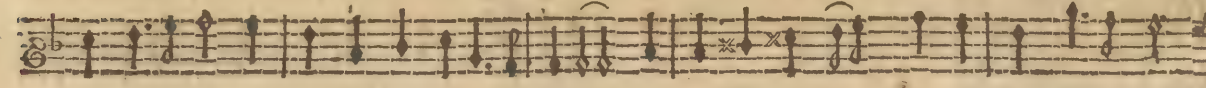
But ſince we cann't prolong our years,



why ſpend we time in needleſs griefs and fears? For ſince Deſtinie has decree'd, de-

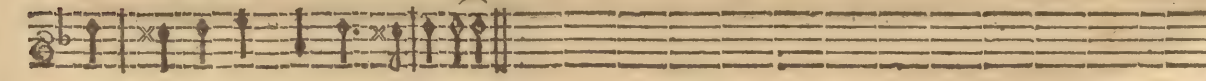


why ſpend we time in needleſs griefs and fears? For ſince Deſtinie has de-

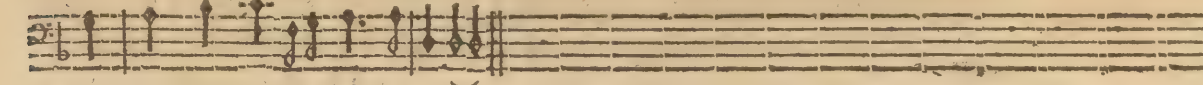


cree'd us to die, and all muſt paſs over the Ferry, hang Riches and Cares, ſince we han't many years,

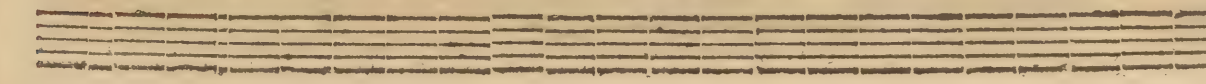
cree'd us to die, and all muſt paſs over the Ferry, hang Riches and Cares, ſince we han't many years,



Let's have a ſhort life and a merry.

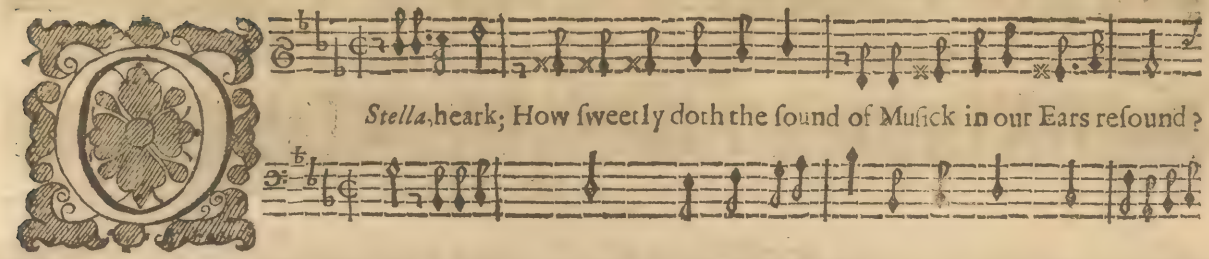


Let's have a ſhort life and a merry.

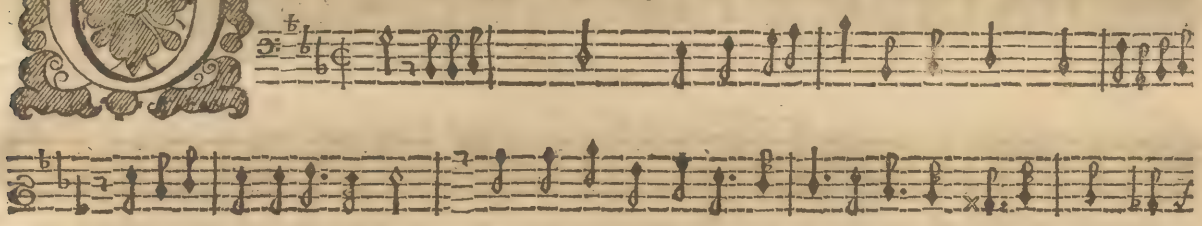


Times keep their round, and Destinie
Observes not whe'r we laugh or crie;
And Fortune never does bestow
A look on what we do below:
But men with equal labour run,
Either t'enrich themselves, or be undon.
Since we can take no course
To be better or worse,
Let none be a melancholly thinker;
Let the times their round go,
So the Cups do so too,
Never blush at the name of a Drinker.

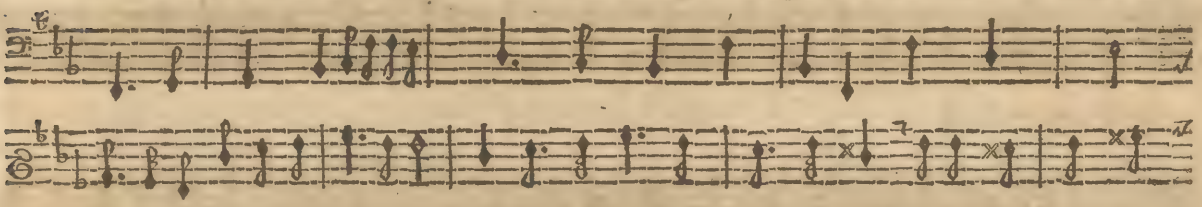
Musick being heard in the dead Season of the Night.



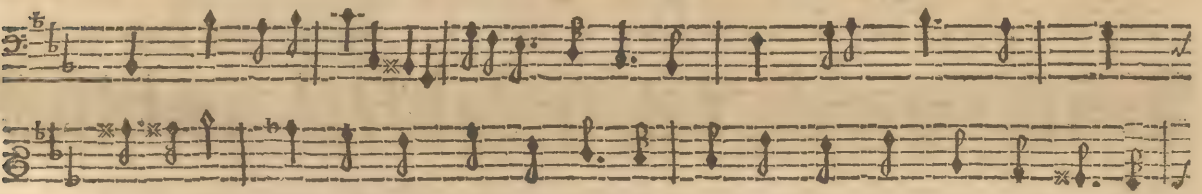
Stella, heark; How sweetly doth the sound of Musick in our Ears resound?



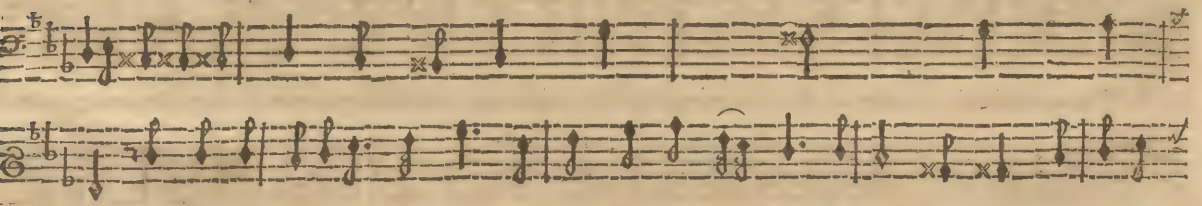
how 'tis advanced by the Night, whose silence adds unto delight? Our senses dead as Night are



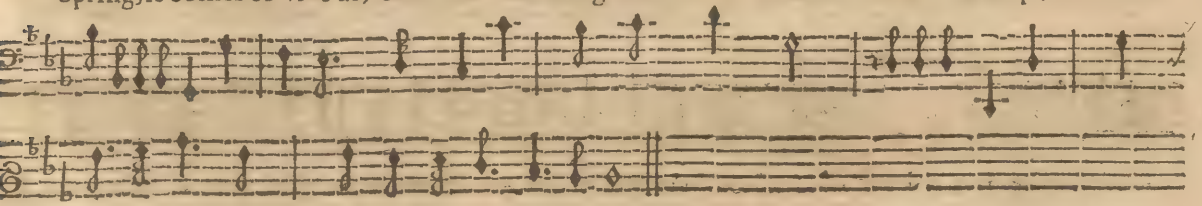
by the vertue of its Harmony stir'd, and revi'd; who frisk and play like wanton Kids in th'



dawn of day; one Voyce doth now more comfort bring, then the whole Quire of Birds in th'



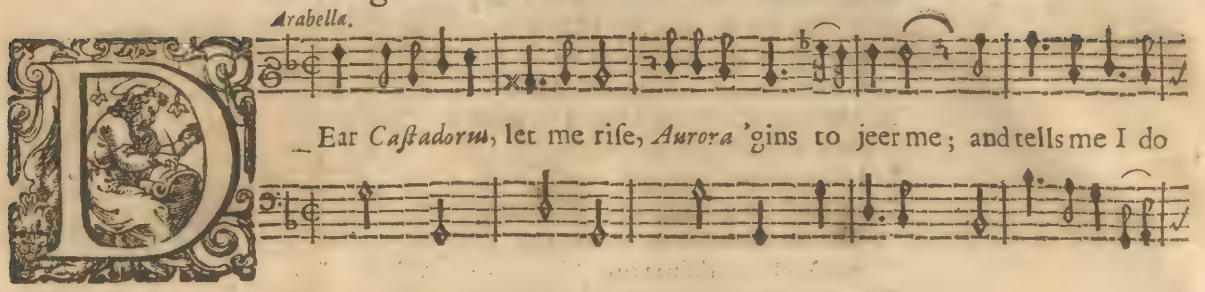
Spring; it comes to visit us, like that rare thing in man so wondred at. Friendship, to set our



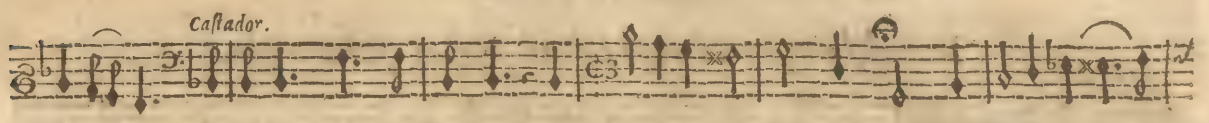
Spirits free, when thrall'd in Fortunes Slaverie.

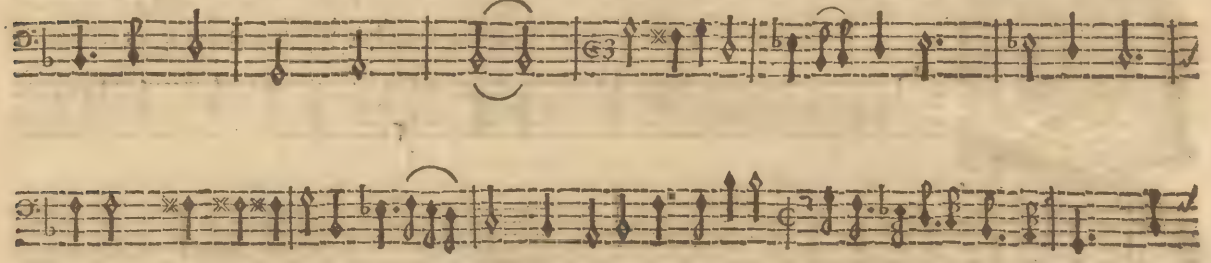
A Dialogue between Castadorus *and* Arabella.

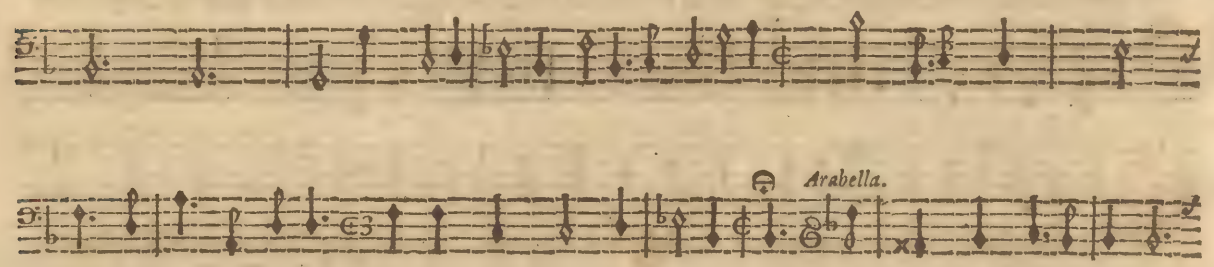
Arabella.



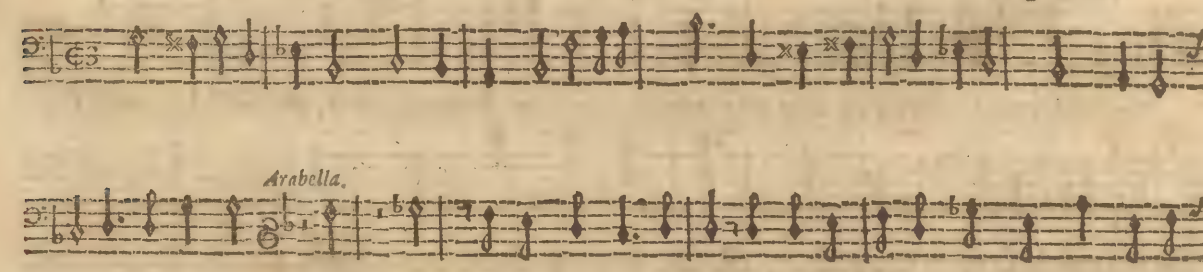
Castador.







Castador.



Caſtador.

ſay or think of you? I prethee Sweet excuſe me; thy Beauty and my Love defend, I ſhould

Arabella.

ungently move thee, 'tis kiſſes Sweet that I intend; Is it not I that Love thee? I do confeſs it

is, but then ſince you do ſo importune, that I ſhould once lie down again, vouchſafe to draw the

Chorus.

Curtain. *Aurora* and *A-pol---lo* too may viſit, may vi-ſit ſilent Fields; by our con---ſent

Aurora and *A-pol---lo* too may vi-ſit ſilent Fields; by our con-

they ne'r ſhall know what bliſs our pleaſure yields.

ſent they ne'r ſhall know what bliſs our pleaſure yields.

A Paſtoral Dialogue.

Nymph.

Ly, Fly good *Shepherd*, haſt away, the Wood's beſet; come

Shepherd.

take this way, leſt that thou loſe that Life which I could dye for ſo contentedly. Oh! no, oh!

Nimph. *She p.*

no, my Dear I cannot Fly. Then I perceive 'tis I muſt dye. Wrong not my Courage,

nor my Love, nor let thy Fears my Ruine prove. Ile not depart, though for it I do ſoundly ſmart.

Nymph. *Shepherd.* *Nimph.*

Prethee begone, here comes in arms a mighty throng. What's that to mee. Oh! lovely

Shep. *Nymph.*

Shepherd prethee flee. Sing firſt a ſong; and then perchance I may begone. What ſhall it be?

Shepherd. *Nymph.*

What ever't be best pleaseth thee. Be not so fond, but hast away, for if thou stay,

thou needs must die; it boots thee not to make delay, and if thou love me quickly flie.

Chorus.

Then shall we find hereafter, hereafter when once met, joys that are lasting, joys that are

Then shall we find hereafter, hereafter when once met, joys that are lasting,

lasting, and hugely full, not Counterfeit.

lasting, and hugely full, not Counterfeit.

A Dialogue between Thirsis *and* Dorinda.

Dorinda.

WHen death shall part us from these Kids, and shut up our devided

Thirsis. *Dorinda.*

Lids; tell me *Thirsis*, prethee do, whether thou & I shall go? To the E-li-zi-um. Oh! where

Thirsis. *Dorinda.*

i'st? A chast Soul can never miss't. I know no way but one, our home: Is our Cell E-

Thirsis.

li--zi-um? Turn thine Eye to yonder sky, there the milky way doth lye, 'tis a-

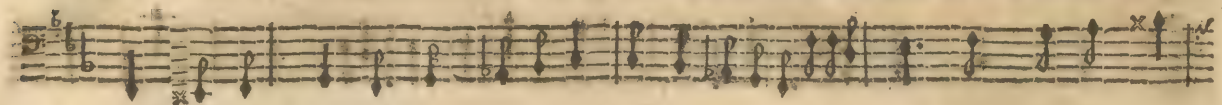
Dorinda.

sure but rugged way, that leads to everlasting day: There Birds may nest. But

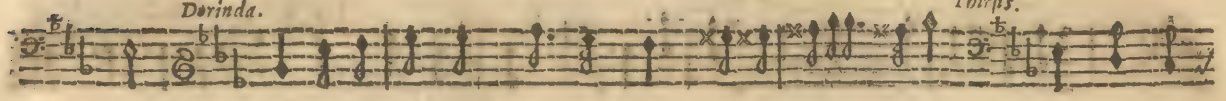
Thirsis.

how shall I, that have no wings and cannot fly? Do not sigh, fair Nymph, for

Fire, hath no wings but doth aſpire; tell it hit againſt the pole, Heavens, the Center of the

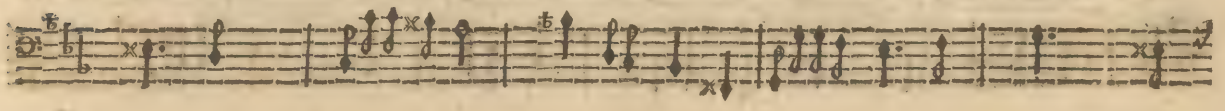


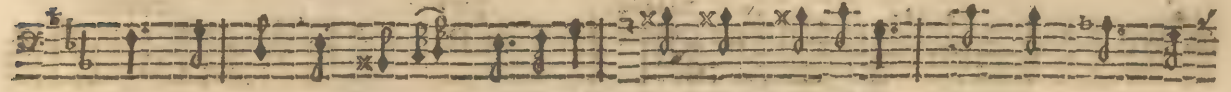
Dorinda. *Thirſis.*



Soul. But in E-li-zi-um, how do they paſs eternity away? Oh! there is

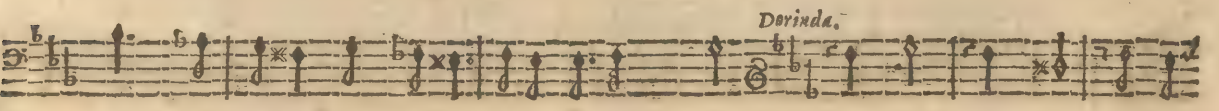
neither hope nor fear, there is no Woolf, nor Fox, nor Bear; no need of Dog to fetch our



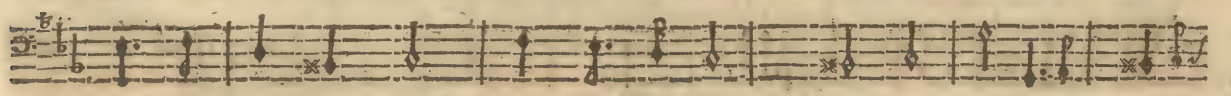


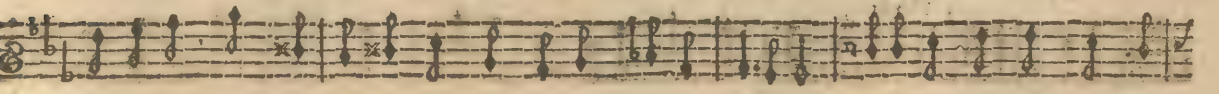
ſtray, our Lightfoot we may give away: No Oatepipes needful, there thy Eares may

Dorinda.

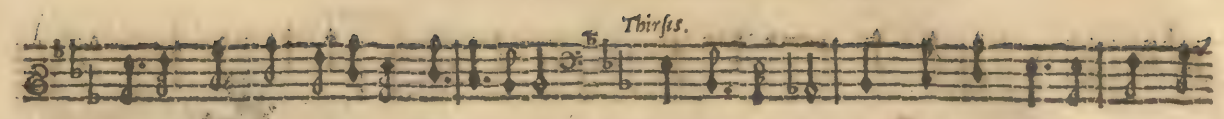


ſleep with Muſick, with Muſick, Muſick of the Spheres. O Sweet! O Sweet! how I

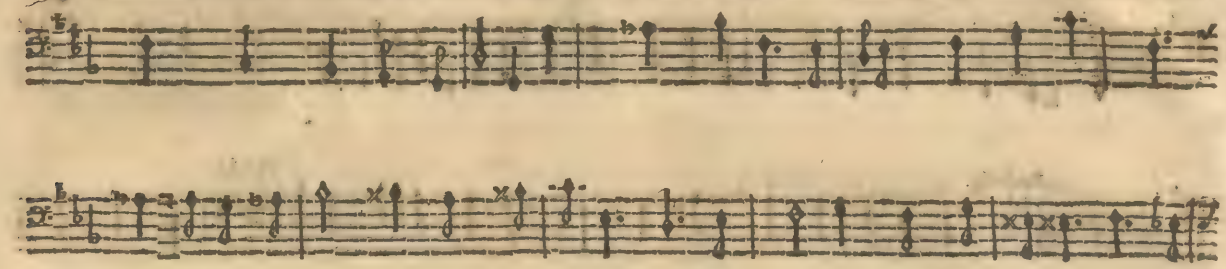




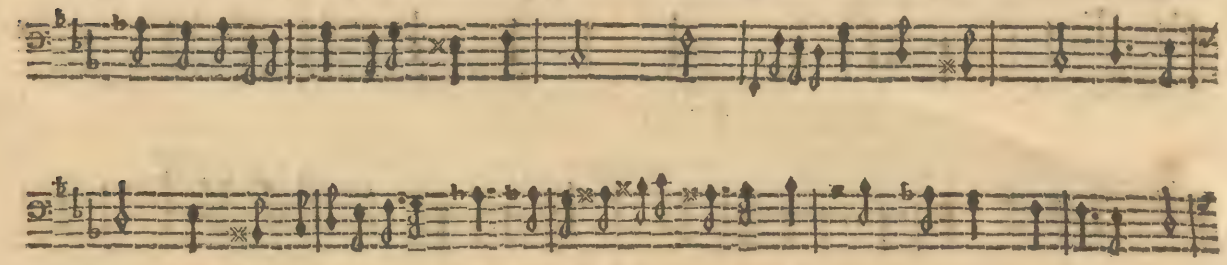
my future State, by ſilent thinking, ſilent thinking antedate: I prethee let us ſpend our



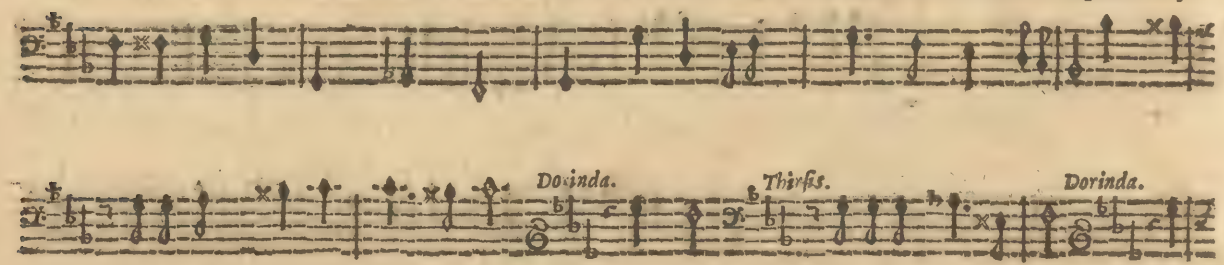
time to come, in talking of Eli-zi-um. Then I'le go on; There Sheep are full of sweetest



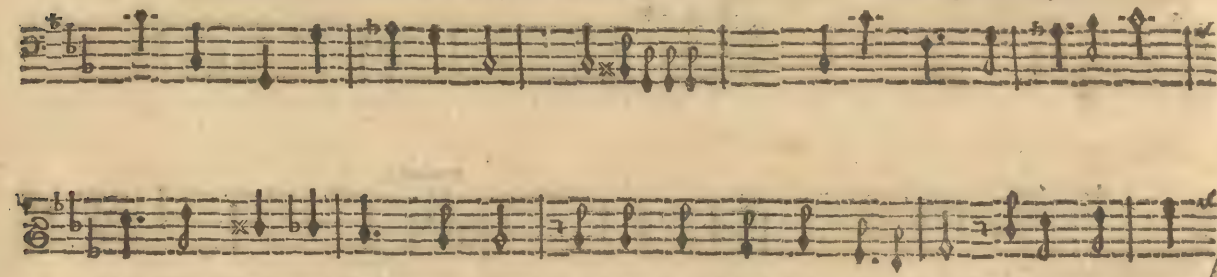
grass, and softest wool; there Birds sing consort, Garlands grow, cool winds do whisper, Springs do



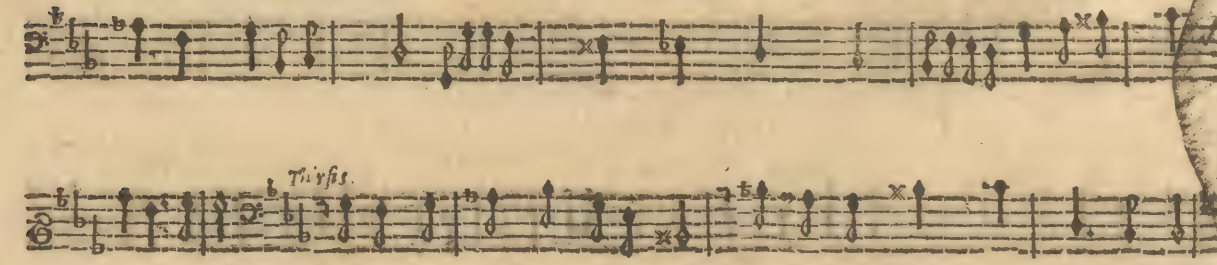
flow; there alwayes is a rising Sun, and day is ever but begun: Shepherds there bear equal sway,



and every Nymph a Queen of *May*. Ah! me. *Dorinda*, why dost cry? I'm

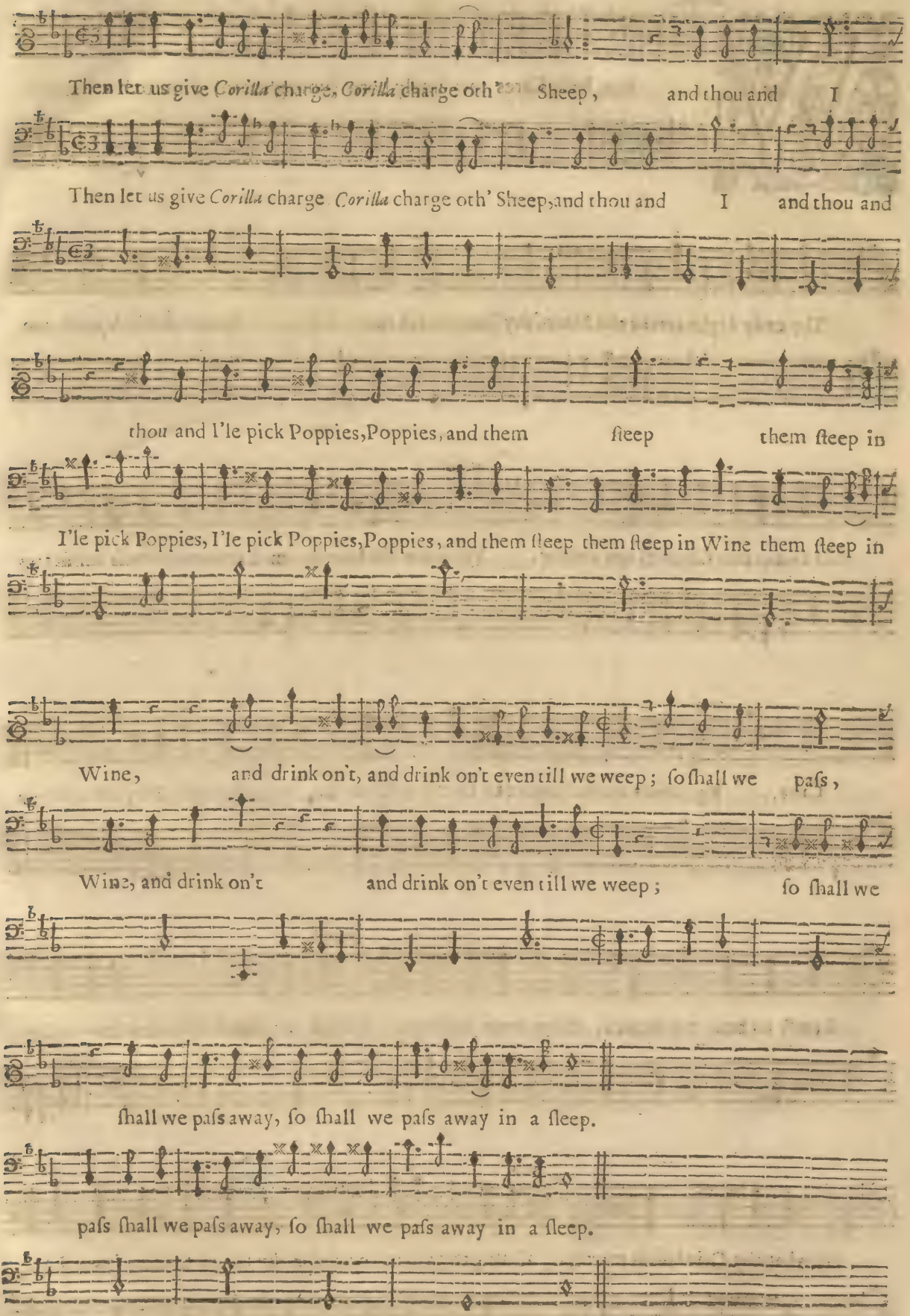


Sick, I'm Sick, and fain would die; convince me now that this is true, by bidding with



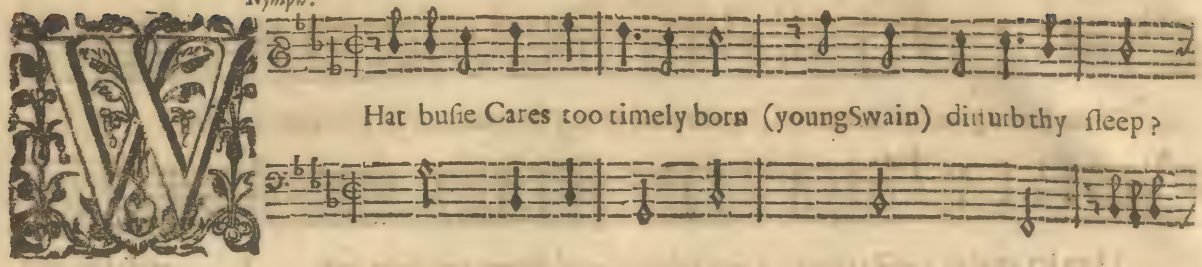
me all adieu. I cannot live without thee, I; I'le for thee, much more with thee die.

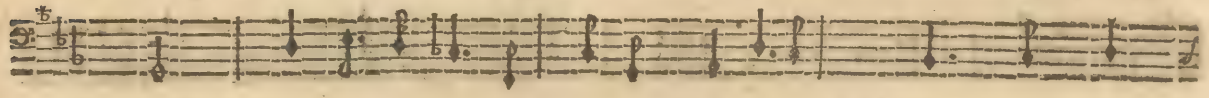
Chorus.

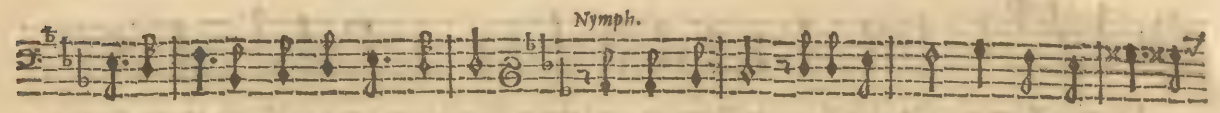

Then let us give *Corilla* charge, *Corilla* charge oth' Sheep, and thou and I
Then let us give *Corilla* charge *Corilla* charge oth' Sheep, and thou and I and thou and
thou and I'le pick Poppies, Poppies, and them steep them steep in
I'le pick Poppies, I'le pick Poppies, Poppies, and them steep them steep in Wine them steep in
Wine, and drink on't, and drink on't even till we weep; so shall we pass,
Wine, and drink on't and drink on't even till we weep; so shall we
shall we pass away, so shall we pass away in a sleep.
pass shall we pass away, so shall we pass away in a sleep.

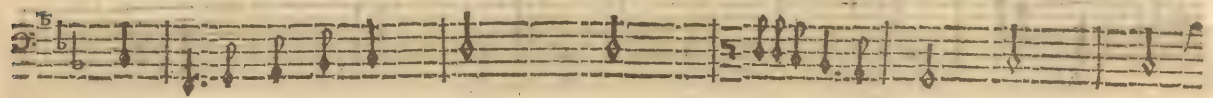
A Dialogue between a Shepherd *and a* Nymph.

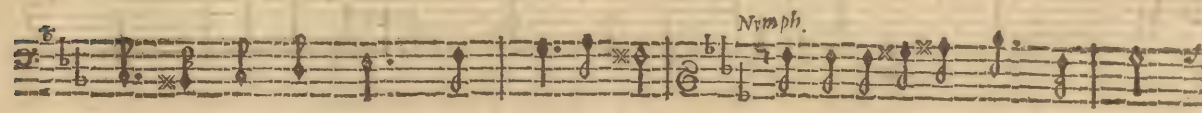
Nymph.

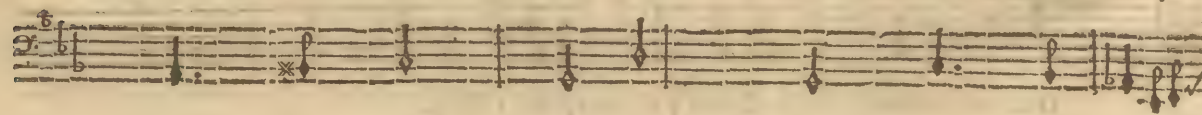


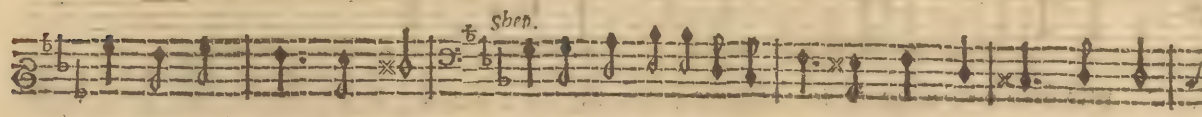


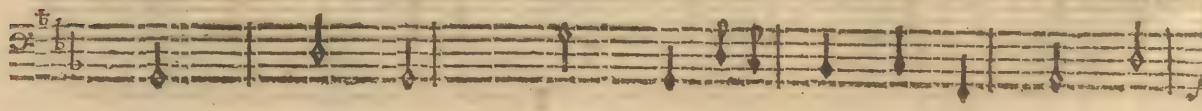


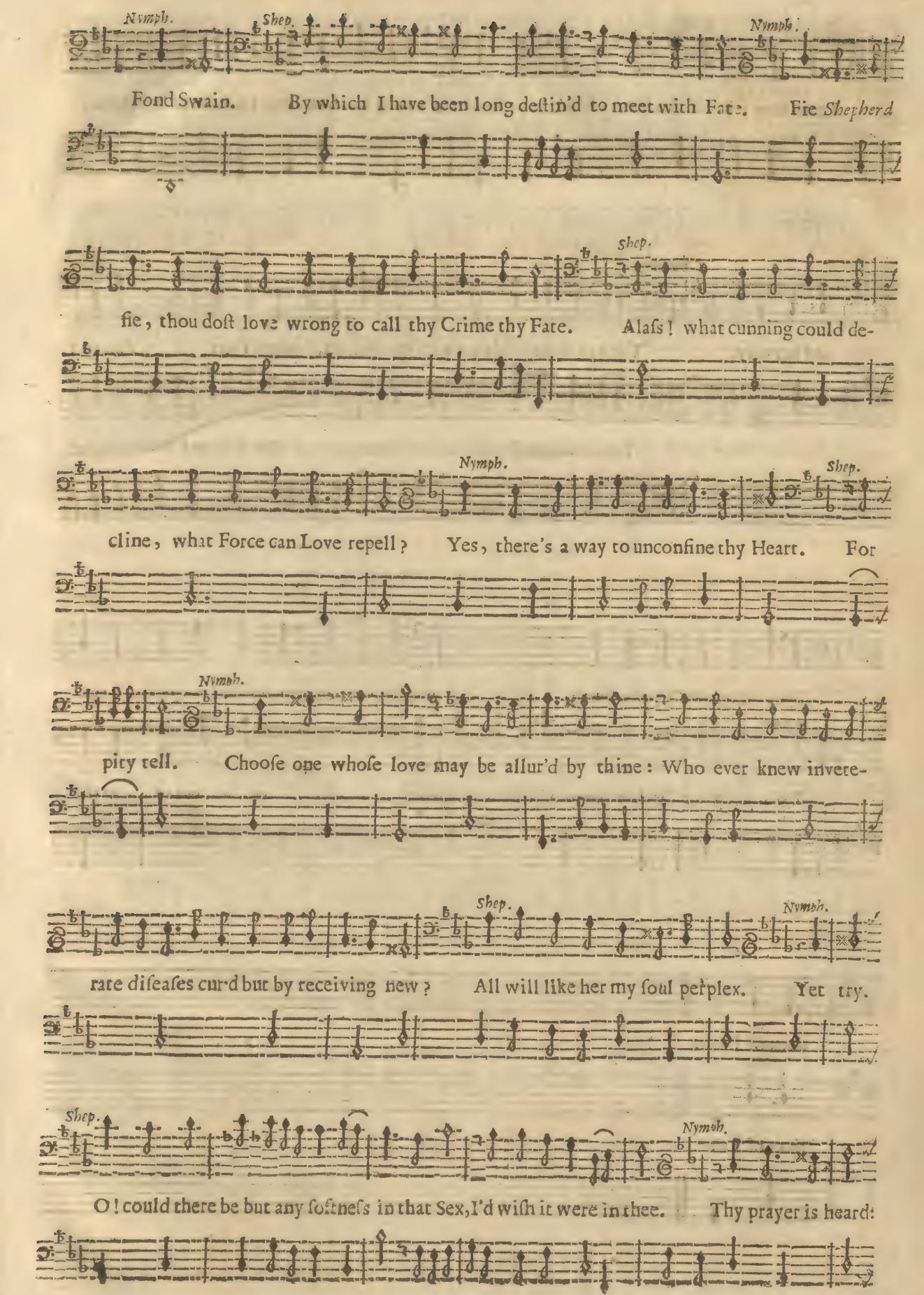








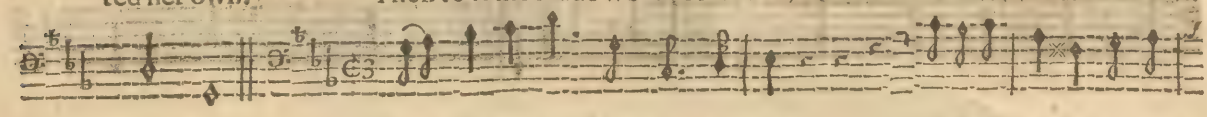



Nymph.
Shep.
Nymph.
Fond Swain. By which I have been long destin'd to meet with Fate. Fie Shepherd
Shep.
fie, thou dost love wrong to call thy Crime thy Fate. Alass! what cunning could de-
Nymph.
Shep.
cline, what Force can Love repell? Yes, there's a way to unconfine thy Heart. For
Nymph.
pity tell. Choose one whose love may be allur'd by thine: Who ever knew invete-
Shep.
Nymph.
rate diseases cur'd but by receiving new? All will like her my soul perplex. Yet try.
Shep.
Nymph.
O! could there be but any softness in that Sex, I'd wish it were in thee. Thy prayer is heard:

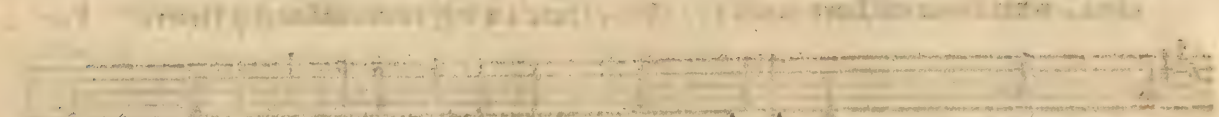
Learn now t' ſteem the kindneſs She hath ſhown, who thy loſt freedome to redeem hath forfei-

Chorus.

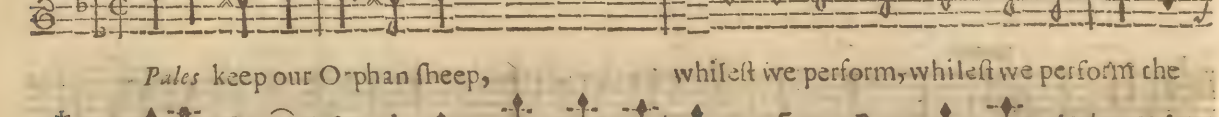
ted her own. Then to ſome ſhade we will remove, let *Pan* and *Pales* *Pan* and



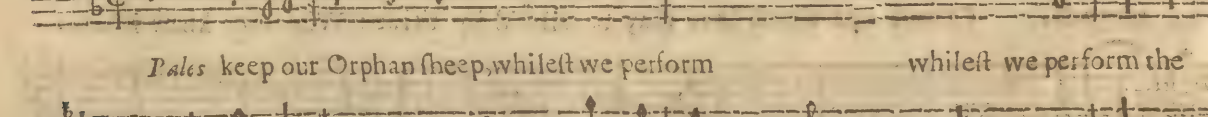
Then to ſome ſhade we will remove, let *Pan* and *Pales Pan* and

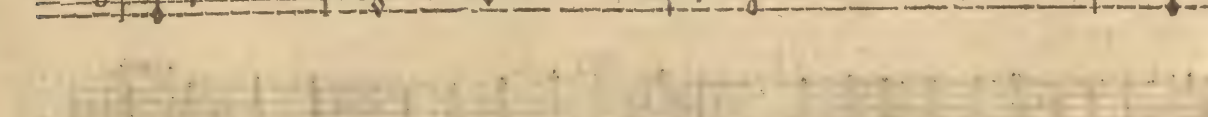


Pales keep our Orphan ſheep, whileſt we perform, whileſt we perform the

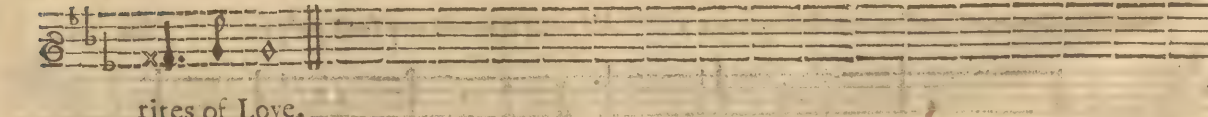


Pales keep our Orphan ſheep, whileſt we perform whileſt we perform the



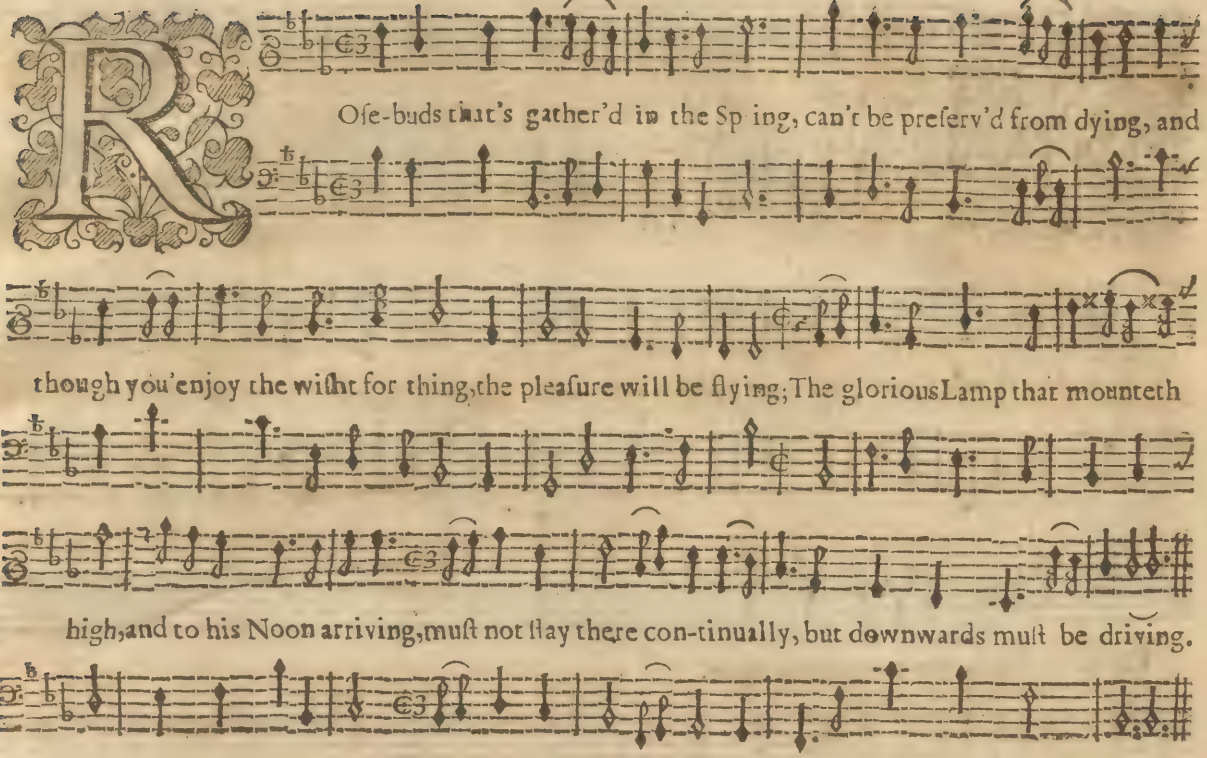


rites of Love.

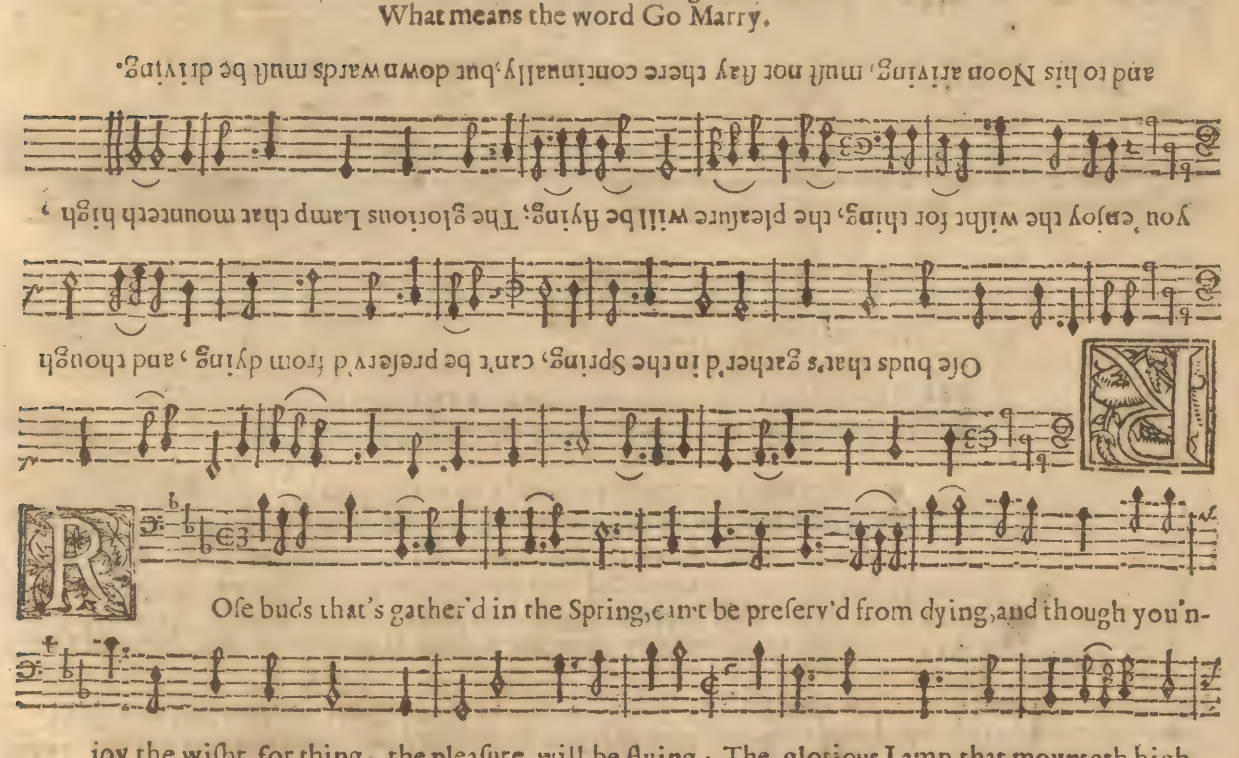


rites of Love.

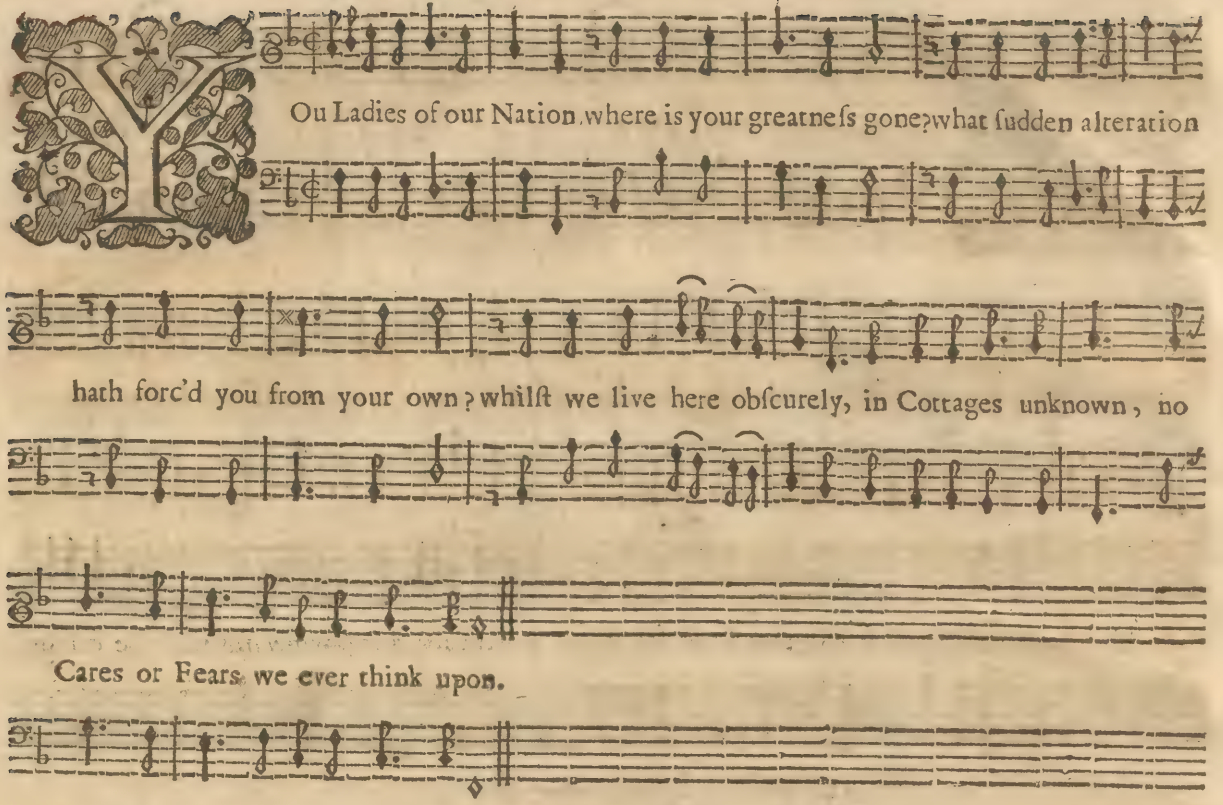
The contented Batchelor.



The last is best, for though that time
With Age and Sicknes seise us;
Yet on our Crutches do we climbe
Untill a light shall ease us:
Then though I may, yet will I not
Possess me of 't, but tarry;
He lives the best that hath forgot,
What means the word Go Marry.



Bushels Myners.



Our Walls are higest Mountains,
For we live in a Comb;
We drink of Flowing Fountains,
Out dwelling is our Tomb:
Nor look to be expected before the day of Doom,
Where Scribes for bribes shall ne'r deny us Room.

The day we spend in working,
And chanting harmless Songs;
No mallice here lies lurking,
Our thoughts are free from wrongs:
And those that civil War do love, we wish they had no tongues,
No Drums no Guns, nor what to War belongs.

We have a dreadful summons
Up in the high Countrie;
Our gracious King and Commons,
They say cannot agree:
This harness is for Cedars, and no such shrubs as we,
Yet still we will pray for a unitie.

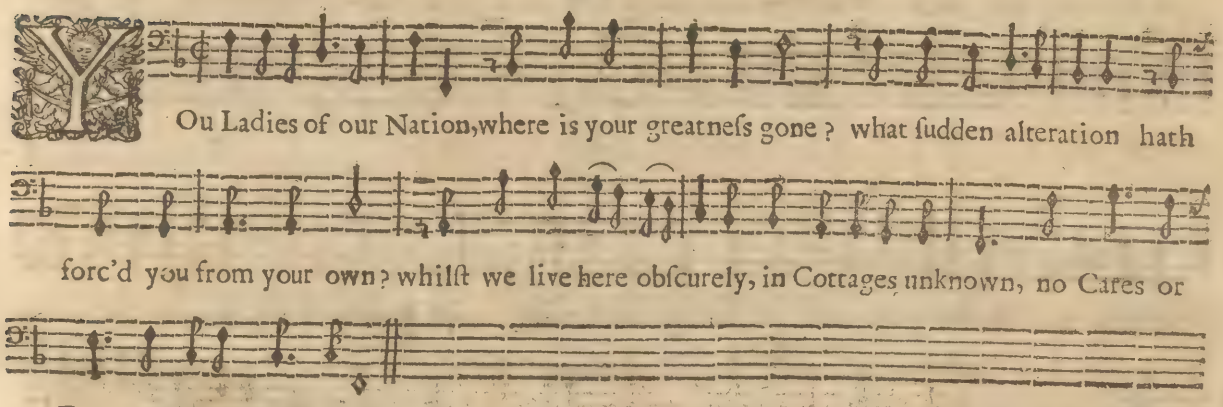
We wound the Earths hard Bowels,
Where hidden treasure grows;
With Twibil, Sledge and Trowels,
Pick-Axe and Iron-Crowes:
We search for sinful Silver, that all dissention sowes,
Their health and wealth, men do so ill dispose.

We eat the Bread of Labour,
And what endeavours brings;
Sorrow is no next Neighbour,
Our Eyes they are no Springs,
Unless we shed a Tear or two, when as we pity Kings;
The Fates of States to us are Hebrew things.

We eat the Bread of Labour,
And what endeavours brings;
Sorrow is no next Neighbour,
Our Eyes they are no Springs,
Unless we shed a Tear or two, when as we pity Kings;
The Fates of States to us are Hebrew things.

The day we spend in working,
And chanting harmless Songs;
No mallice here lies lurking,
Our thoughts are free from wrongs:
And those that civil War do love, we wish they had no Tongues,
No Drums no Guns, or what to War belongs.

We wound the Earths hard Bowels,
Where hidden treasure grows;
With Twibil, Sledge and Trowels,
Pick-Axe and Iron-Crowes:
We search for sinful Silver, that all dissention sowes,
Their health and wealth men do so ill dispose.



Our Walls are highest Mountains,
For we live in a Comb;
We drink of Flowing Eountains,
Our dwelling is our Tomb:
Nor look to be expected before the day of Doom,
Where Scribes for bribes shall ne'r deny us Room.

We have a dreadful summons
Up in the high Countrie;
Our gracious King and Commons,
They say cannot agree:
This harness is for Cedars,and no such shrubs as we,
Yet still we will pray for a unitie.

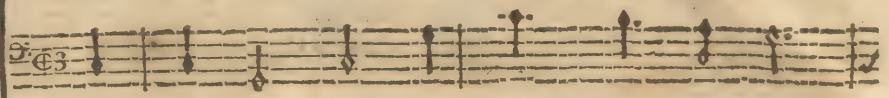
The day we spend in working,
And chanting harmless Songs;
No mallice here lies lurking,
Our thoughts are free from wrongs:
And those that civil War do love, we wish they had no Tongues,
No Drums no Guns, or what to War belongs.

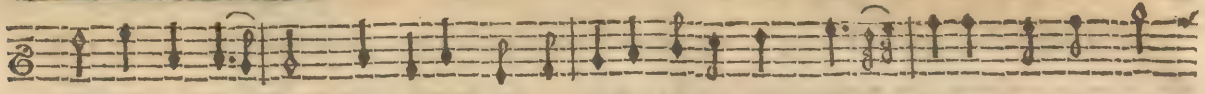
We wound the Earths hard Bowels,
Where hidden treasure growes;
With Twibil, Sledge and Trowels,
Pick-Axe and Iron-Crowes.
We search for sinful Silver, that all dissention sowes,
Their health and wealth men do so ill dispose.

We eat the Bread of Labour,
And what endeavours brings,
Sorrow is no next Neighbour,
Our Eyes they are no Springs;
Unless we shed a Tear or two, when as we pity Kings,
The Fates of States to us are Hebrew things.

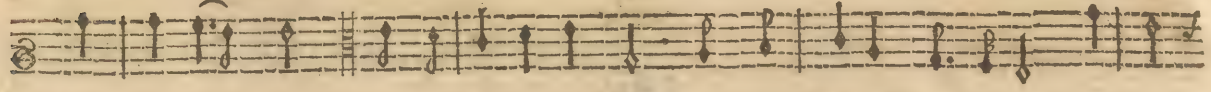
Bacchus *true Adorers.*

T's the news of the Town, that Healths are put down; Zealots

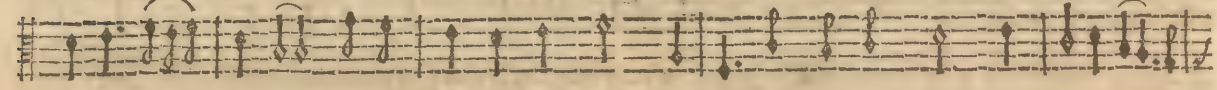




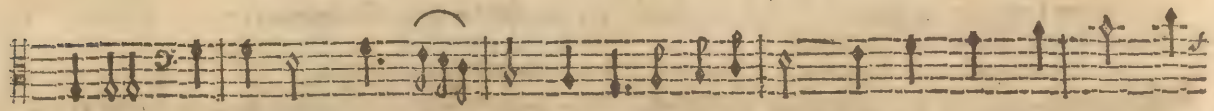
ſay 'tis for our eaſe; then tipple like a Sinner, at a Thankſ-giving dinner, who is drunk



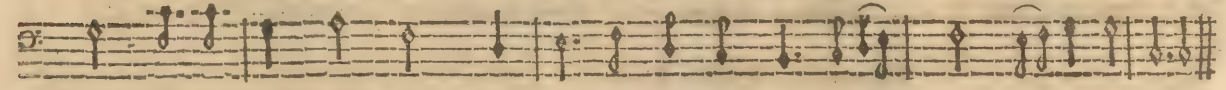
with what you pleaſe: Kind Remembrances now each good Fellow muſt alow, the Act



forbids not drinking fill the Glaſs to the brim, and let our Fancies ſwim, none is excluded

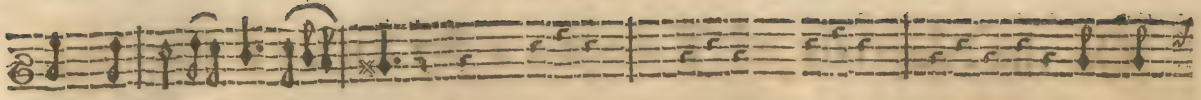


thinking: To *Bacchus* Rites we'l pay, and on his Altar lay, both Fat Zeal, and Goats, and



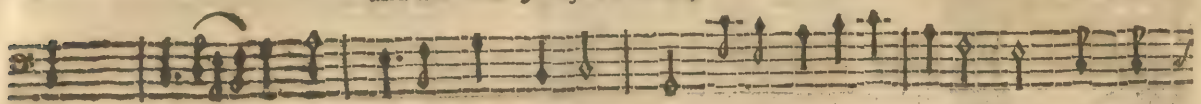
Swine; then his Phrygian Horne, which Teaching Brothers ſcorn, in our thought ſhall be ſublime.

Chorus.

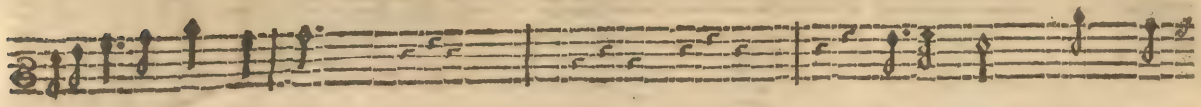


Let *Anachrions* Boul be full, we have

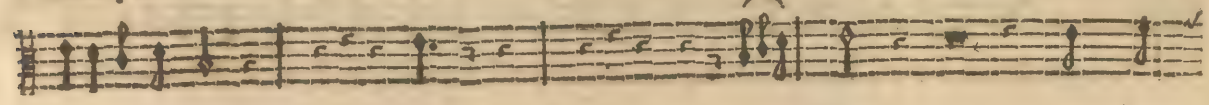
and fill *Ben. Johnson*'s Scul; we have



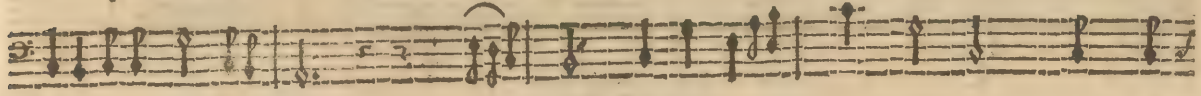
Who approv'd of *Apollo*'s Wine, we have



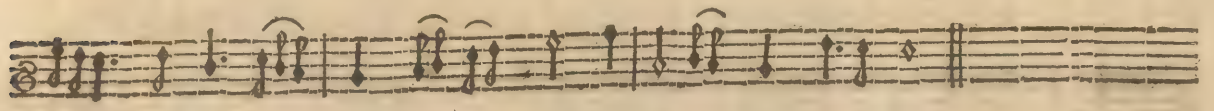
liberty to drink, to nod, or to mine, we have



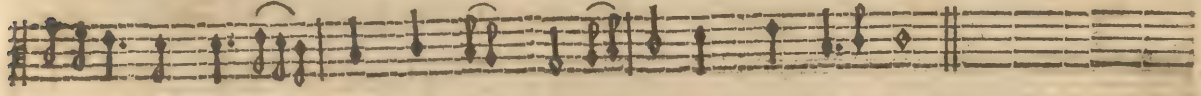
liberty to drink, wink, to thine, we have



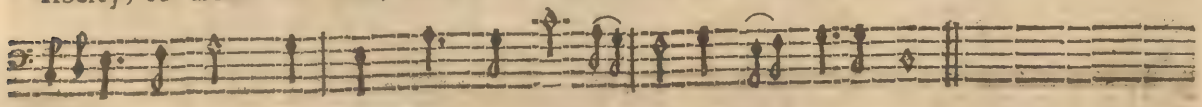
liberty to drink, or think, to his, we have



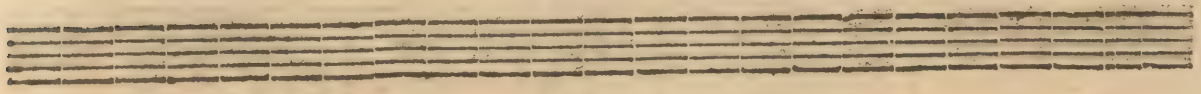
liberty, to drink to nod, wink or think, to his, to thine, or to mine.

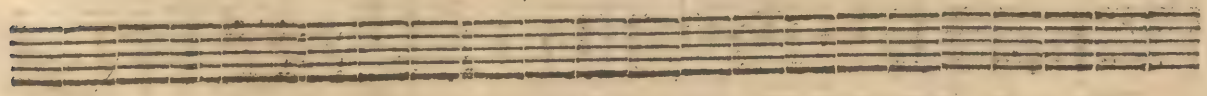


liberty, to drink to nod, wink or think, to his, to thine, or to mine.



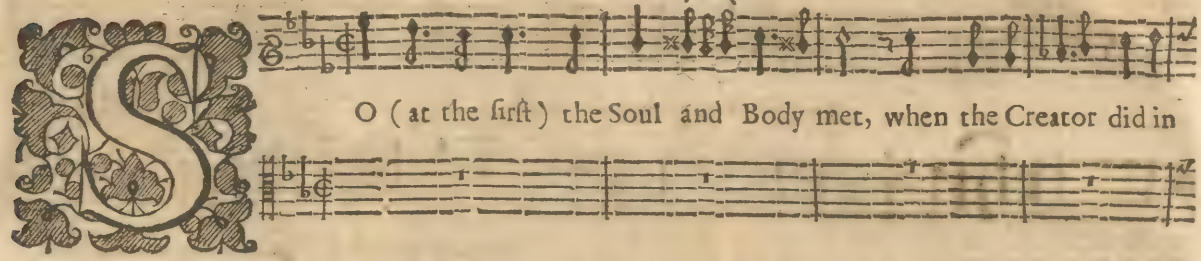
liberty, to drink to nod, wink or think, to his, to thine, or to mine.





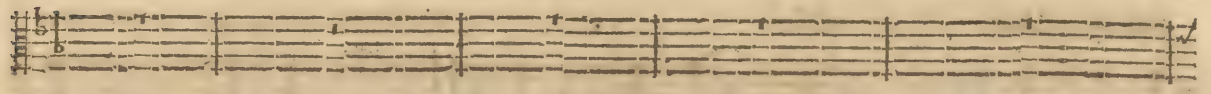
An EPITHALAMIUM

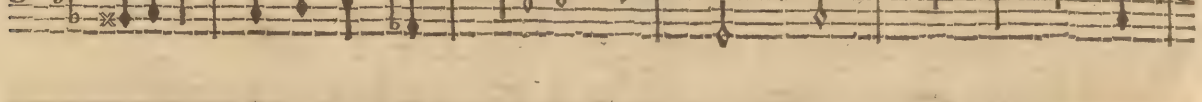
On the Nuptials of THOMAS STANLEY Esquire; And the Lady DOROTHY ENION.



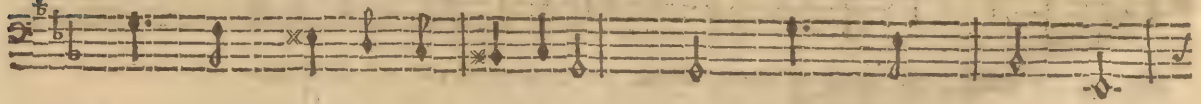
O (at the first) the Soul and Body met, when the Creator did in

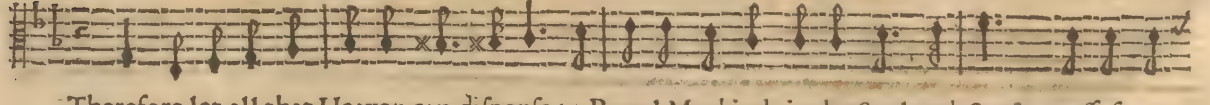
Counsel set, to make a little world command the great; nor are your flames less innocent then



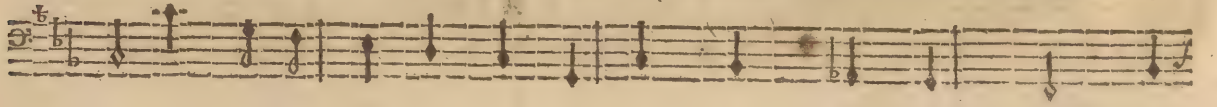


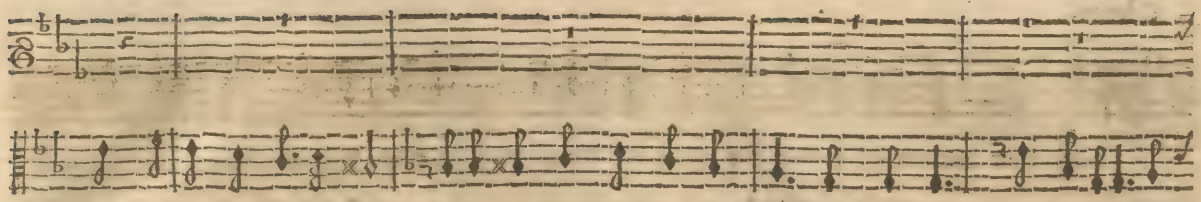
they, before the Grand Imposter did betray their fatal freedome to the worlds decay;



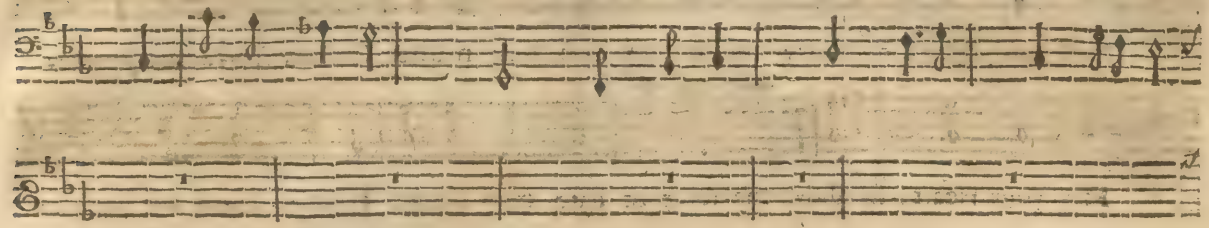


Therefore let all that Heaven can dispense to Royal Mankind, in the Soul and Sense possess ye

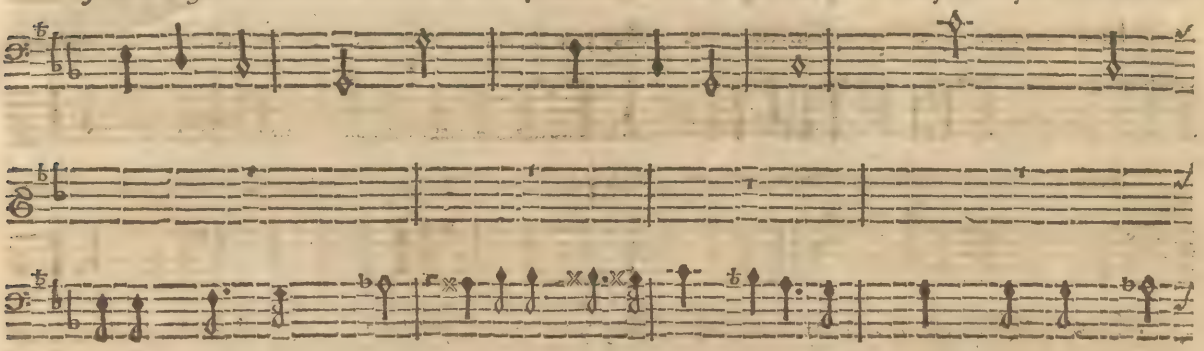




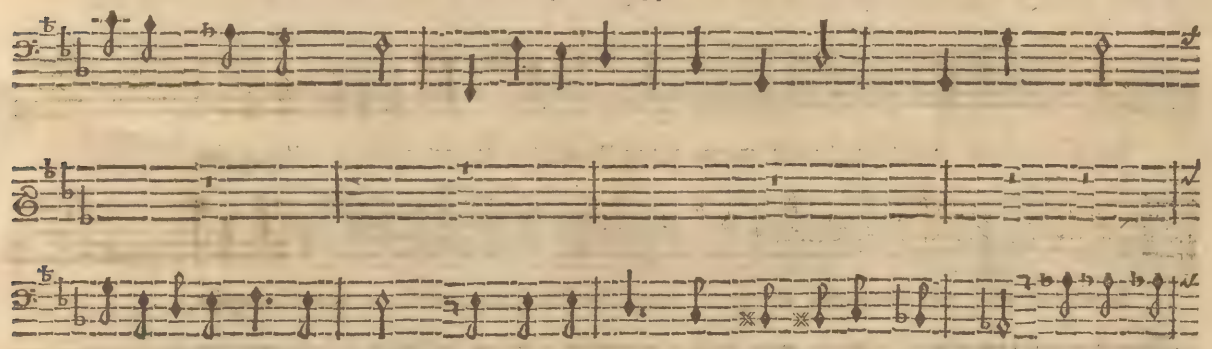
with Seraphick Influence: May all the promised blessings on each Nation, From *Genesis* to



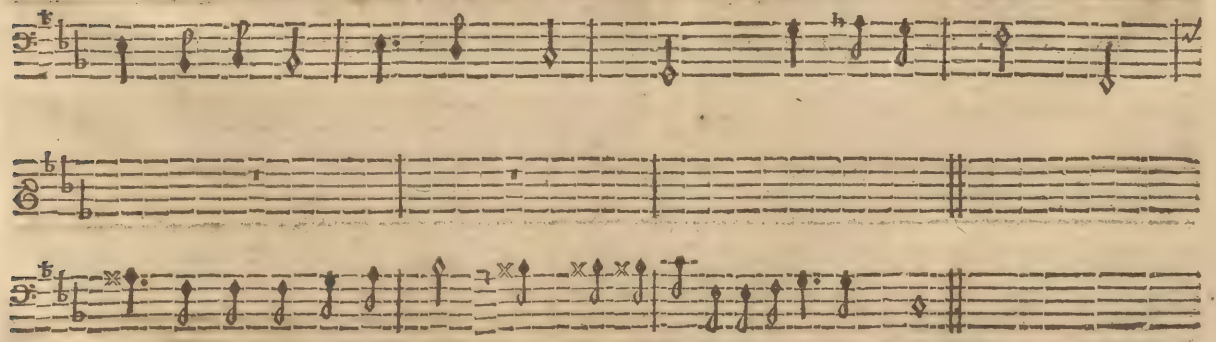
John's high *Revelation*, contribute to your Cordial Coronation: May both your Brows be



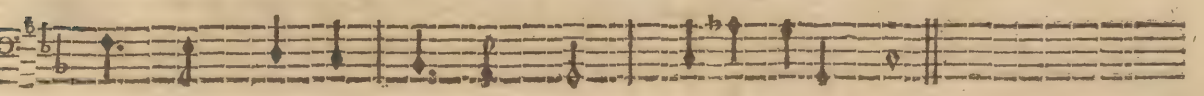
circled with such Beams of Glory as appear'd in *Jacob*'s Dreams, or the Dove



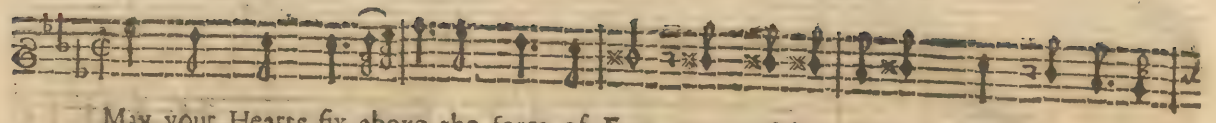
darted upon *Jordan*'s Streams: May Lovers light their Torches at your Flame, and may the



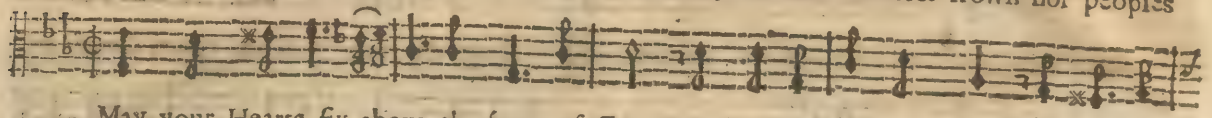
power of *Stanley*'s Single Name prove the sublimest Epithet of Fame.



Chorus.

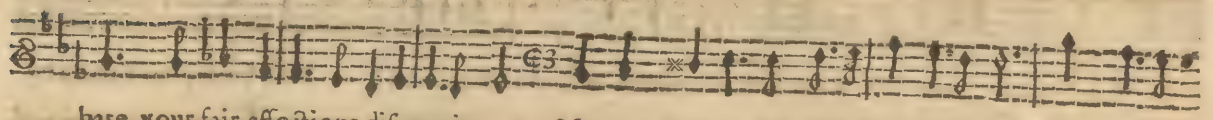


May your Hearts fix above the force of Fate, may neither Princes frown nor peoples

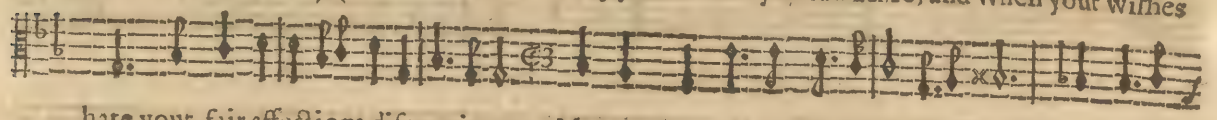


May your Hearts fix above the force of Fate, may neither Princes frown nor peoples

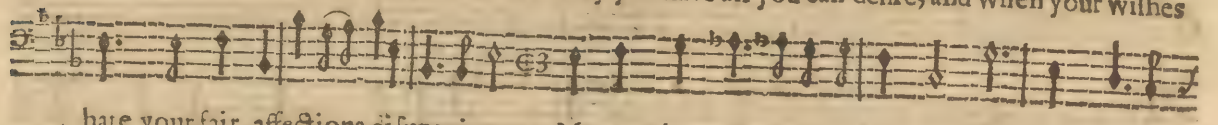
May your Hearts fix above the force of Fate, may neither Princes frown nor peoples.



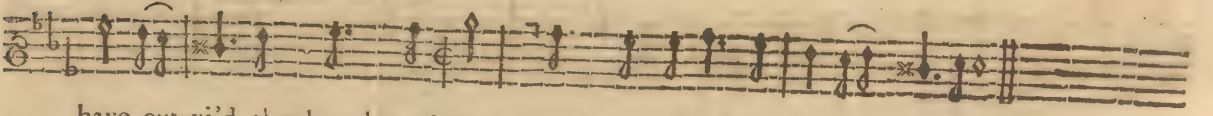
hate your fair affections disunanimate; May you have all you can desire, and when your wishes



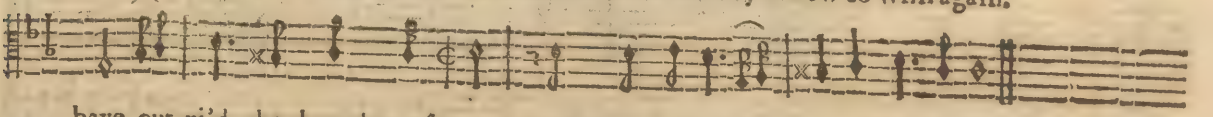
hate your fair affections disunanimate; May you have all you can desire, and when your wishes



hate your fair affections disunanimate; May you have all you can desire, and when your wishes

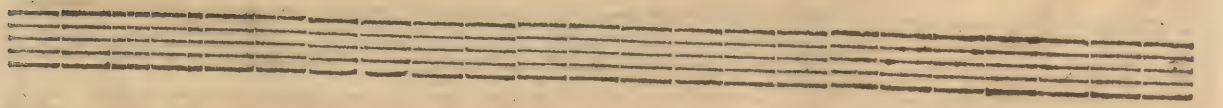


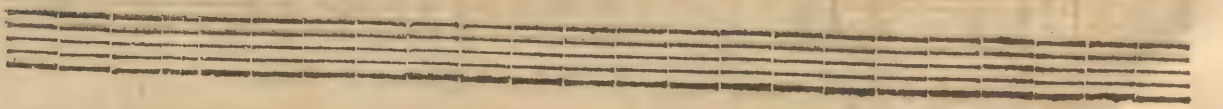
have out-vi'd the thoughts of men, some Power direct you how to wish again.

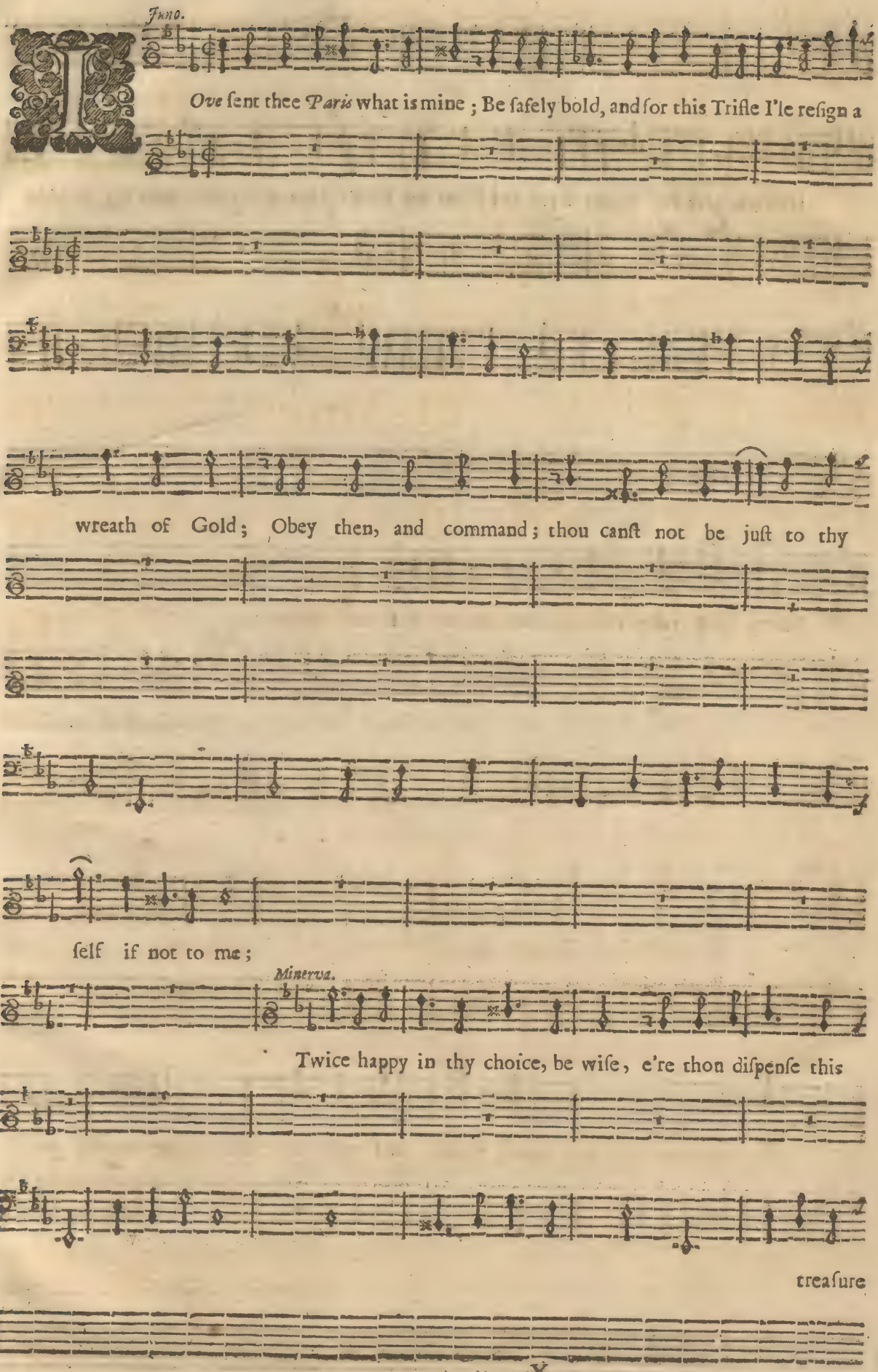


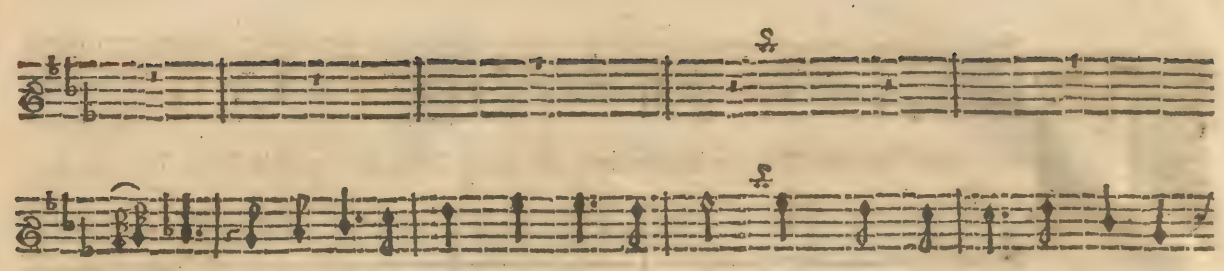
have out-vi'd the thoughts of men, some Power direct you how to wish again.

have out-vi'd the thoughts of men, some Power direct you how to wish again.

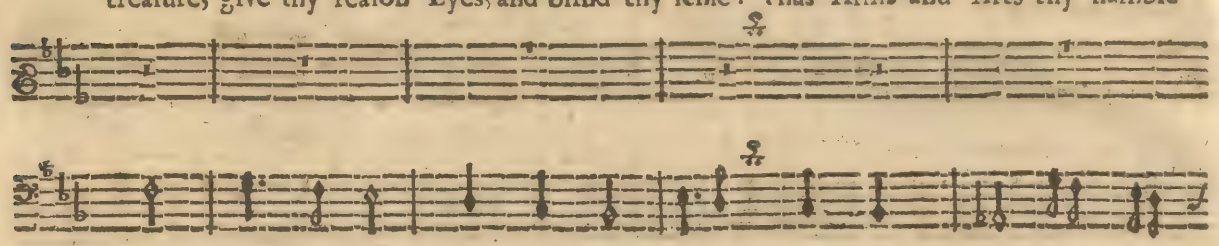


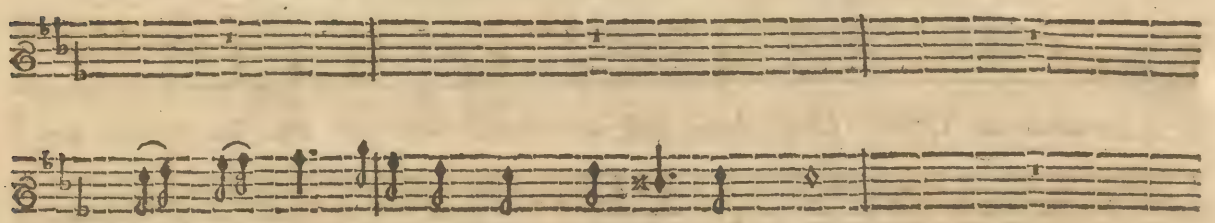



Juno.
Ove sent thee Paris what is mine; Be safely bold, and for this Trifle I'le resign a
wreath of Gold; Obey then, and command; thou canst not be just to thy
self if not to me;
Minerva.
Twice happy in thy choice, be wise, e're thon dispense this
treasure



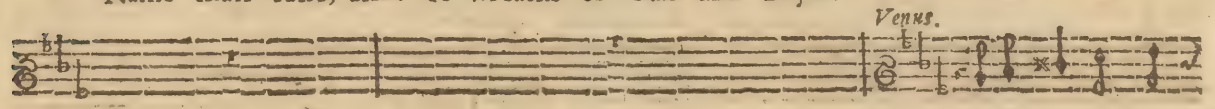
treaſure, give thy reaſon Eyes, and blind thy ſenſe: Thus Arms and Arts thy humble



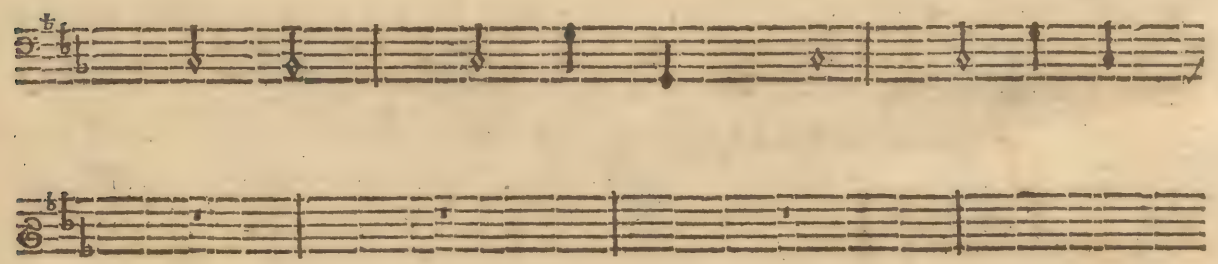


Name ſhall raiſe, alike to wreaths of Oak and Bayes.

Venus.

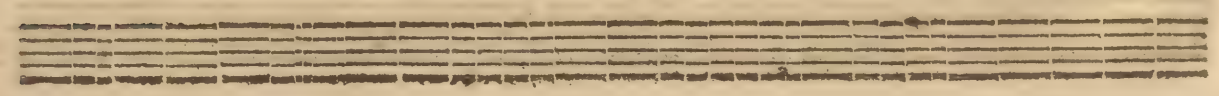


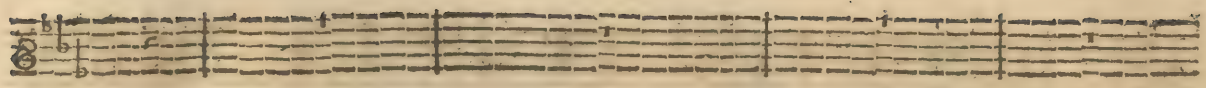
She whom all Suppliants

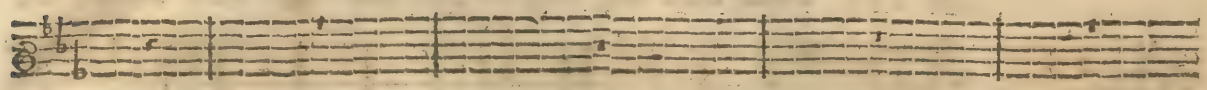


elſe implore, is here made thine, and will for this a gift reſtore no

leſſe

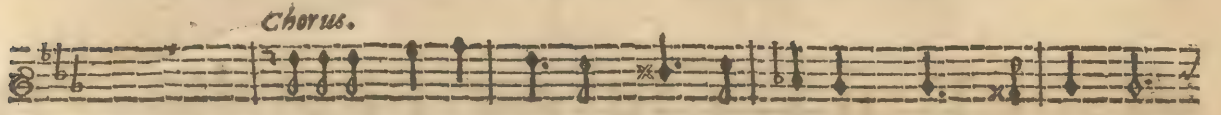




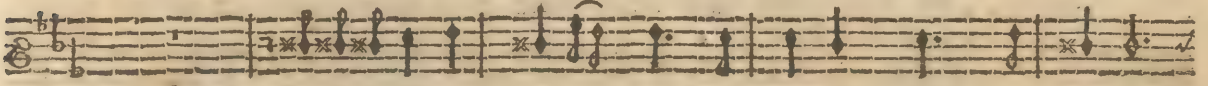


leſſe divine, the beſt of pleaſures thus enjoy, and try where Beauty courts, none

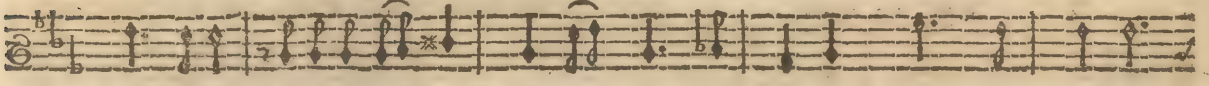
Chorus.



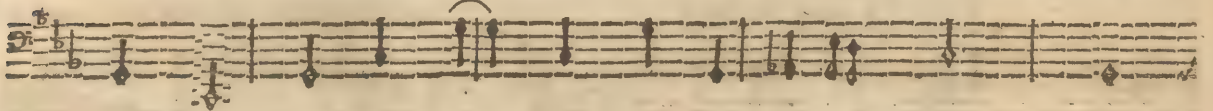
Examine Princely Shepherd, here, the offerings which we ſend thee

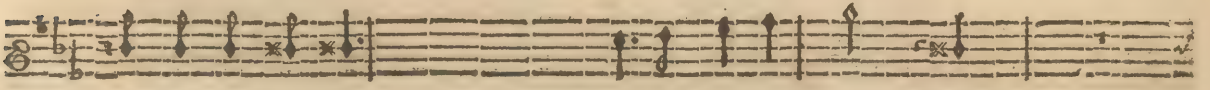


Examine Princely Shepherd, here, the offerings which we ſend thee

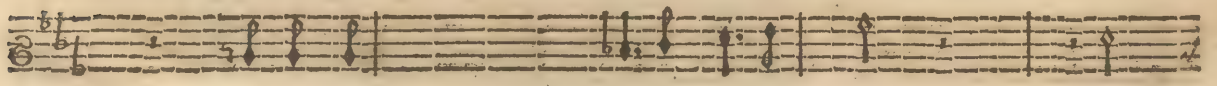


can deny. Examine Princely Shepherd, here, the offerings which we ſend thee



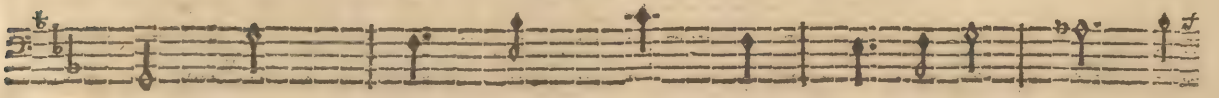


how for that narrow narrow Golden ſphere, wealth

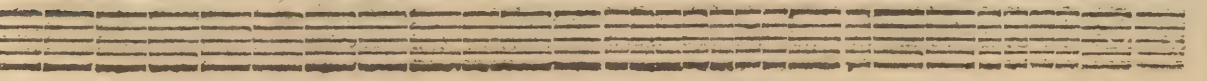


how for that narrow Golden ſphere, Fame

how for that narrow Golden ſphere,



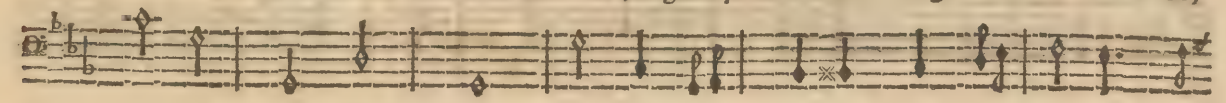
and



and Love attend thee, and judge by this how large these honnors be,

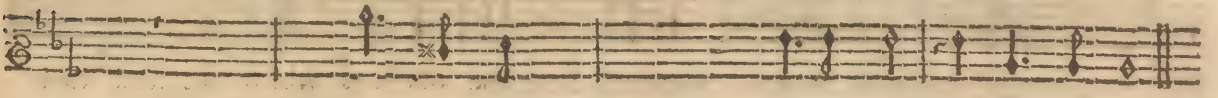
and Love attend thee, and judge by this how large these honnors be,

and Love and Love attend thee, and judge by this how large these honnors be,

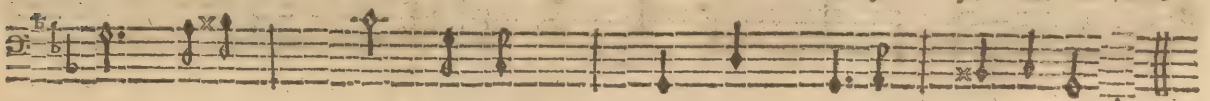


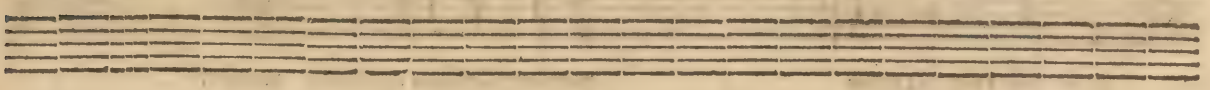
none to each other yield, each other yield, each other yield, yet all to thee.

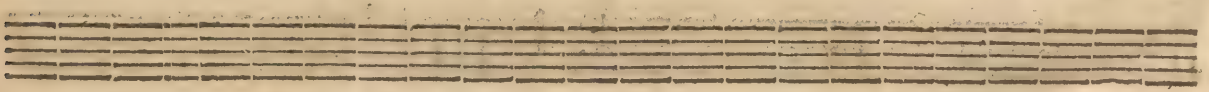
none to each other yield, each other yield, yet all to thee.

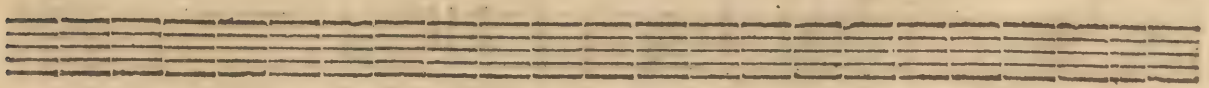


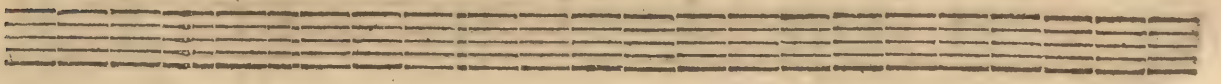
none to each other yield, yet all to thee.

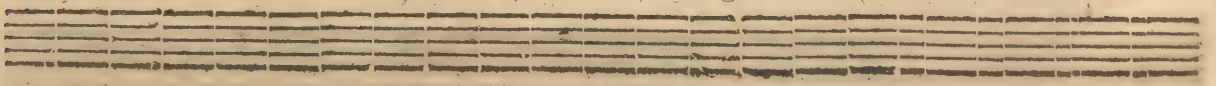












An Alphabetical Table of all the ſeveral AYRES and DIALOGUES contained in this Book.

I. Table of Through Set Songs.

B*Eauty and Love once fell at ods*	42,43
Ceaſe warring thoughts	9
Help Love, or elſe I ſink	2
I am no priſ'ner ſure, nor can it be	6
Love? No. I am not ſuch a Foe	3
Love ſtill a Child a Bee perſues	8
O Cloris *! 'twas unkindly done*	5
Short as this Hour	10
Who would not think theſe riſing Beams	1
Oſtella, *Heark how ſweetly*	61

II. Table of Single Songs.

As Plutarch *doth write*	30,31
Believe me Love by thoſe fair eyes	25
Bring us up ſome Sack	15
Beauty pleaſeth moſt the fancy	44
Cloris *forbear a while*	12
Come let us drink away the time	46
Diſputes daily ariſe,	41
Have you obſerv'd the Hermit	13
Hang the Presbyters Gill	28
How Deareſt art thou weary of	33
I'le ſwear they lie, who ſwear they love	18
I would not wed the creature that deſires	34
If thou intend'ſt only to try	39
I know my dear Idol, Cloris	14
I know Deareſt, 'twas no eaſie Art	38
Let whyning Lovers magnifie	20
Love, love, I fly thy power and thee	23
Love in diſguiſe the other day	24
Miſtake me not, I am not of that mind	17
Nay, prethee, do be coy and ſlight me	16
Ne'r trouble thyſelf with the times	32
Phelicia *ſince that I find thee*	27
Phelinia *wept and from her Eyes*	29
The Morning doth waſt to the Meddowes	11
Thine Eyes ſhall be my Stars no more	34
The day that's loſt e're ſcarcely ſhewn	35
'Tis true I did receive a life from you	36
Unfold thine Arms and let me go	59
Were Celia *but as chaſt as fair*	70
When firſt before Roſella's *face I lay*	19

III. Table of Single Songs.

What will become of mee	21
Welcome my Heart thou'ſt fondly ſtray'd	22
What a pox doſt thou muſe on	26
What Creatures on Earth	36
When thou Oſtella *grac'd mee*	37
Who can boaſt a happineſs	40
What though I did ſwear your Eye	40
When the Unfetter'd Subjects of the Seas	45
What end hath deſires	47

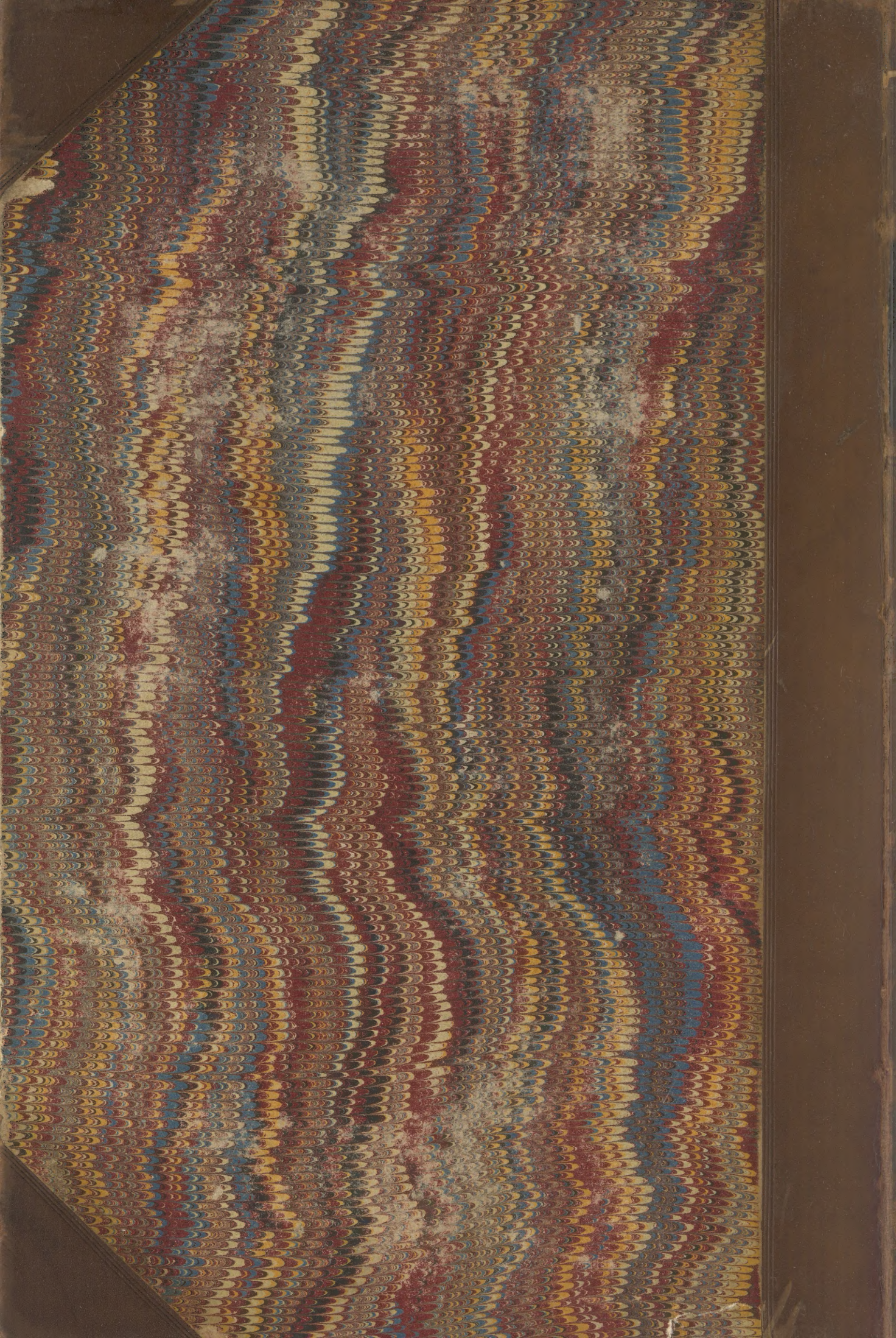
IV. Table of Songs for Two Voyces, with a Through *Baſe*.

Joyn thy enamel'd Cheek to mine	48,49
If Wealth could keep a Man alive	60
There's no Man ſo worthy of Envy	50,51
Why art thou ſad Our Glaſſes flow	58,59

V. Table of *Dialogues* for Two Voyces, with a Through *Baſe*.

Come ye Graces come away	56,57
Dear Caſtadoris *let me riſe*	62,63
Fly, fly, good Shepherd haſt away	64,65
Tell me Alexis *what this parting is*	53,54,55,56
You have forgot then Doris *your proteſt*	52
When Death ſhall part us from their Kidds	66,67, 68,69.
What Buſy Cares untimely-borne	60

VI. Table of Songs for Three Voyces, with a Through *Baſe*.

It's the News of the Town	63
Jove *ſent thee* Paris *what is mine*	65
Roſe-buds that's gather'd in the Spring	61
So at the firſt the Soul and Body met	64
You Ladies of the Nation	62

FINIS.